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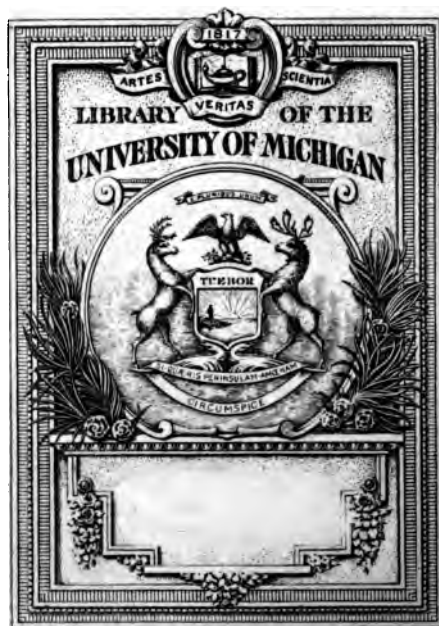
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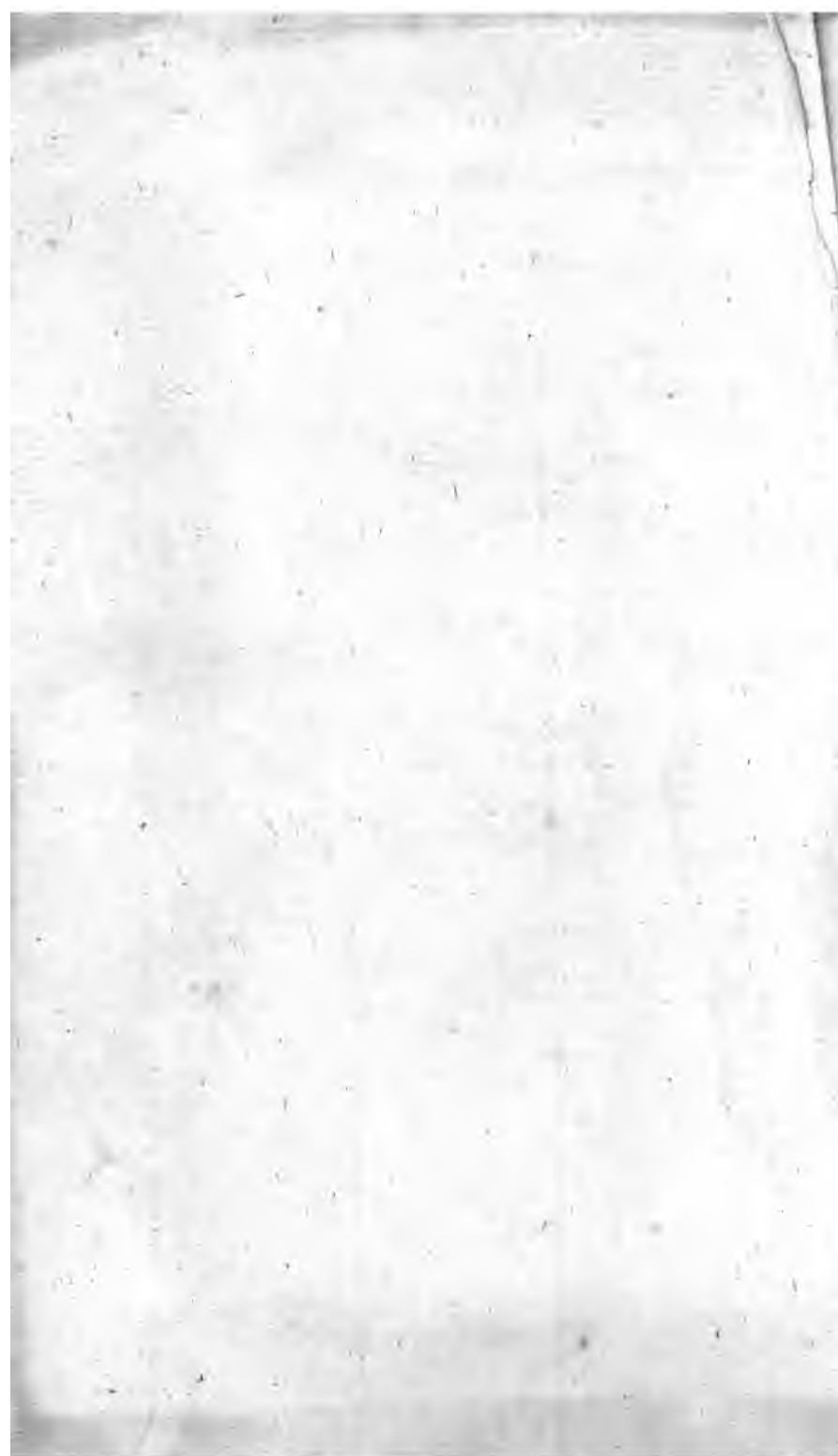




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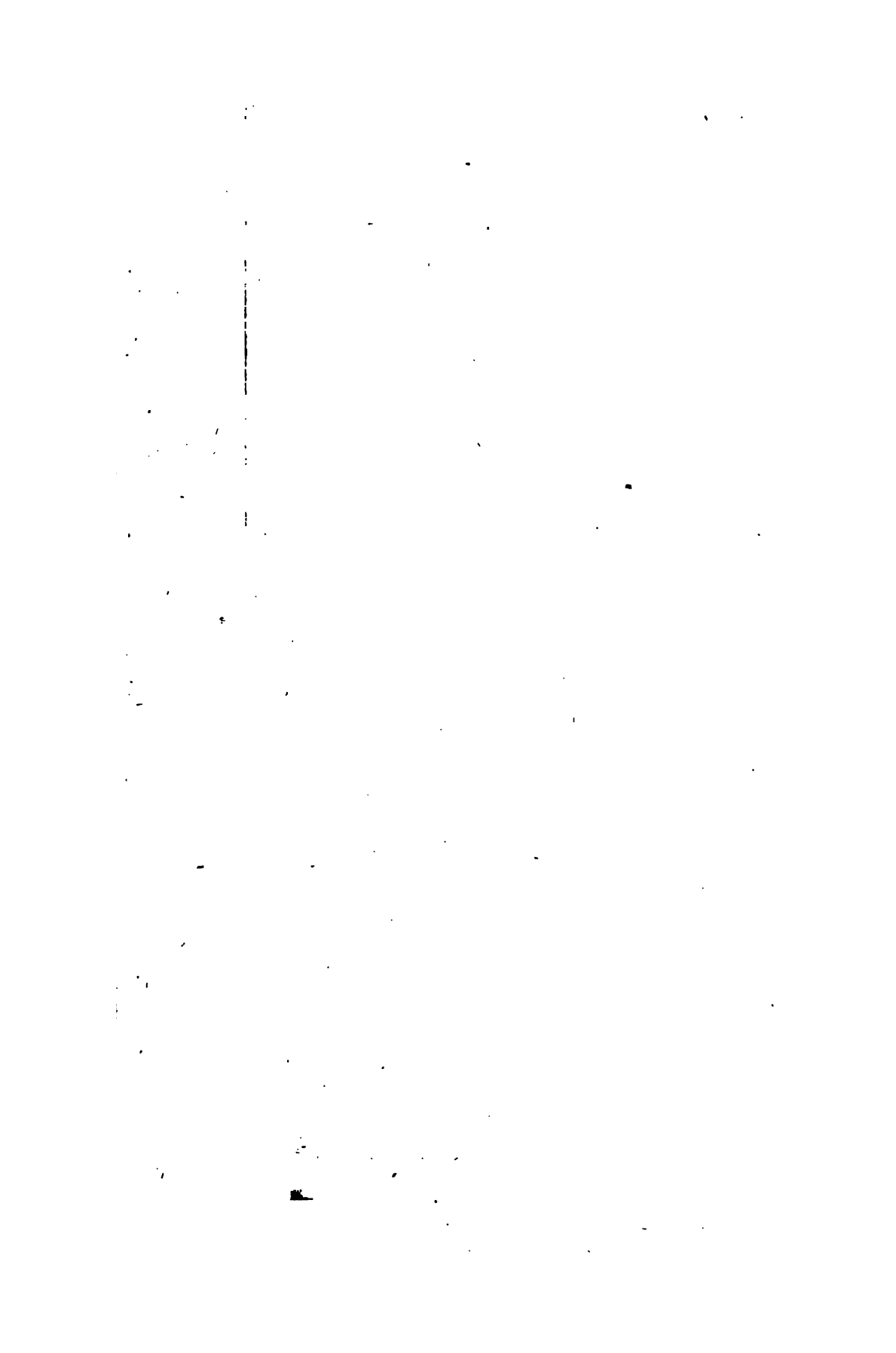












THE  
ILIAD  
OF  
HOMER  
TRANSLATED BY  
ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.



*Homerus*

THE  
ILIAD  
OF  
HOMER.

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ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

MEN' MOVEAT CIMEX PANTILIUS? AUT CRUCIAR QUOD  
VELLICAT ABSENTEM DEMETRIUS? AUT QUOD INEPTUS  
FANNIUS HERMOGENIS LÆDAR CONVIVA TIGELLI?  
PLOTIUS, ET VARIUS, MÆCENAS, VIRGILIUSQUE,  
VALGIUS, ET PROBET HÆC OCTAVIUS OPTIMUS. ———— HOR.

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A NEW EDITION,  
WITH ADDITIONAL NOTES, CRITICAL AND ILLUSTRATIVE,

By GILBERT WAKEFIELD, B. A.

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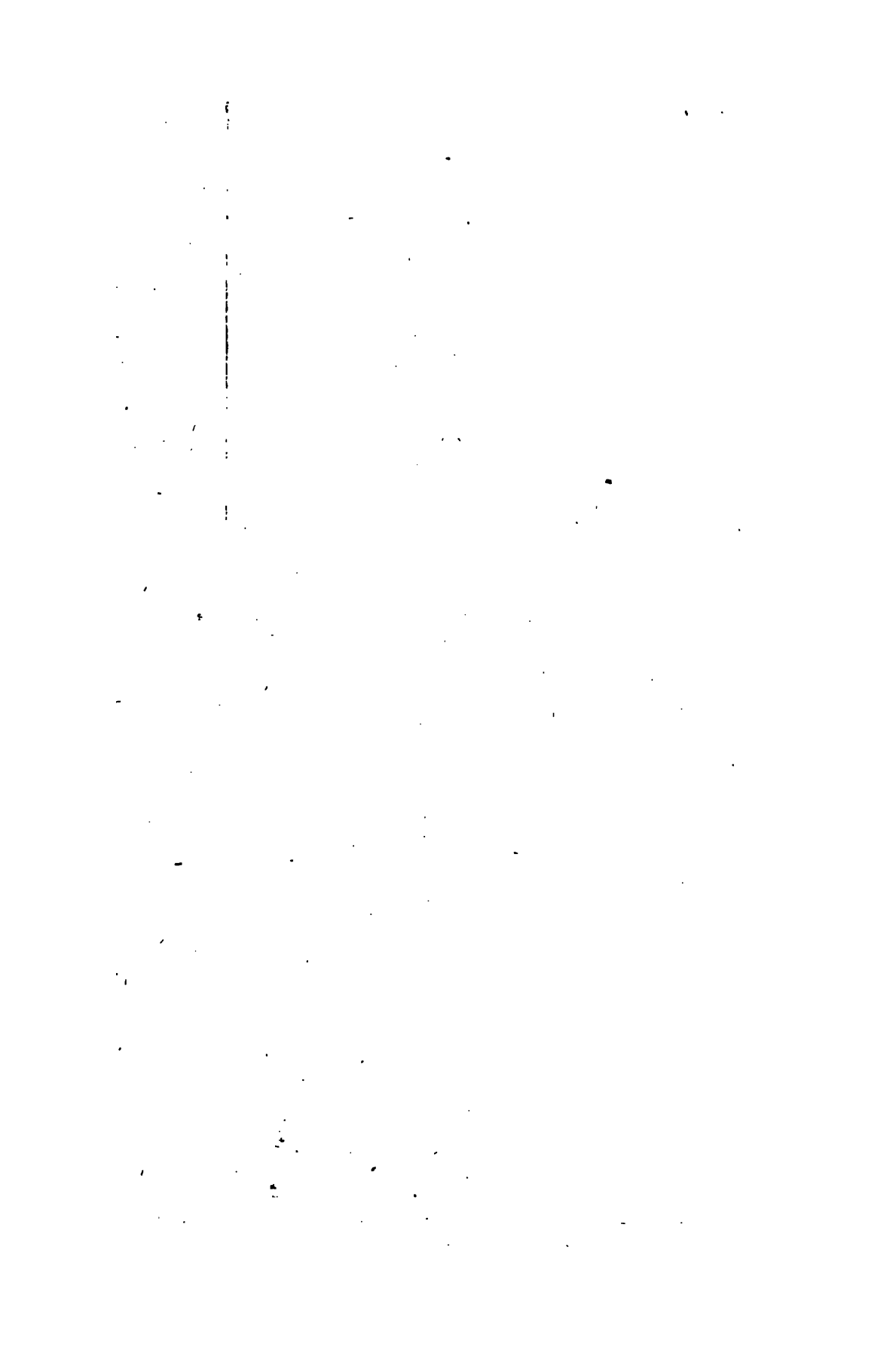
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THE  
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THE  
ILIAD  
OF  
H O M E R

TRANSLATED BY  
ALEXANDER POPE, Esq

At Jovē incens'd, with grief and fury stung,  
 Prone down the rocky steep he rush'd along;  
 Fierce as he past, the lofty mountains nod,  
 The forests shake! Earth trembled as he trod,  
 And felt the footsteps of th' immortal God. 31 }

but Hobbes has,

And *grieved* was to see the *Argives slain*.

Ver. 27. *At Jove incens'd, with grief and fury stung,  
 Prone down the rocky steep he rush'd—*]

Monf. de la Motte has played the critick upon this passage a little unadvisedly. "Neptune, says he, is impatient to assist the Greeks. "Homer tells us, that this God goes first to seek his chariot in a "certain place; next he arrives at another place nearer the camp; "there he takes off his horses, and then he locks them fast, to "secure them at his return. The detail of so many particularities "no way suits the majesty of a God, or the impatience in which "he is described." Another French writer makes answer, that however impatient Neptune is represented to be, none of the Gods ever go to the war without their arms; and the arms, chariot and horses of Neptune were at Ægæ. He makes but four steps to get thither; so that what M. de la Motte calls being slow, is swiftness itself. The God puts on his arms, mounts his chariot and departs; nothing is more rapid than his course; he flies over the waters: the verses of Homer in that place run swifter than the God himself. It is sufficient to have ears, to perceive the rapidity of Neptune's chariot in the very sound of those three lines, each of which is entirely composed of dactyles, excepting that one spondee which must necessarily terminate the verse.

Βῆ δ' ἐλάαι ἐπὶ κύματ', ἄταλλε δὲ κῆτι ὑπ' αὐτῷ.  
 Γῆβοσύη δὲ θάλασσα δίστατο, τοὶ δ' ἐπίτοισι  
 ῥίμφοι μάλ', ὃδ' ὑπὲρθε δαίνετο χάλκιος ἄξων.

P.

Ver. 29. — *The lofty mountains nod,  
 The forests shake! Earth trembled as he trod,  
 And felt the footsteps of th' immortal God.*]

Longinus confesses himself wonderfully struck with the sublimity of this passage. That critick, after having blamed the defects with

From realm to realm three ample strides he took,  
And, at the fourth, the distant Ægæ shook.

which Homer draws the manners of his Gods, adds, that he has much better succeeded in describing their figure and persons. He owns that he often paints a God such as he is, in all his majesty and grandeur, and without any mixture of mean and terrestrial images; of which he produces this passage as a remarkable instance, and one that had challenged the admiration of all antiquity.

The book of Psalms affords us a description of the like sublime manner of imagery, which is parallel to this. *O God, when thou wentest forth before thy people, when thou didst march through the wilderness, the earth shook, the heavens dropped at the presence of God, even Sinai itself was moved at the presence of God, the God of Israel.* Psal. lxxviii. P.

Ver. 30.] Our poet, I presume, had Milton in his thoughts, at Par. Lost, ii. 676 :

The monster moving onward came as fast  
With horrid strides, Hell trembled as he strode :

less dilatation, however, with more fidelity and simplicity, would content my taste, after this correction :

*Woods*, as he past, and lofty mountains nod  
*Beneath* the footsteps of th' immortal god.

Ver. 32. — *Three ample strides he took.*] This is a very grand imagination, and equals, if not transcends, what he has feigned before of the passage of this God. We are told that at four steps he reached Ægæ, which (supposing it meant of the town of that name in Eubœa, which lay the nearest to Thrace,) is hardly less than a degree at each step. One may, from a view of the map, imagine him striding from promontory to promontory, his first step on mount Athos, his second on Pallene, his third upon Pelion, and his fourth in Eubœa. Dacier is not to be forgiven for omitting this miraculous circumstance, which so perfectly agrees with the marvellous air of the whole passage, and without which the sublime image of Homer is not compleat. P.

This is plainly imitated from Chapman:



Far in the bay his shining palace stands,  
 Eternal frame! not rais'd by mortal hands: 35  
 This having reach'd, his brafs-hoof'd steeds he  
       reins,  
 Fleet as the winds, and deck'd with golden manes.

---

three steps he only *took*,  
 Before he far-off Ægas reacht; but with the fourth, it *shook*  
 With his drad entrie.

Ver. 33. — *The distant Ægæ book.*] There were three places of this name, which were all sacred to Neptune; an island in the Ægæan sea, mentioned by Nicostatus, a town in Peloponnesus, and another in Eubœa. Homer is supposed in this passage to speak of the last; but the question is put, why Neptune who stood upon a hill in Samothrace, instead of going on the left to Troy, turns to the right, and takes a way contrary to that which leads to the army? This difficulty is ingeniously solved by the old scholiast; who says, that Jupiter being now on mount Ida, with his eyes turned towards Thrace, Neptune could not take the direct way from Samothrace to Troy without being discovered by him, and therefore fetches this compass to conceal him. Eustathius is contented to say, that the poet made Neptune go so far about, for the opportunity of those fine descriptions of the palace, the chariot, and the passage of this God. P.

Ver. 34.] More accurately thus:

*Deep* in the bay his *golden* palace stands,  
*A structure bright*, not rais'd by mortal hands.

Ver. 36.] Mr. Cowper has given the precise words of Homer in a distich of true taste and elegance:

Arrived, he to his chariot join'd his steeds  
 Swift, brazen-hoof'd, and maned with wavy gold:  
 so that our translator followed Ogilby:

Here he his horses harnes'd, who, *more fleet*  
*Than winds*, had golden manes and brazen feet:

or Dacier: "Ses chevaux infatigables et *plus légers que les vents*."

Refulgent arms his mighty limbs infold,  
 Immortal arms, of adamant and gold.  
 He mounts the car, the golden scourge applies,  
 He fits superiour, and the chariot flies: 41  
 His whirling wheels the glassy surface sweep;  
 Th' enormous monsters rolling o'er the deep,  
 Gambol around him on the wat'ry way;  
 And heavy whales in aukward measures play:

Ver. 38.] Homer says simply,

Himself in gold he clad :

the rest is the translator's ingenuity. I would propose,

Refulgent robes his mighty limbs infold,

Immortal vest ! of adamant and gold :

but here too he trod in the steps of Dacier: "*Revêtu de ses armes les plus brillantes :*" and Ogilby: Puts on gold armour. Par. Lost. vi. 110.

Came tow'ring, arm'd in adamant and gold.

Ver. 43. *Th' enormous monsters rolling o'er the deep.*] This description of Neptune rises upon us; his passage by water is yet more pompous than that by land. The God driving through the seas, the whales acknowledging him, and the waves rejoicing and making way for their monarch, are full of that *marvellous* so natural to the imagination of our author. And I cannot but think the verses of Virgil in the fifth *Æneid* are short of his original :

"Cœruleo per fumma levis volat æquora curru :

"Subsidunt undæ, tumidumque sub axe tonanti

"Sternitur æquor aquis : fugiunt vasto æthere nimbi.

"Tum variæ comitum facies, immania cete, &c."

I fancy Scaliger himself was sensible of this, by his passing in silence a passage which lay so obvious to comparison. P.

Ver. 44.] Our poet had Milton in his eye, Par. Lost, iv. 345:

bears, tigers, ounces, pards,

Gambol'd before them.

The sea subsiding spreads a level plain, 46  
 Exults, and owns the monarch of the main;  
 The parting waves before his courfers fly:  
 The wond'ring waters leave his axle dry.  
 Deep in the liquid regions lies a cave; 50  
 Between where Tenedos the surges lave,  
 And rocky Imbrus breaks the rolling wave:  
 There the great ruler of the azure round  
 Stopp'd his swift chariot, and his steeds un-  
 bound,

---

And who shall deny, that Pope's translation of this sublime passage is itself truly sublime? And yet I must be pardoned for thinking so much expansion of Homer's gold is an injury to it's sterling value, whatever it may gain in brilliancy. In short, I am presumptuous enough to hazard the following variations; which will be found to have consulted the accuracy of their original:

He mounts the seat, the golden scourge applies;  
 Swift o'er the wavy deep his chariot flies.  
 Huge whales, emerging from their beds profound,  
 Their sovereign lord confess, and gambol round.  
 The parting waves before his courfers fly,  
 And leave beneath the brazen axle dry.

Moreover, our poet appears to have consulted the parallel passage of Virgil, referred to by himself, in Dryden's version:

And monster *whales* before their master *play*,  
 And choirs of Tritons crowd *the wat'ry way*.

Ver. 49.] After this, a line is passed over to this effect:  
 Thus reacht the Græcian fleet his bounding steeds.

Ver. 53.] A small change would faithfully exhibit his original:  
 There the great *baker* of the *world's vast* round  
 Stopt his swift chariot —.

Fed with ambrosial herbage from his hand, 55  
 And link'd their fetlocks with a golden band,  
 Infrangible, immortal: there they stay:  
 The father of the floods pursues his way;  
 Where, like a tempest dark'ning heav'n around,  
 Or fiery deluge that devours the ground, 60  
 Th' impatient Trojans, in a gloomy throng,  
 Embattled roll'd, as Hector rush'd along:  
 To the loud tumult, and the barb'rous cry,  
 The heav'ns re-echo, and the shores reply;  
 They vow destruction to the Grecian name, 65  
 And in their hopes, the fleets already flame.

But Neptune, rising from the seas profound,  
 The god whose earthquakes rock the solid ground,

---

Ver. 59.] I should prefer,

Where, like a *storm*, that spreads it's horrors round,  
 Or fiery deluge *sweeping* o'er the ground —.

Thus Ogilby, with slight correction:

The Trojans, *crowding thick* on Hector, came,  
 Or like a tempest, or devouring flame.

Ver. 63.] This couplet is spun from *two* words of Homer, namely, *clamorous*, *loud-shouting*; and I would rescind it with this substitution in ver. 61:

The *shouting* Trojans, in *tumultuous* throng —.

Ver. 68.] Rather, in conformity to his model,

The God, who *shakes the globe*, and *circles round* —:

for, as I judge, the notion of *earthquakes* is altogether foreign to the purpose; and Neptune is stiled *the baker of the earth*, from “the violent dashing of the waves on the shores,” agreeably to that passage in Horace, Od. iii. 27, 23:

Now wears a mortal form; like Calchas seen,  
Such his loud voice, and such his manly mien;  
His shouts incessant ev'ry Greek inspire, 71  
But most th' Ajaces, adding fire to fire.

'Tis yours, O warriors, all our hopes to raise;  
Oh recollect your ancient worth and praise!  
'Tis yours to save us, if you cease to fear; 75  
Flight, more than shameful, is destructive here.  
On other works tho' Troy with fury fall,  
And pour her armies o'er our batter'd wall;  
There, Greece has strength: but this, this part  
o'erthrown,  
Her strength were vain; I dread for you alone.

Æquoris nigri fremitum, et trementes  
Verbere ripas:

The turbid ocean's deaf'ning roar,  
And waves that lash the trembling shore:

and Valerius Flaccus, iv. 180, of a *cave* on the strand:

Infelix domus, et sonitu tremebunda profundi:

Sad dome! that shakes with ever-sounding waves.

Ver. 73.] These *four* lines, which represent *two* of his author,  
fall short, I think, of the customary excellence of our poet. Thus?

Think, warriors! on your ancient feats in fight:

Saviours of Greece! disdain ignoble flight.

Ver. 79. ——— *This part o'erthrown,*

*Her strength were vain; I dread for you alone.]*

What address, and at the same time, what strength is there in these words? Neptune tells the two Ajaces, that he is only afraid for their post, and that the Greeks will perish by that gate, since it is Hector who assaults it: at every other quarter, the Trojans will be repulsed. It may therefore be properly said, that the Ajaces only are vanquished, and that their defeat draws destruction upon all the Greeks. I

Here Hector rages like the force of fire, 81  
 Vaunts of his gods, and calls high Jove his fire.  
 If yet some heav'nly pow'r your breast excite,  
 Breathe in your hearts, and string your arms to fight,  
 Greece yet may live, her threatned fleet maintain,  
 And Hector's force, and Jove's own aid, be vain.

Then with his scepter that the deep controlls,  
 He touch'd the chiefs, and steel'd their manly souls:  
 Strength, not their own, the touch divine imparts,  
 Prompts their light limbs, and swells their dar-  
 ing hearts. 90

Then, as a falcon from the rocky height,  
 Her quarry seen, impetuous at the fight,

---

don't think that any thing better could be invented to animate  
 courageous men, and make them attempt even impossibilities.  
 Dacier. P.

Ver. 82.] More accurately,

*Stalks in the van,* and calls high Jove his fire.

Ver. 83. *If yet some heavenly power, &c.*] Here Neptune,  
 considering how the Greeks were discouraged by the knowledge  
 that Jupiter assisted Hector, insinuates, that notwithstanding Hec-  
 tor's confidence in that assistance, yet the power of some other god  
 might countervail it on their part; wherein he alludes to his own  
 aiding them, and seems not to doubt his abilities of contesting the  
 point with Jove himself. It is with the same confidence he after-  
 wards speaks to Iris, of himself and his power, when he refuses to  
 submit to the order of Jupiter in the fifteenth book. Eustathius  
 remarks, what an incentive it must be to the Ajaces to hear those  
 who could stand against Hector equalled in this oblique manner,  
 to the gods themselves. P.

Ver. 84.] His author would dictate,

*To stand yourselves, and urge your troop to fight.*

Forth-springing instant, darts herself from high,  
 Shoots on the wing, and skims along the sky;  
 Such, and so swift, the power of ocean flew; 95  
 The wide horizon flaut him from their view.

Th' inspiring god, Oïleus' active son  
 Perceiv'd the first, and thus to Telamon.

Some god, my friend, some god in human  
 form

Fav'ring descends, and wills to stand the storm. 100  
 Not Calchas this, the venerable fear;  
 Short as he turn'd, I saw the pow'r appear:

Ver. 94.] Homer has, "along the *plain*, or *mead*;" but Dacier, I presume, was our poet's guide on this occasion: "Fond sur un  
 "oiseau, qu'il poursuit dans les vastes *plaines de l'air*."

Ver. 96.] This admirable verse is solely due to the fine fancy of the translator: and the following speech is executed with the most genuine animation of original genius.

Ver. 97. *Th' inspiring god, Oïleus active son*—*Perceived the first*.] The reason has been asked, why the lesser Ajax is the first to perceive the assistance of the god? And the ancient solution of this question was very ingenious: they said that the greater Ajax, being slow of apprehension, and naturally valiant, could not be sensible so soon of this accession of strength as the other, who immediately perceived it, as not owing so much to his natural courage. P.

Ver. 102. *Short as he turn'd, I saw the pow'r*.] This opinion, that the majesty of the gods was such that they could not be seen face to face by men, seems to have been generally received in most nations. Spondanus observes, that it might be derived from sacred truth, and founded upon what God says to Moses in Exodus, ch. xxxiii. ver. 20, 23, *Man shall not see me and live: thou shalt see my back parts, but my face thou shalt not behold*. For the farther particulars of this notion among the Heathens, see the notes on lib. i. ver. 268. and on the vii, ver. 971. P.

I mark'd his parting, and the steps he trod;  
 His own bright evidence reveals a god.  
 Ev'n now some energy divine I share, 105  
 And seem to walk on wings, and tread in air.

With equal ardour (Telamon returns)  
 My soul is kindled, and my bosom burns;  
 New rising spirits all my force alarm,  
 Lift each impatient limb, and brace my arm. 110  
 This ready arm, unthinking, shakes the dart;  
 The blood pours back, and fortifies my heart;  
 Singly methinks, yon' tow'ring chief I meet,  
 And stretch the dreadful Hector at my feet. 114

Full of the god that urg'd their burning breast,  
 The heroes thus their mutual warmth express'd.  
 Neptune mean-while the routed Greeks inspir'd;  
 Who breathless, pale, with length of labours tir'd,

---

Ver. 106.] This stroke of true poetical enthusiasm must offer  
 the first-fruits of gratitude to the shrine of Chapman :

---

I find my hands so free  
 To all high motion ; and *my feet, seeme feather'd under me.*

Ver. 109.] He first wrote,—" all *the man* alarm."

Ver. 111.] This couplet is superfluous, and reflects no part of  
 it's original ; and in the preceding a degree of languor and stiffness  
 appears, to my fancy at least. Thus :

New rising spirits all my force *excite*,  
 Lift *my light feet*, and brace *my arms for fight*.

Ver. 113.] More faithfully thus :

I long 'gainst Hector's dreadful power to stand,  
 And dare his fury with this single hand.



Pant in the ships: while Troy to conquest calls,  
 And swarms victorious o'er their yielding walls: 120  
 Trembling before th' impending storm they lie,  
 While tears of rage stand burning in their eye.  
 Greece sunk they thought, and this their fatal hour;  
 But breathe new courage as they feel the Pow'r.  
 Teucer and Leitus first his words excite; 125  
 Then stern Peneleus rises to the fight;  
 Thoas, Deipyrus, in arms renown'd,  
 And Merion next, th' impulsive fury found;  
 Last Nestor's son the same bold ardour takes,  
 While thus the god the martial fire awakes. 130  
 Oh lasting infamy, oh dire disgrace  
 To chiefs of vig'rous youth, and manly race!

---

Ver. 122.] Rather, as more expressive of the original, thus :  
*And drops of sorrow trickled from their eye.*

Ver. 124.] Better, perhaps,  
*But soon they feel the god's reviving pow'r.*

Ver. 131. *The speech of Neptune to the Greeks.*] After Neptune in his former discourse to the Ajaces, who yet maintained a retreating fight, had encouraged them to withstand the attack of the Trojans; he now addresses himself to those, who having fled out of the battle, and retired to the ships, had given up all for lost. These he endeavours to bring again into the engagement, by one of the most noble and spirited speeches in the whole Iliad. He represents that their present miserable condition was not to be imputed to their want of power, but to their want of resolution to withstand the enemy, whom by experience they had often found unable to resist them. But what is particularly artful, while he is endeavouring to prevail upon them, is, that he does not attribute their present dejection of mind to a cowardly spirit, but to a resentment and indignation of their general's usage of their favourite

I trusted in the Gods and you, to see  
 Brave Greece victorious, and her navy free:  
 Ah no—the glorious combat you disclaim, 135  
 And one black day clouds all her former fame.  
 Heav'ns! what a prodigy these eyes survey,  
 Unseen, unthought, 'till this amazing day!  
 Fly we at length from Troy's oft-conquer'd bands,  
 And falls our fleet by such inglorious hands? 140  
 A rout undisciplin'd, a straggling train,  
 Not born to glories of the dusty plain;

---

hero Achilles. With the same softening art, he tells them, he scorns to speak thus to cowards, but is only concerned for their misbehaviour as they are the bravest of the army. He then exhorts them for their own sake to avoid destruction, which would certainly be inevitable, if for a moment longer they delayed to oppose so imminent a danger. P.

Ver. 133.] Our author has adopted the phraseology of Chapman:

————— In your brave fight, I onely lookt to see  
 Our fleets whole safetic.

Ver. 135.] I should choose, in point of fidelity, the following distich with Chapman's rhymes, before this couplet of our poet:

If ye this day shrink from the dreadful field,  
 To Troy her honours vanquish'd Greece must yield.

Ver. 141. *A rout undisciplin'd, &c.*] I translate this line,

Αἰὼς ἡλώσκειται, ἀνάγκη δέ, ἔδ' ἐπὶ χόρμῳ,

with allusion to the want of military discipline among the Barbarians, so often hinted at in Homer. He is always opposing to this, the exact and regular disposition of his Greeks, and accordingly a few lines after, we are told that the Grecian phalanxes were such that Mars or Minerva could not have found a defect in them. P.

Like frightened fawns from hill to hill pursu'd,  
 A prey to every savage of the wood:  
 Shall these, who late who trembled at your name, 143  
 Invade your camps, involve your ships in flame?  
 A change so shameful, say what cause has wrought?  
 The soldier's baseness, or the general's fault?  
 Fools! will ye perish for your leader's vice;  
 The purchase infamy, and life the price! 150  
 'Tis not your cause, Achilles' injur'd fame:  
 Another's is the crime, but your's the shame.  
 Grant that our chief offend thro' rage or lust,  
 Must you be cowards, if your king's unjust?  
 Prevent this evil, and your country save: 155  
 Small thought retrieves the spirits of the brave.

These two lines appear to me quite superfluous, and had been better omitted. The rhymes of the following couplet are very exceptionable: and, in constructing the next verse, he had his eye on Chapman:

as never borne to warre.

Ver. 147.] Such rhymes are detestable, though our best poets are bringing them forwards on all occasions. Thus?

A change so shameful, say, *which causes most,*  
*A dastard general, or a sluggish host?*

Ver. 151.] There is much amplification here; and the contraction in verse 154 is highly ungraceful and unsuitable to elevated poetry. I would propose, therefore, without injustice to the original, the following couplet for this and the three next verses:

What, if your angry king, no justice shew  
 To wrong'd Achilles, must ye dread the foe?

Ver. 155. *Prevent this evil, &c.*] The verse in the original,

Ἄλλ' ἀνέμυσθ' ἑσέθεν, ἀνισαί τοι φείεις ἐσθλῶν,

Think, and subdue! on dastards dead to fame  
 I waste no anger, for they feel no shame:  
 But you, the pride, the flow'r of all our host,  
 My heart weeps blood to see your glory lost! 160  
 Nor deem this day, this battle, all you lose;  
 A day more black, a fate more vile, ensues.  
 Let each reflect, who prizes fame or breath,  
 On endless infamy, on instant death.  
 For lo! the fated time, th'appointed shore; 165  
 Hark! the gates burst, the brazen barriers roar!

may be capable of receiving another sense to this effect. If it be your resentment of Agamemnon's usage of Achilles, that withholds you from the battle, *that evil* (*viz.* the dissension of those two chiefs) *may soon be remedied, for the minds of good men are easily calmed and composed.* I had once translated it,

Their future strife with speed we shall redress,  
 For noble minds are soon compos'd to peace.

But upon considering the whole context more attentively, the other explanation (which is that of Didymus) appeared to me the more natural and unforced, and I have accordingly followed it. P.

Ver. 156.] Rather, perhaps, and more to the spirit of his author,

*With ease relent th' ingenuous, and the brave.*

Ver. 157.] The translation in this part of the speech is not perfectly consonant to the words of Homer, but breathes the truest spirit of that sublime genius. The dexterity and animation of our poet, in spite of trivial inaccuracies and occasional misconceptions, are beyond all praise, and leave to his successors no hope of superiority in the province of translation.

Ver. 164.] A similar expression Dacier has employed: "*La honte—et les reproches éternels qu'elle attire.*"

Impetuous Hector thunders at the wall;  
The hour, the spot, to conquer, or to fall.

These words the Grecians fainting hearts inspire,  
And list'ning armies catch the godlike fire. 170  
Fix'd at his post was each bold Ajax found,  
With well-rang'd squadrons strongly circled round:

Ver. 168.] This verse is entirely supplemental to his author.

Ver. 170.] The epithet *god-like* is but ill accommodated to the figurative expression connected with it: rather,

And list'ning armies catch the *martial* fire.

Ver. 171. *Fix'd at his post was each bold Ajax found, &c.*] We must here take notice of an old story, which however groundless and idle it seems, is related by Plutarch, Philostratus, and others. "Ganiector the son of Amphidamas king of Eubœa, celebrating  
"with all solemnity the funeral of his father, proclaimed according to custom several publick games, among which was the prize  
"of poetry. Homer and Hesiod came to dispute for it. After  
"they had produced several pieces on either side, in all which the  
"audience declared for Homer, Panides, the brother of the deceased, who sat as one of the judges, ordered each of the contending poets to recite that part of his works which he esteemed  
"the best. Hesiod repeated those lines which make the beginning  
"of his second book,

Πηλιάδην ἀτλαγυῖαν ἐπιτελλομένην,  
"Ἀρχιστ' ἀμήτε ἀρέτῃσι τὸ δυσσομνέαν, &c.

"Homer answered with the verses which follow here: but the  
"prince preferring the peaceful subject of Hesiod to the martial  
"one of Homer; contrary to the expectation of all, adjudged the  
"prize to Hesiod." The commentators upon this occasion are very rhetorical, and universally exclaim against so crying a piece of injustice: all the hardest names which learning can furnish, are very liberally bestowed upon poor Panides. Spondanus is mighty smart, calls him Midas, takes him by the ear, and asks the dead prince as many insulting questions, as any of his author's own heroes could have done. Dacier with all gravity tells us, that posterity proved a more equitable judge than Panides. And if I had not told this

So close their order, so dispos'd their fight,  
 As Pallas' self might view with fix'd delight ;  
 Or had the God of War inclin'd his eyes, 175  
 The God of War had own'd a just surprize.  
 A chosen phalanx, firm, resolv'd as Fate,  
 Descending Hector and his battle wait:

---

tale in my turn, I must have incurred the censures of all the school-masters in the nation. P.

Ogilby and Chapman also relate the same story.

Ver. 173. *So close their order, &c.*] When Homer retouches the same subject, he has always the art to rise in his ideas above what he said before. We shall find an instance of it in this place; if we compare this manner of commending the exact discipline of an army, with what he had made use of on the same occasion at the end of the fourth Iliad. There it is said, that the most experienced warrior could not have reprehended any thing, had he been led by Pallas through the battle; but here he carries it farther, in affirming that Pallas and the God of War themselves must have admired this disposition of the Grecian forces. Eustathius. P.

Homer says only,

Had Mars or Pallas, warrior-goddes, rang'd  
 Their files, no room for censure had been found :

and even this occupies less than *two* verses in the Greek : our poet therefore, in my judgement, is too paraphractical on this occasion, and fritters the grandeur of his master into prettiness. I would propose, as follows :

So close their *ranks*, so *well* dispos'd for fight,  
 E'en Mars had view'd, or Pallas, with delight.

Nor does the *second* couplet of our author deserve, I think, independently considered, much commendation : it is cold and heavy.

Ver. 177. *A chosen phalanx, firm, &c.*] Homer in these lines has given us a description of the ancient phalanx, which consisted of several ranks of men closely ranged in this order. The first line stood with their spears levelled directly forward ; the second rank

An iron scene gleams dreadful o'er the fields, 179  
 Armour in armour lock'd, and shields in shields,  
 Spears lean on spears, on targets targets throng,  
 Helms stuck to helms, and man drove man along.  
 The floating plumes unnumber'd wave above,  
 As when an earthquake stirs the nodding grove;

---

being armed with spears two cubits longer, levelled them forward through the interstices of the first; and the third in the same manner held forth their spears yet longer, through the two former ranks; so that the points of the spears of three ranks terminated in one line. All the other ranks stood with their spears erected, in readiness to advance, and fill the vacant places of such as fell. This is the account Eustathius gives of the phalanx, which he observes was only fit for a body of men acting on the defensive, but improper for the attack: and accordingly Homer here only describes the Greeks ordering the battle in this manner, when they had no other view but to stand their ground against the furious assault of the Trojans. The same commentator observes from Hermolytus, an ancient writer of tactics, that this manner of ordering the phalanx was afterwards introduced among the Spartans by Lycurgus, among the Argives by Lyfander, among the Thebans by Epaminondas, and among the Macedonians by Charidemus. P.

I should banish the extraneous idea of *fate*, and correct in some such manner as the following:

These, a choice band! all thoughts of flight disdain,  
 And wait fierce Hector and his conquering train.

Ver. 180.] The conjunction *and* improperly intimates a distinction between *armour* and the circumstantial detail of instruments, which follows; I would alter, therefore,

Armour in armour lock'd; shields *lean* on shields;  
 Spears thick *on* spears, on targets targets throng.

Ver. 184.] This thought is totally unknown to the original, and our poet evidently derived it from Dacier's translation: "*Les cimes brillantes aigrettes flottent les unes sur les autres, comme les cimes touffues des arbres d'une forêt, quand agitées du vent elles se mêlent et se confondent.*"

And leuell'd at the skies with pointing rays, 185  
 Their brandish'd lances at each motion blaze.

Thus breathing death, in terrible array,  
 The close-compacted legions urg'd their way:  
 Fierce they drove on, impatient to destroy;  
 Troy charg'd the first, and Hector first of Troy. 190  
 As from some mountain's craggy forehead torn,  
 A rock's round fragment flies, with fury borne,

Ver. 186.] Homer simply affirms,

Spears quiver'd in the grasp of warrior-hands :

so that the illumination of our poet's version here may have been propagated from the candle of his predecessor, Ogilby :

Brandishing javelins, which like lightning shine.

Ver. 190.] For this ingenious turn we are indebted to Chapman :

——— *Troy all in heapes strooke first, and Hector first of Troy.*

Ver. 191. *As from some mountain's craggy forehead torn, &c.*] This is one of the noblest similes in all Homer, and the most justly corresponding in its circumstances to the thing described. The furious descent of Hector from the wall represented by a stone that flies from the top of a rock, the hero pushed on by the superior force of Jupiter, as the stone driven by a torrent ; the ruins of the wall falling after him, all things yielding before him, the clamour and tumult around him, all imaged in the violent bounding and leaping of the stone, the crackling of the woods, the shock, the noise, the rapidity, the irresistibility, and the augmentation of force in its progress ; all these points of likeness make but the first part of this admirable simile. Then the sudden stop of the stone when it comes to the plain, as of Hector at the phalanx of the Ajaces (alluding also to the natural situation of the ground, Hector rushing down the declivity of the shore, and being stopped on the level of the sea :) and lastly, the immobility of both when so stopped, the enemy being as unable to move him back, as he to get



(Which from the stubborn stone a torrent rends)  
Precipitate the pond'rous mass descends:

forward : this last branch of the comparison is the happiest in the world, and though not hitherto observed, is what methinks makes the principal beauty and force of it. This simile is copied by Virgil, *Æn.* xii :

“ Ac veluti montis saxum de vertice præceps,  
“ Cùm ruit avulsum vento, seu turbidus imber  
“ Proluit, aut annis solvit sublapſa vetuſtas :  
“ Fertur in abruptum magno mons improbus actu  
“ Exultatque ſolo ; ſylvas, armenta, viroſque  
“ Involvens ſecum. Diſjecta per agmina Turnus  
“ Sic urbis ruit ad muros.”——

And Taſſo has again copied it from Virgil in his xviiiith book :

“ Qual gran faſſo tal hor, che o la vecchiezza  
“ Solve da un monte, o ſvelle ira de’ venti  
“ Ruinoſa dirupa, e porta, e ſpezza  
“ Le ſelve, e con le caſe anco gli armenti  
“ Tal giù trahea de la ſublime altezza  
“ L’horribil trave e merli, e arme, e gente,  
“ Diè la torre a quel moto unò, o duo crolli ;  
“ Tremar le mura, e rimbombaro i colli.”

It is but juſtice to Homer to take notice how infinitely inferior both the ſimilies are to their original. They have taken the image without the likenefs, and loſt thoſe correſponding circumſtances which raiſe the juſtneſs and ſublimity of Homer’s. In Virgil it is only the violence of Turnus in which the whole application conſiſts : and in Taſſo it has no farther alluſion than to the fall of a tower in general.

There is yet another beauty in the numbers of this part. As the verſes themſelves make us ſee, the ſound of them makes us hear, what they repreſent ; in the noble roughneſs, rapidity, and ſonorous cadence that diſtinguiſhes them :

Ῥῆξας, ἀσπίτα ὄμβρον ἀναιδέος ἱχμυατα πέτρης, &c.

The tranſlation, however ſhort it falls of theſe beauties, may ſerve to ſhew the reader, that there was at leaſt an endeavour to imitate them.

P.

From steep to steep the rolling ruin bounds ; 195  
 At ev'ry shock the crackling wood resounds ;  
 Still gath'ring force, it smokes ; and, urg'd amain,  
 Whirls, leaps, and thunders down, impetuous to  
 the plain :

There stops — So Hector. Their whole force he  
 prov'd,

Refistlefs when he rag'd, and when he stopt,  
 unmov'd. 200

On him the war is bent, the darts are shed,  
 And all their falchions wave around his head :  
 Repuls'd he stands, nor from his stand retires ;  
 But with repeated shouts his army fires. 204

Trojans ! be firm ; this arm shall make your way  
 Thro' yon' square body, and that black array :  
 Stand, and my spear shall rout their scatt'ring  
 pow'r,

Strong as they seem, embattled like a tow'r.

Ver. 195.] Thus Ogilby :

*It bounding skips, the circling groves resound :*

and our poet consulted, without doubt, Dryden's translation of the parallel passage in Virgil's *Æn.* xii. 684 :

*As when a fragment from a mountain torn*

*By raging tempests, or by torrents borne,*

*Or sapp'd by time, or loosen'd from the roots,*

*Prone through the void the rocky ruin shoots,*

*Rolling from crag to crag, from steep to steep —.*

In what follows before Hector's speech, our poet has given the *spirit* of the original, with no great attention to the letter.

Ver. 207.] The epithet *scattering* appears to me unhappy and

For he that Juno's heav'nly bosom warms,  
The first of Gods, this day inspires our arms. 210

He said, and rous'd the soul in ev'ry breast;  
Urg'd with desire of fame, beyond the rest,  
Forth march'd Deiphobus; but marching, held  
Before his wary steps, his ample shield.  
Bold Merion aim'd a stroke (nor aim'd it wide) 215  
The glitt'ring jav'lin pierc'd the tough bull-hide;  
But pierc'd not thro': unfaithful to his hand,  
The point broke short, and sparkled in the sand.  
The Trojan warrior touch'd with timely fear,  
On the rais'd orb to distance bore the spear: 220  
The Greek retreating mourn'd his frustrate blow,  
And curs'd the treach'rous lance that spar'd a foe;  
Then to the ships with furlly speed he went,  
To seek a surer jav'lin in his tent. 224

---

ill associated on this occasion: but Ogilby was it's origin:

I'll *batter* them with my all-conquering *spear*.

Ver. 218.] This latter clause is not from Homer, but from a similar passage in Virgil, *Æn. xii. 740*:

*Mortalis mucro, glacies ceu futilis, ictu  
Diffiluit: fulvâ resplendent fragmina arenâ:*

which are thus rendered by Dryden:

The mortal-temper'd steel deceiv'd his hand:  
The shiver'd fragments shone amid the sand.

Ver. 221.] Ogilby is more true to his author, and with very slender alteration may be safely presented to the reader:

Then shrunk the Græcian *hero* to the rear,  
Vext for his conquest lost, and broken spear.

Meanwhile with rising rage the battle glows,  
 The tumult thickens, and the clamour grows.  
 By Teucer's arm the warlike Imbrius bleeds,  
 The son of Mentor rich in gen'rous steeds.  
 E'er yet to Troy the sons of Greece were led,  
 In fair Pedæus' verdant pastures bred, 230  
 The youth had dwelt; remote from war's alarms,  
 And blest'd in bright Medeficaste's arms:  
 (This nymph, the fruit of Priam's ravish'd joy,  
 Ally'd the warrior to the house of Troy.)  
 To Troy, when glory call'd his arms, he came, 235  
 And match'd the bravest of her chiefs in fame:  
 With Priam's sons, a guardian of the throne,  
 He liv'd, lov'd and honour'd as his own.  
 Him Teucer pierc'd between the throat and ear:  
 He groans beneath the Telamonian spear. 240  
 As from some far-seen mountain's airy crown,  
 Subdu'd by steel, a tall ash tumbles down,

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Ver. 228.] Much in the same manner Chapman:

The sonne of Mentor, *rich in horse.*

Ver. 229.] These *six* lines, of such easy and unaffected elegance, are drawn with inimitable ingenuity from *two* only of his original, which run literally thus:

E'er the Greeks came he at Pedæus dwelt,  
 And Priam's spurious daughter for his bride,  
 Medeficaste, took.

Ver. 239.] Ogilby, who has the same rhymes with our poet, gives a much truer representation of his author's sense:

Him valiant Teucer pierc'd beneath the ear,  
 Who backwards fell, when he had drawn his spear.

And foils its verdant tresses on the ground :  
 So falls the youth ; his arms the fall resound.  
 Then Teucer rushing to despoil the dead,   245  
 From Hector's hand a shining jav'lin fled :  
 He saw, and shun'd the death ; the forceful dart  
 Sung on, and pierc'd Amphimachus's heart,  
 Cteatus' son, of Neptune's forceful line !  
 Vain was his courage, and his race divine !   250  
 Prostrate he falls ; his clanging arms resound,  
 And his broad buckler thunders on the ground.  
 To seize his beamy helm the victor flies,  
 And just had fasten'd on the dazzling prize,  
 When Ajax' manly arm a jav'lin flung ;   255  
 Full on the shield's round boss the weapon rung ;  
 He felt the shock, nor more was doom'd to feel,  
 Secure in mail, and sheath'd in shining steel.

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Ver. 243.] Ogilby thus :

Hewn down, his green boughs rustle on the ground :  
 Such was his fall ; so did his arms resound.

Ver. 249.] The same translator furnished our poet with his vicious accent :

But yet Amphimachus, *Cteatus'* son —.

And all but the *two* first words of this distich are supplemental by the translator. It stood originally, " Neptune's *boasted* line."

Ver. 254.] This verse also is an ingenious supplement by our poet, often compelled to such invention by the fastidiousness of modern ears, which require in general some completion of the sense at the close of every couplet.

Repuls'd he yields; the victor Greeks obtain  
 The spoils contested, and bear off the slain. 260  
 Between the leaders of th' Athenian line,  
 (Stichius the brave, Menestheus the divine,)  
 Deplor'd Amphimacus, sad object! lies;  
 Imbrius remains the fierce Ajaces' prize.  
 As two grim lions bear across the lawn, 265  
 Snatch'd from devouring hounds, a slaughter'd  
     fawn,  
 In their fell jaws high-lifting thro' the wood,  
 And sprinkling all the shrubs with drops of blood;

---

Ver. 260.] More exactly,

\_\_\_\_\_ and *drag* off the slain:

but Chapman has the same expression:

\_\_\_\_\_ both which the Grecians *bore*

From off the field.

Otherwise, I cannot but remark, that this and the *five* preceding verses most fully represent his author, and are conducted with a dexterity and ease, that could not be exceeded.

Ver. 266.] Chapman well expresses, I think, the force of Homer's epithet *καρχαροδοντες* by *sharply bitten* hounds: I should prefer, therefore, in our poet,

Snatch'd from *sharp-biting* hounds ———.

Ver. 268.] There is a degree of unpleasant languor in this verse, nor can I hit upon one of much more vivacity:

The thicket, as they pass, is stain'd with blood.

The thought, however, is not in Homer: his translator, I suppose, had in his recollection Æneid viii. 645:

\_\_\_\_\_ rorabant fanguine vepres:

And blood, like dew-drops, from the brambles hung.

So these the chief : great Ajax from the dead  
 Strips his bright arms, Oileus lops his head : 275  
 Toss'd like a ball, and whirl'd in air away,  
 At Hector's feet the gory visage lay.

The God of Ocean, fir'd with stern disdain,  
 And pierc'd with sorrow for his \*grandson slain,  
 Inspires the Grecian hearts, confirms their hands,  
 And breathes destruction on the Trojan bands. 276  
 Swift as a whirlwind rushing to the fleet,  
 He finds the lance-fam'd Idomen of Crete ;

---

Ver. 270.] Chapman's translation will serve to point out a clause, which our poet was unable to condense into the couplet :

Yet, not content, Oileades, enrag'd, to see there dead,  
 His much belov'd Amphimachus ; he hew'd off Imbrius head.

Ver. 276.] The *first* edition, with more propriety, I think, gives,

And breathes destruction to the Trojan bands.

Ver. 277.] This comparison is from the translator only.

Ver. 278. *Idomen of Crete.*] Idomeneus appears at large in this book, whose character (if I take it right) is such as we see pretty often in common life : a person of the first rank, sufficient enough of his high birth, growing into years, conscious of his decline of strength and active qualities ; and therefore endeavouring to make it up to himself in dignity, and to preserve the veneration of others. The true picture of a stiff old soldier, not willing to lose any of the reputation he has acquired ; yet not inconsiderate in danger ; but by the sense of his age, and by his experience in battle, become too cautious to engage with any great odds against him : very careful and tender of his soldiers, whom he had commanded so long, that they were become old acquaintance ; (so that it was with great judgment Homer chose to introduce him here, in performing a kind office to one of them who was wounded)

\* Amphimachus.

His pensive brow the gen'rous care exprest  
With which a wounded soldier touch'd his breast,

---

Talkative upon subjects of war, as afraid that others might lose the memory of what he had done in better days, of which the long conversation with Meriones, and Ajax's reproach to him in Il. xxiii. ver. 473. of the original, are sufficient proofs. One may observe some strokes of lordliness and state in his character: that respect Agamemnon seems careful to treat him with, and the particular distinctions shewn him at table, are mentioned in a manner that insinuates they were points upon which this prince not a little insisted. Il. iv. ver. 296, &c. The vaunting of his family in this book, together with his sarcasms and contemptuous railleries on his dead enemies, savour of the same turn of mind. And it seems there was among the ancients a tradition of Idomeneus, which strengthens this conjecture of his pride: for we find in the Heroicks of Philostratus, that before he would come to the Trojan war, he demanded a share in the sovereign command with Agamemnon himself.

I must, upon this occasion, make an observation once for all, which will be applicable to many passages in Homer, and afford a solution of many difficulties. It is, that our author drew several of his characters with an eye to the histories then known of famous persons, or the traditions that past in those times. One cannot believe otherwise of a poet, who appears so nicely exact in observing all the customs of the age he described; nor can we imagine the infinite number of minute circumstances relating to particular persons, which we meet with every where in his poem, could possibly have been invented purely as ornaments to it. This reflection will account for a hundred seeming oddnesses not only in the *characters*, but in the *speeches* of the Iliad: for as no author is more true than Homer to the character of the person he introduces speaking, so no one more often suits his oratory to the character of the person spoken to. Many of these beauties must needs be lost to us, yet this supposition will give a new light to several particulars. For instance, the speech I have been mentioning of Agamemnon to Idomeneus in the fourth book, wherein he puts this hero in mind of the magnificent entertainments he had given him, becomes in this view much less odd and surprising. Or who can tell but it had some allusion



Whom in the chance of war a jav'lin tore, 281  
 And his sad comrades from the battle bore;  
 Him to the surgeons of the camp he sent;  
 That office paid, he issu'd from his tent,  
 Fierce for the fight; to whom the God begun,  
 In Thoas' voice, Andræmon's valiant son, 286  
 Who rul'd where Calydon's white rocks arise,  
 And Pleuron's chalky cliffs emblaze the skies.

---

to the manners of the Cretans whom he commanded, whose character was so well known, as to become a proverb: *The Cretans, evil beasts, and slow bellies.* P.

Ver. 283. *The surgeons of the camp.*] Podalirius and Machaon were not the only physicians in the army: it appears from some passages in this poem, that each body of troops had one peculiar to themselves. It may not be improper to advertise, that the ancient physicians were all surgeons. Eustathius. P.

Homer says, "having given directions to the physicians:" so that Dacier, perhaps, misled our author: "Après l'avoir remis entre les mains des medecins."

Ver. 287.] More accurately to the original thus:

Who in high Calydon th' Ætolians sway'd;  
 Whom Pleuron, with a godlike awe, obey'd.

But what reader, whose nerves vibrate to the thrilling impulse of divine poesy, would wish the glorious enthusiasm of Pope, with all its deviations, to be exchanged for the cold fidelity of his uninspired editor? Ogilby is not to be despised here:

Who Pleuron rules, and Calydon's high shore;  
 Whom all his people like a God adore.

The *present tense*, however, in cases, where a more lively representation of a *passing* circumstance is not achieved, seems utterly inadmissible. Compare book ii. verse 776.

Where's now th' imperious vaunt, the daring  
boast

Of Greece victorious, and proud Ilion lost? 290  
To whom the king. On Greece no blame be  
thrown,

Arms are her trade, and war is all her own.  
Her hardy heroes from the well-fought plains  
Nor fear with-holds, nor shameful sloth detains.  
'Tis Heav'n, alas! and Jove's all-pow'rful doom,  
That far, far distant from our native home 296  
Wills us to fall, inglorious! Oh my friend!  
Once foremost in the fight, still prone to lend  
Or arms, or counsels; now perform thy best,  
And what thou can'st not singly, urge the rest.

Thus he; and thus the God, whose force can  
make 301

The solid globe's eternal basis shake.  
Ah! never may he see his native land,  
But feed the vultures on this hateful strand,

---

Ver. 289.] Thus Ogilby:

Where are, Idomeneus, all our *vaunts*? —

Ver. 300.] The propriety of entire construction requires rather,  
To what thou canst not singly, urge the rest.

Ver. 303.] This line has a degree of prosaic inspidity to ~~the~~  
taste, and is destitute of animation. Thus?

*Ne'er may that dastard see his native land —.*

Ver. 304.] Homer says nothing of *vultures* on this occasion,

Who seeks ignobly in his ships to stay, 305  
 Nor dares to combat on this signal day!  
 For this, behold! in horrid arms I shine,  
 And urge thy soul to rival acts with mine:  
 Together let us battle on the plain;  
 Two, not the worst; nor ev'n this succour vain:  
 Not vain the weakest, if their force unite; 311  
 But ours, the bravest have confess'd in fight.

This said, he rushes where the combat burns:  
 Swift to his tent the Cretan king returns.  
 From thence, two javelins glitt'ring in his hand,  
 And clad in arms that lighten'd all the strand, 316

but mentions *dogs* only. Dacier has both, whom our poet evidently follows: "*Que son cadavre soit sur ce rivage le jouet des chiens & des vauteurs.*" And thus Ogilby:

His limbs may greedy dogs and vultures tear:  
 whose couplet a little correction would render faithful, and tolerably neat:

Ne'er may that *wretch* return from Troy, but there  
*Insulting* dogs his *rotting carcase* tear —.

Ver. 307.] There is but small resemblance to the original in this verse. Ogilby is more exact, but inelegant:

Come, let us arm with speed, and let us two  
 Try, what our forces may united do.

Ver. 316.] The subsequent *simile* is injudiciously anticipated by the term *lighten'd* in this verse: to avoid this inconvenience, and a grammatical offence, I would correct in the following manner:

Thence, *with* two javelins *quivering* in his hand,  
 And clad in arms, that *gleam'd o'er* all the strand.

But a still greater impropriety is imputable to our poet, for drawing the *simile* from the *flashes* of the armour to the *impetuosity* of the

Fierce on the foe th' impetuous hero drove;  
 Like light'ning bursting from the arm of Jove,  
 Which to pale man the wrath of heav'n declares,  
 Or terrifies th' offending world with wars; 320  
 In streamy sparkles, kindling all the skies,  
 From pole to pole the trail of glory flies.

Thus his bright armour o'er the dazzled throng  
 Gleam'd dreadful, as the monarch flash'd along.

Him, near his tent, Meriones attends; 325  
 Whom thus he questions: Ever best of friends!

---

hero's course, and confounding these objects at the same time. I will venture a merely literal translation of the passage, to notify the deviations of our illustrious poet, and then give Ogilby's version with correction:

Round him he put his beauteous arms, and took  
 Two javelins: forth he went, as lightning bright,  
 By Jove's arm shaken from the dazzling sky,  
 To men portentous: far it's splendours stream:  
 Thus flash'd the brazen cuirass as he ran.

Thus Ogilby, chastised with a very sparing hand;

This said, the god into the battle went;  
 The Cretan monarch to his royal tent:  
 There glittering arms puts on, and takes two spears:  
 He shines like lightning 'midst the gloomy spheres  
 By angry Jove from bright Olympus hurl'd,  
 A dreadful omen to the guilty world.

Ver. 321.] This beautiful couplet is improved from Dacier;  
 "Qui divinant les cieux, trace en même-tems un sillon de lumiere  
 "et de feu de l'un à l'autre pole."

Ver. 325. ——— Meriones attends, whom thus he questions —]  
 This conversation between Idomeneus and Meriones is generally censured as highly improper and out of place, and as such is given

O say, in ev'ry art of battle skill'd,  
 What holds thy courage from so brave a field?  
 On some important message art thou bound, 329  
 Or bleeds my friend by some unhappy wound?

---

up even by M. Dacier, the most zealous of our poet's defenders. However, if we look closely into the occasion and drift of this discourse, the accusation will, I believe, appear not so well grounded. Two persons of distinction, just when the enemy is put to a stop by the Ajaces, meet behind the army: having each on important occasions retired out of the fight, the one to help a wounded soldier, the other to seek a new weapon. Idomeneus, who is superiour in years as well as authority, returning to the battle, is surpris'd to meet Meriones out of it, who was one of his own officers (*Δεσπότης*, as Homer here calls him) and being jealous of his soldier's honour, demands the cause of his quitting the fight. Meriones having told him it was the want of a spear, he yet seems unsatisfied with the excuse; adding, that he himself did not approve of that distant manner of fighting with a spear. Meriones being touched to the quick with this reproach, replies, that he of all the Greeks had the least reason to suspect his courage: whereupon Idomeneus perceiving him highly piqued, assures him he entertains no such hard thoughts of him, since he had often known his courage proved on such occasions, where the danger being greater, and the number smaller, it was impossible for a coward to conceal his natural infirmity: but now recollecting that a malicious mind might give a sinister interpretation to their inactivity during this discourse, he immediately breaks it off upon that reflection. As therefore this conversation has its rise from a jealousy in the most tender point of honour, I think the poet cannot justly be blamed for suffering a discourse so full of warm sentiments to run on for about forty verses; which after all cannot be supposed to take up more than two or three minutes from action. P.

This is much abbreviated. Thus his author:

Him Merion there, his trusty servant, met,  
 Still near his tent: to fetch a brazen spear  
 He came: whom thus Idomeneus bespake.

[Ver. 327.] Mr. Cowper is exact: *Swift* son of Molus!  
 but Dacier, *Vaillant* fils de Molus! on which our poet has enlarged.

Inglorious here, my foul abhors to stay,  
And glows with prospects of th' approaching day.

O Prince! (Meriones replies) whose care  
Leads forth th' embattled sons of Crete to war;  
This speaks my grief; this headless lance I wield;  
The rest lies rooted in a Trojan shield. 336

To whom the Cretan: Enter, and receive  
The wanted weapons; those my tent can give;  
Spears I have store, (and Trojan lances all)  
That shed a lustre round th' illumin'd wall. 340

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Ver. 332.] There is nothing congenial in this verse with the spirit and purport of the original, which runs literally thus:

I wish not in my tent to sit, but fight.

We might accommodate our translator thus:

Inglorious here, my soul abhors to stay,  
And burns to mingle in the bloody fray.

Ver. 333.] This is imitated from Par. Lost, i. 128:

O Prince, O Chief of many throned powers,  
That led th' imbattel'd Seraphim to war.

Ver. 335. *This headless lance, &c.*] We have often seen several of Homer's combatants lose and break their spears, yet they do not therefore retire from the battle to seek other weapons; why therefore does Homer here send Meriones on this errand? It may be said, that in the kind of fight which the Greeks now maintained drawn up into the phalanx, Meriones was useless without this weapon. P,

Ver. 339. *Spears I have store, &c.*] Idomeneus describes his tent as a magazine, stored with variety of arms won from the enemy, which were not only laid up as useless trophies of his victories, but kept there in order to supply his own, and his friend's occasions. And this consideration shews us one reason why these warriors contended with such eagerness to carry off the arms of a vanquished enemy.

Tho' I, disdainful of the distant war,  
Nor trust the dart, or aim the uncertain spear,

This gives me an occasion to animadvert upon a false remark of Eustathius, which is inserted in the notes on the eleventh book, "that Homer, to shew us nothing is so unseasonable in a battle as "to stay to despoil the slain, feigns that most of the warriors who "do it, are killed, wounded, or unsuccessful." I am astonished how so great a mistake should fall from any man who had read Homer, much more from one who had read him so thoroughly, and even superstitiously, as the old Archbishop of Thessalonica. There is scarce a book in Homer that does not abound with instances to the contrary, where the conquerors strip their enemies, and bear off their spoils in triumph. It was (as I have already said in the essay on Homer's battles) as honourable an exploit in those days to carry off the arms, as it is now to gain a standard. But it is a strange consequence, that because our author sometimes represents a man unsuccessful in a glorious attempt, he therefore discommends the attempt itself; and is as good an argument against encountering an enemy living, as against despoiling him dead. One ought not to confound this with plundering, between which Homer has so well marked the distinction; when he constantly speaks of the spoils as glorious, but makes Nestor in the sixth book, and Hector in the fifteenth, directly forbid the pillage, as a practice that has often proved fatal in the midst of a victory, and sometimes even after it. P.

More faithfully thus:

Spears I have store, *from slaughter'd Trojans* all—

Ver. 340.] It appears from several other passages in the Iliad, that the epithet *shining* belongs to the *walls* of the *tent*, and not to the *spears*: but the translators, whether for ornament, or from misapprehension, have generally agreed in their application of the word to the *lances*. Thus Chapman:

They stand there *shining* by the walls:

and Ogilby:

Against the walls stand one and twenty there,

*Shining* in order:

and lastly Dacier: "Vous y verrez *briller* ces *armes* Troyennes."

This interpretation is also hinted at by the scholiast.

Yet hand to hand I fight, and spoil the slain;  
 And thence these trophies, and these arms I gain.  
 Enter, and see on heaps the helmets roll'd, 345  
 And high-hung-spears, and shields that flame  
 with gold.

Nor vain (said Merion) are our martial toils;  
 We too can boast of no ignoble spoils.  
 But those my ship contains, whence distant far,  
 I fight conspicuous in the van of war. 350

And here it may not be improper to note an universal error, as far as I know, in translators and editors, about these *one and twenty* spears, of which Ogilby speaks; which, however, I should not have stayed to notice, as not immediately connected with my present duty, if Mr. Cowper also had not fallen into it, whose knowledge of his author appears to be even critically exact. Homer says, in homely prose, "You will find spears, both one, and (even) twenty, if you like;" meaning to denote indiscriminately a large number by this specific quantity: that is, "not one merely, but twenty, if you want them." And I now see, that the scholium in Villoison proposes, with some diffidence, a comma at *is*, with a view to the interpretation now proposed.

Ver. 341.] There is much amplification here: the following couplet, and with reason in point of beauty, may be thought too concise, but it conveys no less of Homer's sense than the proximity of the most elegant version now before us:

I hand to hand engage in martial fields:  
 Those breast-plates hence, spears, helms, and glittering shields.

Ver. 347.] This speech of Merion is conducted with no great fidelity to the original. Might I presume to adjust it thus?

Nor vain, said Merion, are our martial toils:  
*My tent and ship boast numerous Trojan spoils,*  
*But distant far. I too assail our foes*  
*Fierce in the van, where most the battle glows.*



What need I more? If any Greek there be  
Who knows not Merion, I appeal to thee.

To this, Idomeneus. The fields of fight  
Have prov'd thy valour, and unconquer'd might;  
And were some ambush for the foes design'd, 355  
Ev'n there, thy courage would not lag behind.  
In that sharp service, singled from the rest,  
The fear of each, or valour, stands confest.  
No force, no firmness, the pale coward shows;  
He shifts his place; his colour comes and goes;

---

Ver. 353. *To this, Idomeneus.*] There is a great deal more dialogue in Homer than in Virgil. The Roman poet's are generally set speeches, those of the Greek more in conversation. What Virgil does by two words of a narration, Homer brings about by a speech; he hardly raises one of his heroes out of bed without some talk concerning it. There are not only replies, but rejoinders in Homer, a thing scarce ever to be found in Virgil; the consequence whereof is, that there must be in the Iliad many continued conversations (such as this of our two heroes) a little resembling common chit-chat. This renders the poem more natural and animated, but less grave and majestic. However, that such was the way of writing generally practised in those ancient times, appears from the like manner used in most of the books of the Old Testament; and it particularly agreed with our author's warm imagination which delighted in perpetual imagery, and in painting every circumstance of what he described. P.

Ver. 357. *In that sharp service, &c.*] In a general battle cowardice may be the more easily concealed, by reason of the number of the combatants; but in an ambuscade, where the soldiers are few, each must be discovered to be what he is: this is the reason why the ancients entertained so great an idea of this sort of war; the bravest men were always chosen to serve upon such occasions. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 359.] The exaggeration and additions of our poet will be

A dropping sweat creeps cold on ev'ry part; 361  
 Against his bosom beats his quiv'ring heart;  
 Terrour and death in his wild eye-balls stare;  
 With chatt'ring teeth he stands, and stiff'ning  
     hair,  
 And looks a bloodless image of despair! 365  
 Not so the brave—still dauntless, still the same,  
 Unchang'd his colour, and unmov'd his frame;  
 Compos'd his thought, determin'd is his eye,  
 And fix'd his soul, to conquer or to die:  
 If aught disturb the tenour of his breast, 370  
 'Tis but the wish to strike before the rest.

In such affairs thy blameless worth is known,  
 And ev'ry art of dang'rous war thy own.  
 By chance of fight whatever wounds you bore,  
 Those wounds were glorious all, and all before;

---

best seen by an English reader from a coarse, but literal, version of the original :

The coward's colour changeful comes and goes,  
 His restless soul no fix'd position knows :  
 Chatter his teeth ; he crouches to his feet :  
 His ribs feel quick his heart death-boding beat.

Ver. 371.] Our translator might take an expression from Chapman :

\_\_\_\_\_ but since there must be *strokes*,  
 Wish to be quickly in their midst :

but the turn of the passage is wholly from Dacier : “ Et si quelque chose trouble cette assiette ferme et tranquille, c'est l'impatience d'en venir aux mains.”

Ver. 373.] This line is supplemental, and has occurred before.

Such as may teach, 'twas still thy brave delight 376  
 T' oppose thy bosom where the foremost fight.  
 But why, like infants, cold to honour's charms,  
 Stand we to talk, when Glory calls to arms?  
 Go—from my conquer'd spears, the choicest take,  
 And to their owners send them nobly back. 381  
 Swift as the word bold Merion snatch'd a spear,  
 And breathing slaughter follow'd to the war.  
 So Mars armipotent invades the plain,  
 (The wide destroyer of the race of man) 385

Ver. 381.] This thought is a mere device of the translator, and the rhymes are inaccurate. The following attempt is more to the sense of Homer :

Who chance should find us vainly loitering here,  
 Might justly blame. Go then, and choose thy spear.

Swift as the word bold Merion *fought the tent* ;  
 And, breathing slaughter, to the *battle went* :

which last rhymes, I see, are those of Ogilby.

Ver. 384. *So Mars armipotent, &c.*] Homer varies his similes with all imaginable art, sometimes deriving them from the properties of animals, sometimes from natural passions, sometimes from the occurrences of life, and sometimes (as in the simile before us) from history. The invention of Mars's passage from Thrace (which was feigned to be the country of that God) to the Phlegyans and Ephyrians, is a very beautiful and poetical manner of celebrating the martial genius of that people, who lived in perpetual wars.

Methinks there is something of a fine enthusiasm, in Homer's manner of fetching a compass, as it were, to draw in new images, besides those in which the direct point of likeness consists. Milton perfectly well understood the beauty of these digressive images, as we may see from the following simile, which is in a manner made up of them :

Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks  
 In Vallombrosa (where th' Etrurian shades

Terrou, his best lov'd son, attends his course,  
 Arm'd with stern boldness, and enormous force;  
 The pride of haughty warriors to confound,  
 And lay the strength of tyrants on the ground:  
 From Thrace they fly, call'd to the dire alarms <sup>390</sup>  
 Of warring Phlegyans, and Ephyrian arms;  
 Invok'd by both, relentless they dispose  
 To these glad conquest, murd'rous rout to those.  
 So march'd the leaders of the Cretan train, <sup>394</sup>  
 And their bright arms shot horror o'er the plain.

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High over-arch'd embow'd.} Or scatter'd fedge  
 Aloof, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd  
 Hath vex'd the Red-sea coast (whose wave o'erthrew  
 Belleris and his Memphian chivalry.  
 While with perfidious hatred they pursu'd  
 The sojourners of Gothen, who beheld  
 From the safe shore their floating carcasses,  
 And broken chariot-wheels)—So thick bestrown  
 Abject and lost lay these.—

As for the general purport of this comparison of Homer, it gives us a noble and majestic idea, at once, of Idomeneus and Meriones, represented by Mars and his son Terrou; in which each of these heroes is greatly elevated, yet the just distinction between them preserved. The beautiful simile of Virgil in his twelfth *Æneid* is drawn with an eye to this of our author:

"Qualis apud gelidi cùm flumina concitus Hebri  
 "Sanguineus Mavors clypeo increpat, atque furens  
 "Bella movens immittit equos; illi æquore aperto  
 "Ante Notos Zephyrumque volant: gemit ultius pulsu  
 "Thracæ pedum: circumque atræ Formidinis ora,  
 "Iraque, Infidæque, Dei comitatus, aguntur." P.

Ver. 389.] This verse is due to the invention of our poet.

Then first spake Merion : Shall we join the right,  
 Or combat in the center of the fight?  
 Or to the left our wanted succour lend?  
 Hazard and fame all parts alike attend.

Not in the center, (Idomen reply'd) 400  
 Our ablest chieftains the main battle guide;

Ver. 396. — *Shall we join the right,  
 Or combat in the center of the fight?  
 Or to the left our wanted succour lend?*

The common interpreters have to this question of Meriones given a meaning which is highly impertinent, if not downright nonsense; explaining it thus: *Shall we fight on the right, or in the middle; or on the left, for no where else do the Greeks so much want assistance?* which amounts to this: "Shall we engage where our assistance is most wanted, or where it is not wanted?" The context, as well as the words of the original, oblige us to understand it in this obvious meaning: *Shall we bring our assistance to the right, to the left, or to the center? Since the Greeks being equally pressed and engaged on all sides, equally need our aid in all parts.* P.

Thus also Chapman:

*And first spake Merion.*

With respect to our poet's charge against the interpreters; all his predecessors in translation understand their author rightly, and all the editors that I have seen: and, in fact, our poet only gives a most unfortunate proof, how little he knew of the Latin language, so to blunder in his conception of the passage in question: "*Quoniam nusquam, or nullibi, existimo aded indigere certamine Achivos:*" that is, "*quantopere nunc indigent in hoc loco.*"

Ver. 399.] Here he had his eye on Dacier's version: "*Par tout vous trouverez de la gloire et du péril.*"

Ver. 400. *Not in the center, &c.*] There is in this answer of Idomeneus a small circumstance which is overlooked by the commentators, but in which the whole spirit and reason of what is said by him consists. He says he is in no fear for the center, since it is defended by Teucer and Ajax; Teucer being not only most famous

Each god-like Ajax makes that post his care,  
 And gallant Teucer deals destruction there:  
 Skill'd or with shafts to gall the distant field,  
 Or bear close battle on the sounding shield. 405  
 These can the rage of haughty Hector tame:  
 Safe in their arms, the navy fears no flame;

---

for the use of the bow, but likewise excellent *ἰς ἐσθλὴν ὑσμῖνῃ*, in a *close standing fight*: and as for Ajax, though not so swift of foot as Achilles, yet he was equal to him *ἰς αὐτοεσθλῇ*, in the same *steadfast* manner of fighting; hereby intimating that he was secure for the center, because that post was defended by two persons both accomplished in that part of war, which was most necessary for the service they were then engaged in; the two expressions before mentioned peculiarly signifying a *firm* and *steady* way of fighting, most useful in maintaining a post. P.

The translation of this passage is of very ambiguous construction. To avoid this, I would thus correct and punctuate:

Not in the centre, Idomen replied;  
 Our ablest chieftains *there* the battle guide.

Ver. 402.] These *four* verses are finely dilated from *two* of his original, which run literally thus:

Each Ajax, Teucer too, of bowmen best  
 In Greece, and good in stationary fight.

Ver. 406.] Here, on the other hand, our translator is too concise, and curtails the beauties of his author. Thus?

These dare, though vast his power and fell his rage,  
 His utmost strength and fiercest fire engage:  
 These, though his warlike soul no labours tire,  
 To rout were arduous, and our navy fire:  
 Unless Jove shake his thunder-darting hands,  
 And scatter through the fleet his heavenly brands:

this last expression is Chapman's, and is judiciously adopted by Ogilby, Hobbes, and Cowper, as accurately representative of his original.

'Till Jove himself descends, his bolts to shed,  
 And hurl the blazing ruin at our head.  
 Great must he be, of more than human birth, 410  
 Nor feed like mortals on the fruits of earth,  
 Him neither rocks can crush, nor steel can wound,  
 Whom Ajax fells not on th' ensanguin'd ground.  
 In standing fight he mates Achilles' force,  
 Excell'd alone in swiftness in the course. 415  
 Then to the left our ready arms apply,  
 And live with glory, or with glory die.

He said; and Merion to th' appointed place,  
 Fierce as the God of battles, urg'd his pace.  
 Soon as the foe the shining chiefs beheld 420  
 Rush like a fiery torrent o'er the field,

Ver. 412.] More exactly,

Him *nor huge* rocks can crush —.

Ver. 415.] There is a want of neatness, I think, in this repetition of the *preposition* here. Thus?

Alone inferior to his swifter course.

Ver. 416.] This is stiff: I would propose the following variation. With Hobbes' rhymes:

Then to the left seek we th' embattled field,  
 And instant glory gain, or glory yield.

Ver. 420.] The rhymes of both these couplets are justly censurable. I would propose the following amendments, which have in view also additional fidelity:

Soon as the chiefs in radiant armour bright,  
 Like a fierce flame, come rushing to the fight,  
 The foe observant pour th' embattled tide:  
 The combat thickens by the navy-side.

Their force embody'd, in a tide they pour;  
 The rising combat sounds along the shore.  
 As warring winds, in Sirius' fultry reign, 424  
 From diff'rent quarters sweep the sandy plain;  
 On ev'ry side the dusty whirlwinds rise,  
 And the dry fields are lifted to the skies:  
 Thus by despair, hope, rage, together driv'n,  
 Met the black hosts, and meeting, darken'd  
                   heav'n.

I much doubt, however, if Ogilby be not the only person, who has rightly conceived his original; nay, I am persuaded, that the passage can properly admit no other interpretation: as the *Grecian* army is the last preceding *substantive*, to which the *relative* at the head of this sentence must refer. ~~Then then that~~ translator, in but humble poetry:

This said, Meriones, like the god of war,  
 Unto the place appointed did repair;  
 And with him up Idomeneus came,  
 Like a wing'd tempest or devouring flame:  
 Whose joyfull presence did their friends excite;  
 And now grown fierce more desperately they fight.

Ver. 426.] Our poet has profited by Chapman's version:

Then, as from hollow bustling winds, engendered stormes arise,  
 When dust doth chiefly clog the waies, which up into the skies  
 The wanton tempest ravisheth —.

Ver. 428.] Homer says only,

Thus met the hosts conflicting, eager all  
 To deal destruction with the pointed steel;

so that our poet has palpably imitated Dacier's translation: "De  
 " même l'esperance, la crainte, la rage et le desespoir voient rassemblé  
 " dans un seul espace tous ses fiers combattans acharnés les uns  
 " contre les autres."



All dreadful glared the iron face of war, 430  
 Bristled with upright spears, that flash'd afar;  
 Dire was the gleam, of breast-plates, helms and  
 shields,

And polish'd arms emblaz'd the flaming fields :  
 Tremendous scene! that gen'ral horror gave,  
 But touch'd with joy the bosoms of the brave. 435  
 Saturn's great sons in fierce contention vy'd,  
 And crouds of heroes in their anger dy'd.  
 The fire of earth and heav'n, by Thetis won  
 To crown with glory Peleus' god-like son,  
 Will'd not destruction to the Grecian pow'rs, 440  
 But spar'd a while the destin'd Trojan tow'rs :

Ver. 430.] Milton has a fine passage of this kind in Par. Reg.  
 iii. 326. which might present itself to our poet's memory :

The field all iron cast a gleaming brown;  
 Nor wanted clouds of foot.

Ver. 432.] Ogilby is more accurate, and with proper castiga-  
 tion not inferiour, I think, in majesty to our poet, if one word only  
 be borrowed from him :

*The flashing gleams of breast-plates, helms, and shields  
 Daunt the dazed eye-fight, and emblaze the fields :*

in humble imitation of a masterly stroke in Horace :

*Jam fulgur armorum fugaces  
 Terret equos equitumque vulsus.*

Ver. 434.] The sentiment of Homer is evaporated in this  
 translation, whatever merit it may justly claim, independently con-  
 sidered. Thus?

Who, at this scene of woe, could pleasure feel  
 Unmix'd with sadness, but a heart of steel?

Ver. 440.] The reasoning of his original is obscured and per-

While Neptune rising from his azure main,  
 Warr'd on the king of heav'n with stern disdain,  
 And breath'd revenge, and fir'd the Grecian train. }  
 Gods of one source, of one ethereal race, 445  
 Alike divine, and heav'n their native place;  
 But Jove the greater; first-born of the skies,  
 And more than men, or Gods, supremely wise.  
 For this, of Jove's superiour might afraid,  
 Neptune in human form conceal'd his aid. 450  
 These pow'rs infold the Greek and Trojan train  
 In War and Discord's adamant chain,

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verted by this translation. The following correction will discover the tenour of Homer's argument on this occasion :

*Concedes a while the victory to Troy,  
 Yet would not there the Græcian powers destroy.*

Ver. 451.] It will be necessary, for the better understanding the conduct of Homer in every battle he describes, to reflect on the particular kind of fight, and the circumstances that distinguish each. In this view therefore we ought to remember through this whole book, that the battle described in it, is a fixed close fight, wherein the armies engage in a gross compact body, without any skirmishes or feats of activity so often mentioned in the foregoing engagements. We see at the beginning of it the Grecians form a Phalanx, ver. 177, which continues unbroken at the very end, ver. 1006. The chief weapon made use of is a *spear*, being most proper for this manner of combat; nor do we see any other use of a chariot, but to carry off the dead or wounded (as in the instance of Harpalion and Deiphobus.) From hence we may observe with what judgment and propriety Homer introduces Idomeneus as the chief in action on this occasion: for this hero being declined from his prime, and somewhat stiff with years, was only fit for this kind of engagement, as Homer expressly says in the 512th verse of the present book.

Indissolubly strong; the fatal tye  
Is stretch'd on both, and close-compell'd they die.

Dreadful in arms, and grown in combats grey,  
The bold Idomeneus controlls the day. 456  
First by his hand Othryoneus was slain,  
Swell'd with false hopes, with mad ambition vain!

Οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' ἱμπεδα γούα ποδῶν ἦν ἱρμιθίντι,  
Οὐτ' ἄρ' ἱπαίξαι μὴ ἐν βίλῳ, ἔτ' ἀλίσταται.  
Τῷ ῥα καὶ ἐν σάδι μὴ ἀμύνετο τηλεῖς ἡμαρ.

See the translation, ver. 648, &c.

P.

Ver. 452. *In War and Discord's adamantine chain.*] This short but comprehensive allegory, is very proper to give us an idea of the present condition of the two contending armies, who being powerfully sustained by the assistance of superior Deities, join and mix together in a close and bloody engagement, without any remarkable advantage on either side. To image to us this state of things, the poet represents Jupiter and Neptune holding the two armies close bound by a mighty chain, which he calls the knot of contention and war, and of which the two Gods draw the extremities, whereby the enclosed armies are compelled together, without any possibility on either side to separate or conquer. There is not perhaps in Homer any image at once so exact and bold. Madam Dacier acknowledges, that despairing to make this passage shine in her language, she purposely omitted it in her translation: but from what she says in her annotations, it seems that she did not rightly apprehend the propriety and beauty of it. Hobbes too was not very sensible of it, when he translated it so oddly:

And thus the saw from brother unto brother  
Of cruel war was drawn alternately,  
And many slain on one side and the other.

P.

Ver. 454.] At first:—"and *heaps on heaps* they die."

Ver. 455.] A modification of Ogilby, whom our poet seems to have consulted here, will represent the original with more truth:

*Then leapt in Idomen, with years half grey:*  
*Impell'd his Greeks, and chang'd the doubtful day.*

Ver. 458.] A supplemental line by the translator, but altogether pertinent, and in unison with the spirit of the passage.

Call'd by the voice of war to martial fame,  
 From high Cabefus' distant walls he came; 46a  
 Cassandra's love he fought, with boasts of pow'r,  
 And promis'd conquest was the proffer'd dow'r.  
 The king consented, by his vaunts abus'd;  
 The king consented, but the Fates refus'd.  
 Proud of himself, and of th' imagin'd bride, 46s  
 The field he measur'd with a larger stride.  
 Him, as he stalk'd, the Cretan jav'lin found;  
 Vain was his breast-plate to repel the wound:  
 His dream of glory lost, he plung'd to hell:  
 His arms resounded as the boaster fell. 47o

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Ver. 461.] He probably cast an eye on Ogilby :

The fair Cassandra offer'd without dower

To wed, and *promis'd* with a mighty power —

Our poet's version is very elegant and ingenious, but too concise for his original, which the following attempt more accurately represents :

Cassandra, Priam's fairest daughter, woo'd

The youth, nor dower propos'd, but mighty feats

In stead, to drive reluctant Greece from Troy.

Ver. 463.] Here again our most ingenious translator is uncommonly luxuriant, and gives the full rein to his invention; these *two* couplets corresponding to *two* lines of his author, to this effect :

Old Priam grants his suit : the boastful youth,

Presuming in that promise, boldly fought.

Ver. 469.] More exactly thus :

Full in his groin the forceful weapon lies ;

Rattling he falls ; the boastful victor cries.

Ver. 470.] In the first edition there is this variation :

*The plains* resounded as the boaster fell.

The great Idomeneus bestrides the dead;  
And thus (he cries) behold thy promise sped!

Ver. 471. *The great Idomeneus bestrides the dead:*  
*And thus (he cries) —*]

It seems (says Eustathius on this place) that the *Iliad* being an heroic poem, is of too serious a nature to admit of raillery: yet Homer has found the secret of joining two things that are in a manner incompatible. For this piece of raillery is so far from raising laughter, that it becomes a hero, and is capable to enflame the courage of all who hear it. It also elevates the character of Idomeneus, who notwithstanding he is in the midst of imminent dangers, preserves his usual gaiety of temper, which is the greatest evidence of an uncommon courage.

I confess I am of an opinion very different from this of Eustathius, which is also adopted by M. Dacier. So severe and bloody an irony to a dying person is a fault in morals, if not in poetry itself. It should not have place at all, or if it should, is ill placed here. Idomeneus is represented a brave man, nay a man of a compassionate nature, in the circumstance he was introduced in, of assisting a wounded soldier. What provocation could such an one have, to insult so barbarously an unfortunate prince, being neither his rival nor particular enemy? True courage is inseparable from humanity, and all generous warriors regret the very victories they gain, when they reflect what a price of blood they cost. I know it may be answered, that these were not the manners of Homer's time; a spirit of violence and devastation then reigned, even among the chosen people of God, as may be seen from the actions of Joshua, &c. However, if one would forgive the *cruelty*, one cannot forgive the *gaiety* on such an occasion. These inhuman jests the poet was so far from being obliged to make, that he was on the contrary forced to break the general serious air of his poem to introduce them. Would it not raise a suspicion, that (whatever we see of his superior genius in other respects) his own views of morality were not elevated above the barbarity of his age? I think indeed the thing by far the most shocking in this author, is that spirit of cruelty which appears too manifestly in the *Iliad*.

Virgil was too judicious to imitate Homer in these licences, and is much more reserved in his sarcasms and insults. There are not above four or five in the whole *Æneid*. That of Pyrrhus to Priam

Such is the help thy arms to Ilion bring,  
And such the contract of the Phrygian king!

in the second book, though barbarous in itself, may be accounted for as intended to raise a character of horror, and to render the action of Pyrrhus odious; whereas Homer stains his most favourite characters with these barbarities. That of Ascanius over Numanus in the ninth, was a fair opportunity where Virgil might have indulged the humour of a cruel raillery, and have been excused by the youth and gaiety of the speaker; yet it is no more than a very moderate answer to the insolences with which he had just been provoked by his enemy, only retorting two of his own words upon him.

“ — I, verbis virtutem illude superbis.

“ Bis capti Phryges hæc Rutulis responsa remittunt.”

He never suffers his Æneas to fall into this practice, but while he is on fire with indignation after the death of his friend Pallas: that short one to Mezentius is the least that could be said to such a tyrant:

“ — Ubi nunc Mezentius acer, & illa

“ Effera vis animi?”

The worst-natur'd one I remember (which yet is more excusable than Homer's) is that of Turnus to Eumedes in the twelfth book,

“ En, agros, & quam bello, Trojane, petisti,

“ Hesperiam metire jacens; hæc præmia, qui me

“ Ferro ausi tentare, ferunt: sic mœnia condunt.” P.

Scarcely one vestige of his author can be discovered here, which the following attempt will sufficiently evince from its fidelity to the original:

Othryoneus! to thee of all mankind

My praise is due, if, for his promis'd child,

Thou to king Priam make th' engagement good:

Which answer to the *two* distichs of our translator. What immediately succeeds, is executed with inimitable ingenuity.

Ver. 474. *And such the contract of the Phrygian king, &c.*] It was but natural to raise a question, on occasion of these and other passages in Homer, how it comes to pass that the heroes of different nations are so well acquainted with the stories and circumstances of

Our offers now, illustrious prince! receive; 475  
 For such an aid what will not Argos give?  
 To conquer Troy, with ours thy forces join,  
 And count Atrides' fairest daughter thine.  
 Meantime, on farther methods to advise;  
 Come, follow to the fleet thy new allies! 480  
 There hear what Greece has on her part to say.  
 He spoke, and dragg'd the gory corse away.

This Asius view'd, unable to contain,  
 Before his chariot warring on the plain;  
 (His crouded courfers, to his squire consign'd,  
 Impatient panted on his neck behind) 486

---

each other? Eustathius's solution is no ill one, that the warriors on both sides might learn the story of their enemies from the captives they took, during the course of so long a war. P.

Ver. 477.] I suppose Ogilby might suggest these rhymes, which are not sufficiently true for an accurate poet:

Let us upon the same condition *joyn*,  
 And Agamemnon's daughter shall be *thine*.

Ver. 479.] Chapman is ~~lost~~ and pointed:

————— Come therefore, follow me,  
 That in our ships we may conclude, this royall match with thee.

But our poet undoubtedly profited again from Ogilby:

But *come* along, where *farther* we'll *advise*:  
 The Grecians will not prove *thy* worst *allies*.

Ver. 485.] In the first edition it is,

His *valued* courfers:

which is better than the present ambiguous word, sufficiently represented as it is by the verse that follows.

To vengeance rising with a sudden spring,  
 He hop'd the conquest of the Cretan king.  
 The wary Cretan, as his foe drew near,  
 Full on his throat discharg'd the forceful spear,  
 Beneath the chin the point was seen to glide, 491  
 And glitter'd, extant at the farther side.  
 As when the mountain-oak, or poplar tall,  
 Or pine, fit mast for some great admiral,  
 Groans to the oft-heav'd ax, with many a wound,  
 Then spreads a length of ruin o'er the ground: 496  
 So sunk proud Afius in that dreadful day,  
 And stretch'd before his much-lov'd courfers lay.

---

Ver. 487.] This line is interpolated by the translator.

Ver. 493.] This *simile* runs literally thus in Homer; whereby the luxuriance of his translator may be discovered :

He fell, as falls some oak, or some tall pine,  
 Or poplar; which for ship-wood artists hew  
 With axes newly-sharpened, on the hills.

Ver. 494.] An imitation of a well known passage in the Paradise Lost, book i. 292:

His spear, to equal which the tallest *pine*  
 Hewn on Norwegian hills, ~~to~~ be the *mast*  
 Of some great *ammiral*, were but a wand,  
 He walk'd with—— :

The rudiments of which comparison our great bard might glean from Cowley, David iii. 393 :

His spear the trunk was of a lofty tree,  
 Which nature meant some tall ship's mast should be.

I since observe this imitation to be pointed out by Dr. Johnson.

Ver. 495.] Dacier, in the same strain of exaggeration :  
 “ Comme un haut chêne—tombe avec un grand bruit.”



He grinds the dust distain'd with streaming gore,  
 And, fierce in death, lies foaming on the shore.  
 Depriv'd of motion, stiff with stupid fear, 501  
 Stands all aghast his trembling charioteer,  
 Nor shuns the foe, nor turns the steeds away,  
 But falls transfix'd, an unresisting prey:  
 Pierc'd by Antilochus, he pants beneath 505  
 The stately car, and labours out his breath.  
 Thus Asius' steeds (their mighty master gone)  
 Remain the prize of Nestor's youthful son.

Stabb'd at the fight, Deïphobus drew nigh, 509  
 And made, with force, the vengeful weapon fly.  
 The Cretan saw; and stooping, caus'd to glance  
 From his slope shield the disappointed lance.

---

Ver. 499.] This couplet is spun from *three* words of his author, *grasping the bloody dust*. In the same manner Ogilby has,

*Biting* in death's convulsions the ground :

But Hobbes very properly,

Grasping with both his hands the bloody dust.

Ver. 505.] This is borrowed from Chapman :

---

and downe, his sad corse fell *beneath*

The richly-built'd chariot, there *labouring out his breath*.

And I shall quote Ogilby to shew the deviations and omissions of our translator : nor is his version despicable here :

Him with a spear Antilochus assail'd ;

Although of steel, his breast-plate nought avail'd ;

The point a passage through his bowels found :

He from his chariot tumbled on the ground ;

Whilst Nestor's son his beauteous steeds did get,

And from the Trojans drove them to the fleet.

Ver. 511. *The Cretan saw ; and stooping, &c.*] Nothing could paint in a more lively manner this whole action, and every circum-

Beneath the spacious targe, (a blazing round,  
 Thick with bull-hides and brazen orbits bound,  
 On his rais'd arm by two strong braces stay'd)<sup>515</sup>  
 He lay collected in defensive shade.  
 O'er his safe head the jav'lin idly hung,  
 And on the tinkling verge more faintly rung.  
 Ev'n then, the spear the vig'rous arm confest,  
 And pierc'd, obliquely, king Hypfenor's breast;<sup>520</sup>  
 Warm'd in his liver, to the ground it bore  
 The chief, his people's guardian now no more!  
 Not unattended (the proud Trojan cries)  
 Nor unrevenged, lamented Aſius lies :

---

stance of it, than the following lines. There is the posture of Idomeneus upon seeing the lance fly towards him ; the lifting the shield obliquely to turn it aside ; the arm discovered in that position ; the form, composition, materials, and ornaments of the shield distinctly specified ; the flight of the dart over it ; the sound of it first as it flew, then as it fell ; and the decay of that sound on the edge of the buckler, which being thinner than the other parts, rather tinkled than rung, especially when the first force of the stroke was spent on the orb of it. All this in the compass of so few lines, in which every word is an image, is something more beautifully particular, than I remember to have met with in any poet. P.

Ver. 519.] Ogilby is faithful, and, with some correction, good ; but far inferior with every aid to the supreme elegance of Pope :

*Yet not in vain the well-aim'd javelin flew  
 From his strong hand, but good Hypfenor flew,  
 Deep in his liver fix'd. He falls, he dies :  
 When loudly thus th' insulting victor cries.*

Ver. 523.] There is a sufficient resemblance, though general, to Chapman's version to fix a charge of imitation on our poet :

For thee, tho' hell's black portals stand display'd,  
This mate shall joy thy melancholy shade. 526

Heart-piercing anguish, at the haughty boast,  
Touch'd ev'ry Greek, but Nestor's son the most.  
Griev'd as he was, his pious arms attend,  
And his broad buckler shields his slaughter'd  
friend ; 530

'Till sad Mecistheus and Alastor bore  
His honour'd body to the tented shore.

Nor yet from fight Idomeneus withdraws ;  
Resolv'd to perish in his country's cause,  
Or find some foe, whom heav'n and he shall doom  
To wail his fate in death's eternal gloom. 536  
He sees Alcathous in the front aspire :  
Great Æsytetes was the hero's fire ;

Now *Asius lies not unrevenged*, nor doth his spirit want  
The joy I wish it ; though it be, now ent'ring the strong gate  
Of mightie Pluto : since this hand hath sent him down *a mate*.

Ver. 527.] An exquisite couplet with the rhymes of Ogilby :  
The Greeks were vex'd to hear this Trojan *boast* ;  
Antilochus storm'd, whom it concerned *most*.

A fine specimen of most arduous transmutation, dung to gold !  
but our author, like Virgil, knew how to employ the most inglorious  
writers to his own advantage. Virgil and Pope are two of the  
finest poets, and the most indiscriminate universal imitators of their  
predecessors, in the universe.

Ver. 531.] More fully to his author, thus :  
Till, *deeply groaning*, to the tented shore  
*His corse* Mecistheus and Alastor bore.

Ver. 537.] The description in the next eight verses is turned  
from the original with inimitable address, and is, in my opinion,  
incomparably beautiful.

His spouse Hippodamé, divinely fair,  
 Anchifes' eldest hope, and darling care; 540  
 Who charm'd her parent's and her husband's heart,  
 With beauty, sense, and ev'ry work of art:  
 He once, of Ilion's youth, the loveliest boy,  
 The fairest she, of all the fair of Troy.  
 By Neptune now the hapless hero dies, 545  
 Who covers with a cloud those beauteous eyes,  
 And fetters every limb: yet bent to meet  
 His fate he stands; nor shuns the lance of Crete.  
 Fixt as some column, or deep-rooted oak,  
 (While the winds sleep) his breast receiv'd the  
 stroke. 550

Ver. 541.] Thus Ogilby:

*who wonne her parents' hearts  
 With beauty, wit, and skill in curious arts.*

Ver. 543. *He once of Ilion's youth, the loveliest boy.*] Some manuscripts, after these words, ἀριστὸν ἐν Τροίῃ ἀνδρείῳ, insert the three following verses:

Πρὶν Ἀχιλλεύου τραφένου καὶ Πανθόου υἱός  
 Πριαμίδης θ' οἱ τρῶσι μετὰ πρεπον ἱπποδάμοισιν  
 Ἔως ἴθ' ἦσαν ἴκον, ὅφρα δὲ πέποι ἄνθε;

which I have not translated, as not thinking them genuine. Mr. Barnes is of the same opinion. P.

Ver. 545.] More clearly and accurately thus:

By Neptune's aid the hapless hero dies:  
 The god with darkness dims those radiant eyes;  
 And binds those beauteous limbs: constrain'd to meet  
 His fate, he stands, and waits the lance of Crete.

Ver. 549.] Thus Ogilby:

Before the pond'rous stroke his corselet yields,  
 Long us'd to ward the death in fighting fields.  
 The riven armour sends a jarring sound :  
 His lab'ring heart heaves with so strong a bound }  
 The long lance shakes, and vibrates in the wound : }  
 Fast-flowing from its source, as prone he lay, 556  
 Life's purple tide impetuous gush'd away.

Then Idomen, insulting o'er the slain:  
 Behold, Deïphobus! nor vaunt in vain.

---

But like a pillar, or a standing oak,  
 Just on his bosom he receiv'd the stroke.

Ver. 554. *His lab'ring heart heaves with so strong a bound,  
 The long lance shakes, and vibrates in the wound.*]

We cannot read Homer without observing a wonderful variety in the wounds and manner of dying. Some of these wounds are painted with very singular circumstances, and those of uncommon art and beauty. This passage is a master-piece in that way; Alcathous is pierced into the heart, which throbs with so strong a pulse, that the motion is communicated even to the distant end of the spear, which is vibrated thereby. This circumstance might appear too bold, and the effect beyond nature, were we not informed by the most skilful anatomists of the wonderful force of this muscle, which some of them computed to be equal to the weight of several thousand pounds. Lower de corde, Borellus, & alii. P.

Ogilby rises here, I think, much above mediocrity:

Fix'd in the seat of life, the cruel dart  
 Shook with the palpitations of his heart.

Ver. 557.] This couplet is wrought from the following materials of his original:

There Mars repreſt the fury of the ſpear.

Dacier might ſet the tranſlator's fancy in motion: "Jusqu'à ce que  
 "l'homicide ſer eût épuisé toutes ſes forces avec ſon ſang."

Ver. 559.] Better, I think,  
 Behold, Deïphobus! *thy* vaunt *how* vain.

See! on one Greek three Trojan ghosts attend, 560  
 This, my third victim, to the shades I send.  
 Approaching now, thy boasted might approve,  
 And try the prowess of the seed of Jove.  
 From Jove, enamour'd on a mortal dame,  
 Great Minos, guardian of his country came: 565  
 Deucalion, blameless prince! was Minos' heir;  
 His first-born I, the third from Jupiter:  
 O'er spacious Crete, and her bold sons I reign,  
 And thence my ships transport me thro' the main:  
 Lord of a host, o'er all my host I shine, 570  
 A scourge to thee, thy father, and thy line.

The Trojan heard; uncertain, or to meet  
 Alone, with vent'rous arms, the king of Crete;  
 Or seek auxiliar force: at length decreed  
 To call some hero to partake the deed, 575  
 Forthwith Æneas rises to his thought:  
 For him, in Troy's remotest lines he fought;  
 Where he, incens'd at partial Priam, stands,  
 And fees superior posts in meaner hands.

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Ver. 570.] This verse is a redundancy of the translator.

Ver. 578. *Incens'd at partial Priam, &c.*] Homer here gives the reason why Æneas did not fight in the foremost ranks. It was against his inclination that he served Priam, and he was rather engaged by honour and reputation to assist his country, than by any disposition to aid that prince. This passage is purely historical, and the ancients have preserved to us a tradition which serves to explain it. They say that Æneas became suspected by Priam, on account of an oracle which prophesied he should in process of time

To him, ambitious of so great an aid, 580  
The bold Deïphobus approach'd, and said:

Now, Trojan prince, employ thy pious arms,  
If e'er thy bosom felt fair Honour's charms.

rule over the Trojans. The king therefore shewed him no great degree of esteem or consideration, with design to discredit, and render him despicable to the people. Eustathius. This envy of Priam, and this report of the oracle, are mentioned by Achilles to Æneas in the twentieth book, ver. 179 :

—— ἢ σέ γε θυμὸς ἱμοὶ μαχίσσασθαι ἀνάγει,  
Ἐλπόμενος Τρώεσσι ἀνάξιν ἱπποδάμοισι,  
Τιμῆς τῆς Πριάμου; ἄτ' αὖρ ἔκ' ἐξυπαρήγης,  
Οὔτοι τ' αὖτεκά γε Πριάμῳ γέρας ἐν χερσὶ θύσει.  
Εἰσὶ γὰρ οἱ παῖδες. ———

(See ver. 216, &c. of the translation.) And Neptune in the same book, ver. 306 :

Ἦδη γὰρ Πριάμου γυνὴν ἤχθη Κρονίων.  
Νῦν δὲ δὴ Αἰνείας βίη Τρώεσσι ἀνάξει,  
Καὶ παῖδες παῖδ' αὖ, τοί κ' αὖ μιστόπισθε γένουσαι.

In the translation, ver. 355, &c.

I shall conclude this note with the character of Æneas, as it is drawn by Philostratus, wherein he makes mention of the same tradition. “ Æneas (says this author) was inferior to Hector in battle only, in all else equal, and in prudence superior. He was likewise skilful in whatever related to the gods, and conscious of what destiny had reserved for him after the taking of Troy. Incapable of fear, never discomposed, and particularly possessing himself in the article of danger. Hector is reported to have been called the hand, and Æneas the head of the Trojans; and the latter more advantaged their affairs by his caution, than the former by his fury. These two heroes were much of the same age, and the same stature: the air of Æneas had something in it less bold and forward, but at the same time more fixed and constant.” Philostrat. Heroic. P.

Ver. 580.] The purport of this verse is not in Homer, but was suggested to our translator by the subsequent glories of Æneas, in the hands of another prince in poetry.

Ver. 582.] A correction of Ogilby, who is close to his author,

Alcathous dies, thy brother and thy friend! 584  
 Come, and the warrior's lov'd remains defend.  
 Beneath his cares thy early youth was train'd,  
 One table fed you, and one roof contain'd.  
 This deed to fierce Idomeneus we owe;  
 Haste, and revenge it on th' insulting foe.

Æneas heard, and for a space resign'd 590  
 To tender pity all his manly mind;  
 Then rising in his rage, he burns to fight:  
 The Greek awaits him, with collected might.  
 As the fell boar on some rough mountain's head,  
 Arm'd with wild terrours, and to slaughter bred,  
 When the loud rusticks rife, and shout from far, 596  
 Attends the tumult, and expects the war;

---

will shew our obligations to the fine invention and delicate feeling  
 of our translator in the execution of this speech :

Great prince and senator ! thy kinsman aid,  
 If aught of tenderness thy breast pervade ;  
 To save thy lov'd Alcathous, follow me :  
 He, who so kindly fed and fondled thee,  
 A helpless child, lies bleeding on the plain,  
 By stern Idomeneus' javelin slain.

[Ver. 587.] Nothing in poetry can be more delicious than good  
 verses of this construction; and the most incurious reader must  
 recollect a great variety of this kind in our author's writings, of  
 exquisite felicity. Let the first, that recurs to memory, suffice for  
 an example on this occasion, from *the Essay on Man*, iii. 153. where  
 the whole passage is inspiration itself :

The same his table, and the same his bed :  
 No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed.

[Ver. 593.] His original would prescribe,  
 The Greek, no timorous boy ! collects his might.



O'er his bent back the bristly horrors rise,  
 Fires stream in light'ning from his sanguine eyes,  
 His foaming tusks both dogs and men engage, 600  
 But most his hunters rouse his mighty rage :  
 So stood Idomeneus, his jav'lin shook,  
 And met the Trojan with a low'ring look.  
 Antilochus, Deïpyrus were near,  
 The youthful offspring of the God of war, 605  
 Merion, and Aphareus, in field renown'd :  
 To these the warrior sent his voice around.  
 Fellows in arms ! your timely aid unite ;  
 Lo, great Æneas rushes to the fight : 609  
 Sprung from a God, and more than mortal bold ;  
 He fresh in youth, and I in arms grown old.  
 Else should this hand, this hour, decide the strife,  
 The great dispute, of glory, or of life.

Ver. 599.] Chapman has,

— sets fire on his red eyes.

Ver. 601.] This exception, not warranted by his author, throws a coldness, I think, on the fire and energy of the passage. It might possibly be suggested by an expression in Dacier : “ Et se prépare à écarter les plus hardis.” More accurately thus

*He whets his tusks, stands eager to engage  
 Of dogs and hunters the united rage.*

But he seems to have turned an eye on Ogilby :

*His eyes dart fire, his foamy tusks he whets,  
 Then fiercely both on hounds and huntmen sets,*

Ver. 610.] The former clause of this verse is not in Homer.



So joys Æneas, as his native band,  
Moves on in rank, and stretches o'er the land.

Round dead Alcathous now the battle rose ;  
On ev'ry side the steely circle grows ;  
Now batter'd breast-plates and hack'd helmets  
ring, 636

And o'er their heads unheeded javelins sing.  
Above the rest, two tow'ring chiefs appear,  
There great Idomeneus, Æneas here.  
Like Gods of war, dispensing fate, they stood,  
And burn'd to drench the ground with mutual  
blood. 635

The Trojan weapon whizz'd along in air,  
The Cretan faw, and shun'd the brazen spear :

---

Ver. 626.] This distich is, in my opinion, as insipid as it is inaccurate. Accept a verbal translation :

Thus in his bosom joy'd Æneas' mind,  
On viewing such a croud of followers round :

or a supplement to Ogilby :

Such cheering joys Æneas breast invade,  
To see *such followers thronging to his aid.*

Ver. 628.] Or thus, in terms somewhat more expressive of his author :

Round dead Alcathous now the warriors close ;  
Projecting lances rise in spiry rows :  
Their hollow breast-plates hideous rang, and loud,  
With javelins brandish'd mutual through the croud.

Ver. 635.] Chapman is not unlike :

But two of them, past all the rest, had strong desire to shed  
The blood of either.

Sent from an arm so strong, the missive wood  
 Stuck deep in earth, and quiver'd where it stood.  
 But Oenomas receiv'd the Cretan's stroke, 640  
 The forceful spear his hollow corselet broke,  
 It ripp'd his belly with a ghastly wound,  
 And roll'd the smoking entrails to the ground.  
 Stretch'd on the plain, he sobs away his breath,  
 And furious, grasps the bloody dust in death. 645  
 The victor from his breast the weapon tears;  
 His spoils he could not, for the show'r of spears.  
 Tho' now unfit an active war to wage,  
 Heavy with cumb'rous arms, stiff with cold age,

---

Ver. 638.] Thus, more faithfully :

*Launch'd from his sturdy arm, the frustrate wood  
 Stuck deep in earth, and quiver'd where it stood.*

Ver. 642.] This is contrary to his author. Thus?

*It gor'd his belly with a ghastly wound;  
 He fell; and, dying, graspt the bloody ground :*

and the next couplet may now be spared, as an absolute superfluity, without the least treachery to his original. Dacier mislaid our poet on this occasion, whose version he has scrupulously followed : “ Qui — lui fit une si large blessure, que toutes ses entrailles fortirent “ dans le moment.”

Ver. 648.] Our poet is neither exact to the expressions of his author, nor perfectly faithful to his sense in this passage. I would propose the following adjustment, with the help of Ogilby :

*Nor could he now, through age enfeebling, run  
 To fetch a brandish'd lance, or lances shun ;  
 His stiffen'd limbs, unequal to the course,  
 In standing fight alone maintain their force.*

His listless limbs unable for the course; 650  
 In standing fight he yet maintains his force:  
 'Till faint with labour, and by foes repell'd,  
 His tir'd, flow steps, he drags from off the field.

Deiphobus beheld him as he past,  
 And, fir'd with hate, a parting javelin cast: 655  
 The javelin err'd, but held its course along,  
 And, pierc'd Ascalaphus, the brave and young:  
 The son of Mars fell gasping on the ground,  
 And gnash'd the dust all bloody with his wound.

Nor knew the furious father of his fall, 660  
 High-thron'd amidst the great Olympian hall,

---

Ver. 655. *And, fir'd with hate.*] Homer does not tell us the occasion of this hatred; but since his days, Simonides and Ibycus write, that Idomeneus and Deiphobus were rivals, and both in love with Helen. This very well agrees with the ancient tradition which Euripides and Virgil have followed: for after the death of Paris, they tell us she was espoused to Deiphobus. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 656.] Our poet gives scope to his invention here beyond the traces of his master. This attempt is conformable to the original:

This spear err'd also, but the son of Mars  
 Smote in the shoulder, bold Ascalaphus,  
 With furious force: he, falling, grasp'd the dust.

Ver. 660.] A compound, authoris'd by Milton, would bring this verse to more resemblance of it's model:

Nor knew the *loud-voic'd* father of his fall:  
 for who does not remember that glowing passage of the *Penseroso*?

There let the pealing organ blow  
 To the *full-voic'd* quire below.

On golden clouds th' immortal synod sat;  
 Detain'd from bloody war by Jove and Fate.

Now, where in dust the breathless hero lay,  
 For slain Ascalaphus commenc'd the fray. 665  
 Deïphobus to seize his helmet flies,  
 And from his temples rends the glitt'ring prize;  
 Valiant as Mars, Meriones drew near,  
 And on his loaded arm discharg'd his spear:  
 He drops the weight, disabled with the pain; 670  
 The hollow helmet rings against the plain.  
 Swift as a vulture leaping on his prey,  
 From his torn arm the Grecian rent away  
 The reeking javelin, and rejoin'd his friends.  
 His wounded brother good Polites tends; 675  
 Around his waist his pious arms he threw,  
 And from the rage of combat gently drew:

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Ver. 670.] Literally thus:

\_\_\_\_\_ from his hand  
 The tall helm tumbling founded on the ground:  
 but Ogilby before our poet had rendered,  
 From his *numb'd fingers* falls the glittering cask  
 Upon the ground.

Ver. 674.] Here also he seems to have gleaned a hint from  
 Ogilby:

Like a fierce vultur in he flies, and *warm*  
 Pluck'd out *the javelin* from his *wounded arm*.

Ver. 677.] More conformably to his original,  
 And from the *din* of combat gently-drew:

Him his swift courfers, on his splendid car  
 Rapt from the leff'ning thunder of the war; 679  
 To Troy they drove him, groaning from the shore,  
 And sprinkling, as he pafst, the fands with gore.

Meanwhile fresh slaughter bathes the fanguine  
 ground,

Heaps fall on heaps, and heav'n and earth refound.  
 Bold Aphareus by great Æneas bled; 684  
 As tow'rd the chief he turn'd his daring head,  
 He pierc'd his throat; the bending head, depreff  
 Beneath his helmet, nods upon his breast;  
 His fhield revers'd o'er the fall'n warrior lies;  
 And everlasting flumber feals his eyes.  
 Antilochus, as Thoön turn'd him round, 690  
 Transpierc'd his back with a difhoneft wound;

---

but, as the word *drew* seems unfuitable to every thing but the  
 rhyme, I would alter the couplet thus:

Around his waift his pious arms he *fpre*d,  
 And from the *din* of battle gently *led*.

Ver. 678.] More accurately thus:

*Where* his swift courfers *and* his splendid car  
 Stood *with* their keeper in the rear of war.

Ver. 682.] Homer fays literally,

The reft fought on; and ceafelefs clamour rofe;

but Ogilby:

Whilst they fight on, and *clamour fcales the fkyes*.

Ver. 688.] Ogilby is more agreeable to his original than Pope;  
 and, with a little chaftifement, feems unexceptionable:

Down *with* his *finking* head dropt helm and fhield;  
 And Death his eyes in *night eternal* feal'd.

The hollow vein that to the neck extends  
 Along the chine, his eager javelin rends:  
 Supine he falls, and to his social train 694  
 Spreads his imploring arms, but spreads in vain.  
 Th' exulting victor, leaping where he lay,  
 From his broad shoulders tore the spoils away;  
 His time observ'd; for clos'd by foes around,  
 On all sides thick, the peals of arms resound.  
 His shield emboss'd, the ringing storm sustains, 700  
 But he impervious and untouch'd remains.  
 (Great Neptune's care preserv'd from hostile rage  
 This youth, the joy of Nestor's glorious age)  
 In arms intrepid, with the first he fought,  
 Fac'd ev'ry foe, and ev'ry danger fought; 705  
 His winged lance, resistless as the wind,  
 Obeys each motion of the master's mind,

---

Ver. 692.] Homer says simply *the vein*, but Chapman has,  
 Let flie, and cut *the hollow veine*, that runs up to his necke.

Ver. 697.] Our poet was not aware of the propriety of the  
*Greek tense* in this passage, which only implies an *attempt*, and an  
*unfinished* action. "But Antilochus sprang upon him, and was  
 "taking the armour from his shoulders, as he lookt about him."  
 Hobbes seems to have been aware of this:

And down he fell. Antilochus stept in  
 To strip him:

nor did it escape Dacier and Cowper, whom the reader may consult.

Ver. 700.] This *metaphor* is not Homer's, but that of the  
 French translator: "Dans un moment il est environné de Troyens  
 "qui font *pleuvoir* sur lui *une grêle* de dards."



Restless it flies, impatient to be free,  
 And meditates the distant enemy.  
 The son of Asius, Adamas drew near, 710  
 And struck his target with the brazen spear,  
 Fierce in his front: but Neptune wards the blow,  
 And blunts the javelin of th' eluded foe.  
 In the broad buckler half the weapon stood;  
 Splinter'd on earth flew half the broken wood.  
 Difarm'd, he mingled in the Trojan crew; 716  
 But Merion's spear o'ertook him as he flew,  
 Deep in the belly's rim an entrance found,  
 Where sharp the pang, and mortal is the wound. }  
 Bending he fell, and doubled to the ground, 720 }

---

Ver. 708.] Ogilby is altogether accurate, and indeed superiour on this occasion, even in elegance, to our author:

His time observing when his lance to throw,  
 Or hand to hand assault some daring foe.

And I would propose the following substitution for the preceding couplet of our author, which is beautiful, but not expressive of the Greek:

Through the hot fight his spear no respite knew;  
 But, quivering, with incessant vigour flew.

Ver. 712.] The former part of this verse is redundant and superfluous. I would comprize another sentiment of his author, thus:

*The God denied his life: he wards the blow —.*

Ver. 714.] Ogilby is accurately faithful:  
 Like a burnt stake, half stuck upon his shield;  
 The other half lay broken in the field.

Ver. 719.] Homer says literally,  
 Where Mars most anguish gives to wretched man:

Lay panting. Thus an ox, in fetters ty'd,  
While death's strong pangs distend his lab'ring  
side,

His bulk enormous on the field displays;  
His heaving heart beats thick, as ebbing life  
decays.

so that our poet was indebted to Dacier's translation: "Où les  
" *blessures* font les *plus douloureuses* & les *plus mortelles*."

Ver. 720. *Bending he fell, and doubled to the Ground,*  
*Lay panting.*——] The original is,

ὁδ' ἰσπόμενος περὶ δεξι'  
Ἡσπαιε——

The verification represents the short broken pantings of the dying warrior, in the short sudden break at the second syllable of the second line. And this beauty is, as it happens, precisely copied in the English. It is not often that a translator can do this justice to Homer, but he must be content to imitate these graces and proprieties at more distance, by endeavouring at something parallel, though not the same. P.

Ver. 722.] All this is the fancy of our translator: Ogilby exhibits, and not contemptibly, the whole *simile*, as it exists in Homer:

As when an ox strong shepherds from a hill,  
With cordage ty'd, hale down against his will:

but Mr. Cowper alone has done justice to his author, whose elegant performance I shall quote on this occasion:

There enter'd deep the weapon: down he fell,  
And in the dust lay panting, as an ox  
Among the mountains pants, by peasants bound  
In twisted thongs, and dragg'd perforce along:  
So panted dying Adamas, but soon  
Ceast; for Meriones, approaching, pluckt  
The weapon forth; and darkness veil'd his eyes.

I have taken the liberty of making an alteration in *two* words, to banish a grammatical impropriety. \*

The spear, the conqu'ror from his body drew, 725  
 And death's dim shadows swam before his view.  
 Next brave Deïpyrus in dust was laid:  
 King Helenus wav'd high the Thracian blade,  
 And smote his temples, with an arm so strong,  
 The helm fell off, and roll'd amid the throng: 730  
 There, for some luckier Greek it rests a prize;  
 For dark in death the god-like owner lies!  
 With raging grief great Menelaüs burns,  
 And fraught with vengeance, to the victor turns;  
 That shook the pond'rous lance, in act to throw;  
 And this stood adverse with the bended bow: 736

Ver. 727.] More exactly, with this transposition and correction:

Next *by* king Helenus' *huge* Thracian blade  
 The brave Deïpyrus in dust was laid.

Ver. 728. *King Helenus.*] The appellation of king was not anciently confined to those only who bore the sovereign dignity, but applied also to others. There was in the island of Cyprus a whole order of officers called kings, whose business it was to receive the relations of informers, concerning all that happened in the island, and to regulate affairs accordingly. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 732.] The epithet *god-like* is unauthorized by Homer, and appears to me unseasonable here. Homer says literally,

Some Greek in battle took it as it roll'd  
 Close by his feet. Black night o'er-spread his eyes:

So that our poet plainly was indebted to Ogilby for his turn of expression:

Which, snatch'd up, prov'd some greedy foldier's prize;  
 Whilst Death's cold fingers clos'd his dying eyes.

Ver. 735.] Chapman gives his original without mutilation, in the simplicity of detail:

Full on his breast the Trojan arrow fell,  
 But harmless bounded from the plated steel.  
 As on some ample barn's well-harden'd floor,  
 (The winds collected at each open door) 740  
 While the broad fan with force is whirl'd around,  
 Light leaps the golden grain, resulting from the  
 ground:

So from the steel that guards Atrides' heart,  
 Repell'd to distance flies the bounding dart.  
 Atrides, watchful of th' unwary foe, 745  
 Pierc'd with his lance the hand that grasp'd the  
 bow,

---

Atrides griev'd to see

That fight; and, threatening, shooke a lance at Hellenus; and he  
 A bow half drew at him: at once, out flew both shaft and lance:  
 The lance Atrides curest strooke, and far away did glance.

Ver. 739. *As on some ample barn's well-barden'd floor.*] We ought not to be shocked at the frequency of these similes taken from the ideas of a rural life. In early times, before politeness had raised the esteem of arts subservient to luxury, above those necessary to the subsistence of mankind; agriculture was the employment of persons of the greatest esteem and distinction. We see, in sacred history, princes busy at sheep-shearing; and in the time of the Roman common-wealth, a dictator taken from the plough. Wherefore it ought not to be wondered at, that allusions and comparisons of this kind are frequently used by ancient heroic writers, as well to raise, as illustrate their descriptions. But since these arts are fallen from their ancient dignity, and become the drudgery of the lowest people, the images of them are likewise sunk into meaneness, and without this consideration must appear to common readers unworthy to have place in epic poems. It was perhaps through too much deference to such tastes, that Chapman omitted this simile in his translation. P.

And nail'd it to the eugh: the wounded hand  
Trail'd the long lance that mark'd with blood  
the fand:

But good Agenor gently from the wound  
The spear follicits, and the bandage bound; 750  
A sling's soft wool, snatch'd from a soldier's side,  
At once the tent and ligature supply'd.

Ver. 747.] Here a line of the original is passed over, as follows:  
He to the crouded ranks retir'd from death.

Ver. 751. *A sling's soft wool, snatch'd from a soldier's side,  
At once the tent and ligature supply'd.*]

The words of the original are these:

Αὐτὴν δὲ ξυιάδῃσιν ἰϋτρόφῳ οἷος ἄνθρωπος  
Σφινδύνη, ἣν ἄρα οἱ θειράπων ἔχει ποιμένι λαῶν.

This passage, by the commentators ancient and modern, seems rightly understood in the sense expressed in this translation: the word *σφινδύνη* properly signifying a *sling*; which (as Eustathius observes from an old scholiast) was anciently made of woollen strings. Chapman alone dissents from the common interpretation, boldly pronouncing that slings are no where mentioned in the Iliad, without giving any reason for his opinion. He therefore translates the word *σφινδύνη* a *scarf*, by no other authority but that he says, *it was a fitter thing to hang a wounded arm in, than a sling*; and very prettily wheedles his reader into this opinion by a most gallant imagination, that *his squire might carry this scarf about him as a favour of his own or of his master's mistress*. But for the use he has found for this scarf, there is not any pretence from the original; where it is only said the wound was bound up, without any mention of hanging the arm. After all, he is hard put to it in his translation; for being resolved to a *scarf*, and obliged to mention *wool*, we are left entirely at a loss to know from whence he got the latter.

A like passage recurs near the end of this book, where the poet says, the Locrians went to war without shield or spear, only armed,

Τέξουσιν καὶ ἰϋτρόφῳ οἷος ἄνθρωπος. Ver. 716.

Behold! Pisander, urg'd by fate's decree,  
 Springs thro' the ranks to fall, and fall by thee,  
 Great Menelaüs! To enhance thy fame; 755  
 High-tow'ring in the front, the warrior came.  
 First the sharp lance was by Atrides thrown;  
 The lance far distant by the winds was blown.  
 Nor pierc'd Pisander thro' Atrides' shield;  
 Pisander's spear fell shiver'd on the field. 760

---

Which last expression, as all the commentators agree, signifies a *sling*, though the word *σφινδον* is not used. Chapman here likewise without any authority, dissents from the common opinion; but very inconstant in his errors, varies his mistake, and assures us, *this expression is the true periphrasis of a light kind of armour, called a jack, which all our archers used to serve in of old, and which were ever quilted with wool.* P.

Chapman says accurately,

---

Had readie for him :                      which his *squire*

and Ogilby :

Which his *attendant* had.

Hobbes too with no less accuracy :

And in a woollen bandage wrapt it round,  
 Which in his hand a *servant* held hard by.

Our poet follows Dacier: " Il bande la plage avec le tissu d'une  
 " fronde que portoit *un de ses soldats.*"

Ver. 754.] Thus Ogilby :

---

O! Menelaus, so might fall by thee,

Ver. 760.] He should have written, not *shiver'd*, as of a plate of metal flying into pieces, but *broken*, the strong iron point having separated from the wooden shaft.

Not so discourag'd, to the future blind,  
 Vain dreams of conquest swell his haughty mind;  
 Dauntless he rushes where the Spartan lord  
 Like light'ning brandish'd his far-beaming sword.  
 His left arm high oppos'd the shining shield: 76;  
 His right, beneath, the cover'd pole-ax held;  
 (An olive's cloudy grain the handle made,  
 Distinct with studs; and brazen was the blade)

Ver. 761.] This is a misrepresentation of his author, in opposition to his predecessors. Ogilby's version will sufficiently shew the sense of Homer:

————— Pisander's spear  
 Broke on his shield, and no impression made;  
 Yet he with hop'd-for victory was glad.

We might adjust our poet to his author thus:

*He, though his spear fell broken on the field,  
 Yet fondly hop'd it sped.* The Spartan lord ———.

Ver. 764.] Homer says literally,

Atrides drew his silver-studded sword,  
 And sprang upon Pisander:

but our poet follows Ogilby in amplification; who has two good lines:

But stern Atrides his sharp faulchion drew,  
 And at him like a winged tempest flew.

Ver. 765.] These *four* verses, saving two rhymes, are admirable: nor is Ogilby inelegant:

Who takes his pole-axe from beneath his shield:  
 The haft smooth olive, and the head well-steel'd.

Ver. 766. *The cover'd pole-ax.*] Homer never ascribes this weapon to any but the barbarians, for the battle-ax was not used in war by the politer nations. It was the favourite weapon of the Amazons. Eustathius. P.

This on the helm discharg'd a noble blow ; 769  
 The plume dropp'd nodding to the plain below,  
 Shorn from the crest. Atrides wav'd his steel:  
 Deep thro' his front the weighty falchion fell;  
 The crafhing bones before its force gave way;  
 In duft and blood the groaning hero lay ;  
 Forc'd from their ghastly orbs, and fpouting gore,  
 The clotted eye-balls tumble on the fhore. 776  
 The fierce Atrides fpu'n'd him as he bled,  
 Tore off his arms, and loud-exulting, faid.

Thus, Trojans, thus, at length betought to fear ;  
 O race perfidious, who delight in war ! 780

Ver. 773.] Chapman has,

That all the bones *crafft* under it.

Ver. 774.] His original would dictate,

In duft and blood the *writibing* hero lay.

Ver. 779. *The fpeech of Menelaus.*] This fpeech of Menelaus over his dying enemy, is very different from thofe with which Homer frequently makes his heroes insult the vanquish'd, and answers very well the character of this good-natured prince. Here are no insulting taunts, no cruel farcafms, nor any sporting with the particular misfortunes of the dead : the inveftives he makes are general, arifing naturally from a remembrance of his wrongs, and being almoft nothing elfe but a recapitulation of them. Thefe reproaches come moft juftly from this prince, as being the only perfon among the Greeks who had received any perfonal injury from the Trojans. The apoftrophe he makes to Jupiter, wherein he complains of his protecting a wicked people, has given occafion to cenfure Homer as guilty of impiety, in making his heroes tax the Gods with injuftice : but fince, in the former part of his fpeech, it is exprefly faid, that Jupiter will certainly punifh the Trojans by the deftruction of their city for violating the laws of hofpitality, the



Already noble deeds ye have perform'd,  
 A prince's rap'd transcends a navy storm'd:  
 In such bold feats your impious might approve,  
 Without the assistance, or the fear of Jove.  
 The violated rites, the ravish'd dame, 785  
 Our heroes slaughter'd, and our ships on flame,  
 Crimes heap'd on crimes, shall bend your glory  
 down,  
 And whelm in ruins yon' flagitious town.  
 O thou, great Father! Lord of earth and skies,  
 Above the thought of man, supremely wise! 790  
 If from thy hand the fates of mortals flow,  
 From whence this favour to an impious foe?

---

latter part ought only to be considered as a complaint to Jupiter for delaying that vengeance: this reflection being no more than what a pious suffering mind, grieved at the flourishing condition of prosperous wickedness, might naturally fall into. Not unlike this is the complaint of the prophet Jeremiah, ch. xii. ver. 1. *Righteous art thou, O Lord, when I plead with thee: yet let me talk with thee of thy judgments. Wherefore doth the way of the wicked prosper? Wherefore are all they happy that deal very treacherously?*

Nothing can more fully represent the cruelty and injustice of the Trojans, than the observation with which Menelaus finishes their character, by saying, that they have a more strong, constant, and insatiable appetite after bloodshed and rapine, than others have to satisfy the most agreeable pleasures and natural desires. P.

Ver. 783.] This is a strange couplet, scarcely intelligible, and without relation to his author, of whose purport Ogilby's version will convey a very just conception:

Who injur'd me, and wrong return'd for love;  
 Nor fear'd the wrath of hospitable Jove.

Ver. 792.] I would supplant this vicious expression *from whence*

A godless crew, abandon'd and unjust,  
 Still breathing rapine, violence, and lust? 794  
 The best of things, beyond their measure, cloy;  
 Sleep's balmy blessing, Love's endearing joy;  
 The feast, the dance; whate'er mankind desire,  
 Ev'n the sweet charms of sacred numbers tire.

by this substitution :

*Why grant this favour to an impious foe?*

Ver. 795. *The best of things, beyond their measure, cloy.*] These words comprehend a very natural sentiment, which perfectly shews the wonderful folly of men: they are soon wearied with the most agreeable things, when they are innocent; but never with the most toilsome things in the world, when unjust and criminal. Eustathius. Dacier. P.

Ver. 797. *The dance,*] In the original it is called ἀμύμων, *the blameless dance*; to distinguish (says Eustathius) what sort of dancing it is that Homer commends. For there were two kinds of dancing practised among the ancients, the one reputable, invented by Minerva, or by Castor and Pollux; the other dishonest, of which Pan, or Bacchus, was the author. They were distinguished by the name of the tragick, and the comick or satyrick dance. But those which probably our author commends were certain military dances, used by the greatest heroes. One of this sort was known to the Macedonians and Persians, practised by Antiochus the great, and the famous Polyperchon. There was another which was danced in compleat armour, called the Pyrrhick, from Pyrrhus the Spartan its inventor, which continued in fashion among the Lacedæmonians. Scaliger the father remarks, that this dance was too laborious to remain long in use even among the ancients; however, it seems that labour could not discourage this bold critick from reviving that laudable kind of dance in the presence of the Emperor Maximilian and his whole court. It is not to be doubted but the performance raised their admiration; nor much to be wondered at, if they desired to see more than once so extraordinary a spectacle, as we

But Troy for ever reaps a dire delight  
In thirst of slaughter, and in lust of fight. 800

This said, he seiz'd (while yet the carcase  
heav'd)

The bloody armour, which his train receiv'd:  
Then sudden mix'd among the warring crew,  
And the bold son of Pylæmenes flew.  
Harpalion had thro' Asia travell'd far, 805  
Following his martial father to the war:  
Thro' filial love he left his native shore,  
Never, ah never, to behold it more!  
His unsuccessful spear he chanc'd to fling  
Against the target of the Spartan king; 810  
Thus of his lance disarm'd, from death he flies,  
And turns around his apprehensive eyes.

have it in his own words. *Poëtices, lib. i. cap. 18. Hanc salutationem [Pyrrhicam] nos & sæpe, & diu, coram Divo Maximiliano, jussu Bonifacii patruī, non sine stupore totius Germaniæ, representavimus.* P.

This reference to Scaliger's poetics is also made by Ogilby.

Ver. 798.] A truth, which our poet sorely experienced, during his employment on this translation; when his *ennui* found relief in the following stanza:

Why should I stay? both parties rage;  
My vixen mistress squalls:  
The wits in envious feuds engage,  
And Homer (DAMN HIM!) calls.

Ver. 799.] Ogilby is tame, but furnishes a truer likeness of his author:

But those who love the sports of cruel war,  
Ne'er have enough: and such these Trojans are.

Him, thro' the hip transpiercing as he fled,  
 The shaft of Merion mingled with the dead.  
 Beneath the bone the glancing point descends, 815  
 And driving down, the swelling bladder rends:  
 Sunk in his sad companions arms he lay,  
 And in short pantings sobb'd his soul away;  
 (Like some vile worm extended on the ground)  
 While life's red torrent gush'd from out the  
 wound.

820

Ver. 819. *Like some vile worm extended on the ground.*] I cannot be of Eustathius's opinion, that this simile was designed to debase the character of Harpalion, and to represent him in a mean and disgraceful view, as one who had nothing noble in him. I rather think from the character he gives of this young man, whose piety carried him to the wars to attend his father, and from the air of this whole passage, which is tender and pathetick, that he intended this humble comparison only as a mortifying picture of human misery and mortality. As to the verses which Eustathius alledges for a proof of the cowardice of Harpalion,

Ἄψ δ' ἐτάαν εἰς ἔθ' ἔχ' αἴτο κῆρ' Ἀλλεΐων,

Πάντοσι παπταίνων.

The retreat described in the first verse is common to the greatest heroes in Homer; the same words are applied to Deiphobus and Meriones in this book, and to Patroclus in the xvth, ver. 817, of the Greek. The same thing in other words is said even of the great Ajax, Il. xv. ver. 728. and we have Ulysses described in the ivth, ver. 497, with the same circumspection and fear of the darts: though none of those warriors have the same reason as Harpalion for their retreat or caution, he alone being unarmed, which circumstance takes away all imputation of cowardice. P.

Thus Ogilby:

And, like a worm, lay stretch'd upon the ground;  
 A purple river gushing from the wound.

Him on his car the Paphlagonian train  
 In slow procession bore from off the plain.  
 The pensive father, father now no more!  
 Attends the mournful pomp along the shore,

---

And it seems probable to me, that Homer intended by this comparison to represent to his reader the *writings* and *contortions* of the dying warrior.

Ver. 823. *The pensive father.*] We have seen in the vth Iliad the death of Pylæmenes general of the Paphlagonians, How comes he then in this place to be introduced as following the funeral of his son? Eustathius informs us of a most ridiculous solution of some criticks, who thought it might be the ghost of this unhappy father, who not being yet interred, according to the opinion of the ancients, wandered upon the earth. Zenodotus not satisfied with this (as indeed he had little reason to be) changed the name Pylæmenes into Kylæmenes. Didymus thinks there were two of the same name; as there are in Homer two Schedius's, two Eury-medon's, and three Adrastus's. And others correct the verse by adding a negative, *μὴ δ' ἐσφι πατρὶς κίς*; *his father did not follow in his chariot with his face bathed in tears.* Which last, if not of more weight than the rest, is yet more ingenious. Eustathius. Dacier.

Nor did his valiant father (now no more)  
 Pursue the mournful pomp along the shore,  
 No fire surviv'd, to grace th' untimely bier,  
 Or sprinkle the cold ashes with a tear. P.

This exquisite stroke of pathos "Father now no more," is not in his original, but derived ultimately from Virgil's *Georgics*, iv. 498:

*Invalidasque tibi tendens, heu? non tua, palmas:*

which is thus beautifully rendered by Dryden:

In vain I reach my feeble hands to join  
 In sweet embraces: *ah! no longer thine!*

Rollin mentions two elegant verses, in imitation of this passage of Virgil, by a young student. The subject was a *Romish tale of a tub*, about *St. Anthony* expecting *Paul* at a time when the latter was dead:

And unavailing tears profusely shed, 825  
And unreveng'd, deplor'd his offspring dead.

Paris from far the moving fight beheld,  
With pity soften'd, and with fury swell'd:  
His honour'd host, a youth of matchless grace,  
And lov'd of all the Paphlagonian race! 830  
With his full strength he bent his angry bow,  
And wing'd the feather'd vengeance at the foe.  
A chief there was, the brave Euchenor nam'd,  
For riches much, and more for virtue fam'd,  
Who held his seat in Corinth's stately town; 835  
Polydus' son, a peer of old renown.

---

Quid facis, Antoni? jam friget Paulus, et altas,  
Immissus superis, nec jam tuus! aspicit arces.

And Tickell, in his song of *Lucy and Colin*, is no less happy in this respect:

From the vain bride (*ab! bride no more!*)  
The varying crimson fled;  
When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,  
She saw her husband dead.

Dryden too, unauthorised by his original, has most happily introduced this beauty at *Æneid* x. 1185, of his version:

Mean time his father, *now no father*, stood,  
And wash'd his wounds by Tiber's yellow flood.

Ver. 834.] Homer says merely,

Both rich and good:

but our poet imitated Dacier: "Homme, qui ayant de grandes  
" richesses, avoit encore plus de vertu."

Oft' had the father told his early doom,  
 By arms abroad, or slow disease at home:  
 He climb'd his vessel, prodigal of breath,  
 And chose the certain, glorious path to death. 840  
 Beneath his ear the pointed arrow went;  
 The soul came issuing at the narrow vent:  
 His limbs, unnerv'd, drop uselefs on the ground,  
 And everlasting darkness shades him round.

Nor knew great Hector how his legions yield,  
 (Wrapt in the cloud and tumult of the field) 846

Ver. 838.] So Dacier expresses it: "*Une langue et douloureuse maladie.*"

Ver. 840. *And chose the certain, glorious path to death.*] Thus we see Euchenor is like Achilles, who failed to Troy, though he knew he should fall before it: this might somewhat have prejudiced the character of Achilles, every branch of which ought to be single, and superior to all others, as he ought to be without a rival in every thing that speaks a hero: therefore we find two essential differences between Euchenor and Achilles, which preserve the superiority of the hero of the poem. Achilles, if he had not failed to Troy, had enjoyed a long life; but Euchenor had been soon cut off by some cruel disease. Achilles being independent, and a king, could have lived at ease at home, without being obnoxious to any disgrace; but Euchenor being but a private man, must either have gone to the war, or been exposed to an ignominious penalty. Eustathius.  
 P.

Ver. 844.] After this verse a line of the original is strangely omitted, to the following effect:

Thus fought the hosts, a mass of raging fire.

Ver. 845. *Nor knew great Hector, &c.*] Most part of this book being employed to describe the brave resistance the Greeks made on their left under Idomeneus and Meriones; the poet now shifts the

Wide on the left the force of Greece commands,  
 And Conquest hovers o'er the Achaian bands:  
 With such a tide superiour virtue sway'd,  
 And \* he that shakes the solid earth, gave aid. 850  
 But in the center Hector fix'd remain'd,  
 Where first the gates were forc'd, and bulwarks  
 gain'd;

There, on the margin of the hoary deep,  
 (Their naval station where th' Ajaces keep, 854

---

scene, and returns to Hector, whom he left in the center of the army, after he had passed the wall, endeavouring in vain to break the phalanx where Ajax commanded. And that the reader might take notice of this change of place, and carry distinctly in his mind each scene of action, Homer is very careful in the following lines to let us know that Hector still continues in the place where he had first passed the wall, at that part of it which was lowest, (as appears from Sarpedon's having pulled down one of its battlements on foot, lib. xii.) and which was nearest the station where the ships of Ajax were laid, because that hero was probably thought a sufficient guard for that part. As the poet is so very exact in describing each scene as in a chart or plan, the reader ought to be careful to trace each action in it; otherwise he will see nothing but confusion in things which are in themselves very regular and distinct. This observation is the more necessary, because even in this place, where the poet intended to prevent any such mistake, Dacier and other interpreters have applied to the present action what is only a recapitulation of the time and place described in the former book. P.

Ver. 849.] More conformably to his original thus:

*Soon had the Greeks' superiour virtue sway'd,  
 (So Neptune urg'd their hands, and so gave aid)  
 But ———:*

\* Neptune.



And where low walls confine the beating tides,  
 Whose humble barrier scarce the foes divides;  
 Where late in fight, both foot and horse engag'd,  
 And all the thunder of the battle rag'd)  
 There join'd, the whole Bæotian strength remains,  
 The proud Ionians with their sweeping trains, 860  
 Locrians and Pthians, and th' Epæan force;  
 But join'd, repel not Hector's fiery course.  
 The flow'r of Athens, Stichius, Phidas led;  
 Bias, and great Menestheus at their head.  
 Meges the strong th' Epeian bands controll'd, 865  
 And Dracius prudent, and Amphion bold;  
 The Pthians Medon, fam'd for martial might,  
 And brave Podarces, active in the fight.  
 This drew from Phylacus his noble line;  
 Iphiclus' son: and that (Oileus) thine: 870  
 (Young Ajax' brother, by a stol'n embrace;  
 He dwelt far distant from his native place,  
 By his fierce stepdame from his father's reign  
 Expell'd and exil'd for her brother slain.)  
 These rule the Pthians, and their arms employ  
 Mixt with Bæotians, on the shores of Troy. 876

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Ver. 858.] A fine verse, supplied by the translator.

Ver. 861. *Pthians*.] The Pthians are not the troops of Achilles, for these were called Pthiotes; but they were the troops of Protefilaus and Philoctetes. Eustathius. P.

Now side by side, with like unweary'd care,  
 Each Ajax labour'd thro' the field of war :  
 So when two lordly bulls, with equal toil, 879  
 Force the bright ploughshare thro' the fallow foil,  
 Join'd to one yoke, the stubborn earth they tear,  
 And trace large furrows with the shining share ;  
 O'er their huge limbs the foam descends in snow,  
 And streams of sweat down their four foreheads  
 flow.

---

Ver. 877.] Homer says, very differently as to language, in Mr. Cowper's accurate translation :

Ajax the swift swerved never from the side  
 Of Ajax son of Telamon a step.

Ver. 879. *So when two lordly bulls, &c.*] The image here given of the Ajaces is very lively and exact; there being no circumstance of their present condition that is not to be found in the comparison; and no particular in the comparison that does not resemble the action of the heroes. Their strength and labour, their unanimity and nearness to each other, the difficulties they struggle against; and the sweat occasioned by the struggling, perfectly corresponding with the simile. P.

Our poet, I presume, had an eye on Ogilby :  
 As two black steers turning up deeper soil,  
 Work at the plough *with equal strength and toil.*

Ver. 880.] His original has significantly *new ground*, that is, ground not plowed before—grassy ground; but Chapman,

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but as through *fallow fields*  
 Blacke oxen draw a well-joyn'd plough.

Ver. 883.] This line is from the translator, and favours too much, in my opinion, of the bombast: nor can I admire the *four foreheads* of the succeeding verse. Thus?

O'er their huge limbs the *foamy moisture spreads* ;  
 And *bubbling sweat bedews their lab'ring beads.*

A train of heroes follow'd thro' the field, 885  
 Who bore by turns great Ajax' sev'nfold shield;  
 Whene'er he breath'd, remissive of his might,  
 Tir'd with th' incessant slaughters of the fight.  
 No following troops his brave associate grace :  
 In close engagement an unpractis'd race, 890  
 The Locrian squadrons nor the javelin wield,  
 Nor bear the helm, nor lift the moony shield;  
 But skill'd from far the flying shaft to wing,  
 Or whirl the founding pebble from the sling,  
 Dext'rous with these they aim a certain wound,  
 Or fell the distant warrior to the ground. 896  
 Thus in the van, the Telamonian train  
 Throng'd in bright arms, a pressing fight maintain;  
 Far in the rear the Locrian archers lie,  
 Whose stones and arrows intercept the sky, 900  
 The mingled tempest on the foes they pour ;  
 Troy's scatt'ring orders open to the show'r.

---

Ver. 889.] Thus the first edition, very strangely :

His brave associate *had* no following *band*,  
 His troops unpractis'd in *the fights of stand* :  
 For not the *spear* Locrian squadrons yield —.

Ver. 896.] More properly, *And fell* ———

Ver. 902.] Chapman, in similar expression,

——— these were they that brake  
 The *Trojan orders* first :

and the metaphor of this couplet is not in Homer, but Hobbes :

The Hector and his Trojans terrifi'd  
 Incessantly with *show'rs* of arrows keen.

Now had the Greeks eternal fame acquir'd,  
 And the gall'd Ilians to their walls retir'd;  
 But sage Polydamas, discreetly brave, 905  
 Address'd great Hector, and this counsel gave.

Tho' great in all, thou seem'st averse to lend  
 Impartial audience to a faithful friend;  
 To Gods and men thy matchless worth is known,  
 And ev'ry art of glorious war thy own; 910  
 But in cool thought and counsel to excel,  
 How widely differs this from warring well?  
 Content with what the bounteous gods have giv'n,  
 Seek not alone t' engross the gifts of heav'n.  
 To some the pow'rs of bloody war belong, 915  
 To some, sweet musick, and the charm of song;

---

Ver. 903.] There is nothing of this line in his author, but the sense is agreeable to the purport of one employed by Homer on similar occasions.

Ver. 907.] The exordium of this address is highly loose and paraphractical, nor executed, according to my judgement, with the customary skill of Pope. The following attempt represents almost literally the *four* first verses in Homer, which our translator has expanded into *eight*:

Hector, untractable art thou by words:  
 If God to thee the feats of war has given,  
 Must thou excell the rest in counsel too?  
 Thou canst not universal merit claim.

Ver. 916.] More exactly to his author,  
*To some the dance, to some the lyre and song.*

If our poet had been aware, according to the abundant testimony of ancient authors, of the wonderful exhibitions of their dancers by every species of expressive gesticulation with hands and feet, in representation of every variety of human characters, he would not have thought this art unworthy of a place in his version, as well as

To few, and wond'rous few, has Jove assign'd  
 A wife, extensive, all-confid'ring mind;  
 Their guardians these, the nations round confess,  
 And towns and empires for their safety bless. 920  
 If heav'n have lodg'd this virtue in my breast,  
 Attend, O Hector, what I judge the best.  
 See, as thou mov'ft, on dangers dangers spread,  
 And War's whole fury burns around thy head.  
 Behold! distress'd within yon' hostile wall, 925  
 How many Trojans yield, disperse, or fall?

---

in his author. The superiour fastidiousness of Dacier, in consequence of a depraved delicacy of taste, could not allow a place in her translation, either to the *dance*, the *lyre*, or the *song*.

Ver. 917.] Homer makes no restriction with respect to the paucity of this description of people, but speaks of them as of the rest. Dacier uses a similar qualification of language on this occasion: "Et à celui qu'il veut *le plus favoriser*, il lui fait part——" "de la sagesse." And Chapman in the same spirit:

————— that, *though few can find*,  
 Doth profite many.

The passage is not adequately exhibited by our translator; and runs literally thus:

Deep sense is lodg'd by Jove in others' breasts,  
 To bless mankind and save the public weal:  
 Well knows it's owner how to prize the gift!

Ver. 921.] This connecting verse is due to the translator only.

Ver. 925.] The reasoning of Polydamas is very indistinctly seen, if at all, in our poet's version. Mr. Cowper is at once flowing, elegant, and faithful:

War, like a fiery circle, all around  
 Environs thee: the Trojans, since they past  
 The bulwark, *idly arm'd*, or keep aloof,  
 Or, wide-dispers'd among the galleys, cope  
 With numbers far superior to their own.

What troops, out-number'd, scarce the war  
maintain?

And what brave heroes at the ships lie slain?  
Here cease thy fury; and the chiefs and kings  
Convok'd to council, weigh the sum of things.  
Whether (the gods succeeding our desires) 931  
To yon' tall ships to bear the Trojan fires;  
Or quit the fleet, and pass unhurt away,  
Contented with the conquest of the day.  
I fear, I fear, lest Greece, not yet undone, 935  
Pay the large debt of last revolving fun;  
Achilles, great Achilles, yet remains  
On yonder decks, and yet o'erlooks the plains!

---

I have presum'd, however, on an interpolation, with a view of  
comprising the whole conception of the author.

Ver. 930.] Ogilby is not despicable, and more exact than our poet:

There let's consult, if we shall farther go,  
(If Jove on us will victory bestow)  
And we with all our forces charge the fleet,  
Or safe with honour from their ships retreat.

And thus Milton, *Par. Lost*, vi. 673:

Consulting on *the sum of things*.

Ver. 936.] This omission of the *definite article* in this verse  
appears to me not endurable in our language; nor has our translator  
preserved, what is a considerable beauty in the speech of one, who  
dreaded too much freedom in consequence of a late reproof, that  
inexplicit intimation of Achilles. The jealousy of Hector in the  
midst of victory, might have been roused to passion by an incautious  
mention of that hero. The following attempt is accurate:

I fear, lest Greece the debt of yesterday  
Repay us: in their fleet a chief abides  
Of war insatiate, nor will long abstain.

Ver. 937. *Achilles, great Achilles, yet remains  
On yonder decks and yet o'erlooks the plains!*]

The counsel pleas'd; and Hector, with a bound,  
 Leap'd from his chariot on the trembling ground;  
 Swift as he leap'd, his clanging arms resound. 941

There never was a nobler encomium than this of Achilles. It seems enough to so wise a counsellor as Polydamas, to convince so intrepid a warrior as Hector, in how great danger the Trojans stood, to say, Achilles *sees us*. "Though he abstains from the fight, he still casts his eye on the battle; it is true, we are a brave army, and yet keep our ground, but still Achilles sees us, and we are not safe." This reflection makes him a god, a single regard of whom can turn the fate of armies, and determine the destiny of a whole people. And how nobly is this thought extended in the progress of the poem, where we shall see in the xvth book the Trojans fly at the sight of his armour, worn by Patroclus; and in the xviii<sup>th</sup> their defeat completed by his sole appearance, unarmed on his ship. P.

Ver. 939. *Hector, with a bound, Leap'd from his chariot.*] Hector having in the last book alighted, and caused the Trojans to leave their chariots behind them, when they pass the trench, and no mention of any chariot but that of Asius since occurring in the battle; we must necessarily infer, either that Homer has neglected to mention the advance of the chariots, (a circumstance which should not have been omitted) or else, that he is guilty here of a great mistake in making Hector leap from his chariot. I think it evident, that this is really a slip of the poet's memory: for in this very book, ver. 533. (of the orig.) we see Polites leads off his wounded brother to the place where his chariot remained behind the army. And again in the next book, Hector being wounded, is carried out of the battle in his soldiers arms to the place where his horses and chariot waited at a distance from the battle.

τὸν δ' ἄρ' ἱταῖροι  
 Σπρὶν ἀνείραντες φέρον ἐκ πονυ, ὅφρ' αὐτὸ ἵππῳ  
 Ωκίως οἱ οἱ ὅπισθε μάχης ἠδὲ πόλιν αἰέσω.  
 Ἔεσαν

Lib. xiv. ver. 428.

But what puts it beyond dispute, that the chariots continued all this time in the place where they first quitted them, is a passage in the beginning of the xvth book, where the Trojans, being overpowered by the Greeks, fly back over the wall and trench, till they came to the place where their chariots stood:

To guard this post (he cry'd) thy art employ,  
 And here detain the scatter'd youth of Troy ;  
 Where yonder heroes faint, I bend my way,  
 And hasten back to end the doubtful day. 945

This said; the tow'ring chief, prepar'd to go, }  
 Shakes his white plumes that to the breezes flow, }  
 And seems a moving mountain topt with snow. }

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Οἱ μὲν δὲ παρ' ὅχλου ἐπηύθεο μένοντες. Lib. xv. ver. 3.

Neither Eustathius nor Dacier have taken any notice of this incongruity, which would tempt one to believe they were willing to overlook what they could not excuse. I must honestly own my opinion, that there are several other negligences of this kind in Homer. I cannot think otherwise of the passage in the present book concerning Pylæmenes, notwithstanding the excuses of the commentators which are there given. The very using the same name in different places for different persons, confounds the reader in the story, and is what certainly would be better avoided: so that it is to no purpose to say, there might as well be two Pylæmenes's as two Schedius's, two Eurymedon's, two Ophlestes's, &c. since it is more blameable to be negligent in many instances than in one. Virgil is not free from this, as Macrobius has observed. Sat. l. v. c. 13. But the above-mentioned names are proofs of that critic's being greatly mistaken in affirming that Homer is not guilty of the same. It is one of those many errors he was led into, by his partiality to Homer above Virgil. P.

I coincide with the decision of our poet respecting the failure of Homer's memory in both these places: unless possibly the detached form, in which Homer's poems were spread through the world, be the proper solution of this difficulty, and some intermediate paragraph be lost.

Ver. 943.] More truly to his original, thus :

And keep embodied here the chiefs of Troy.

Ver. 946.] Ogilby has,

This said, he through the regiments did go,  
 Like a huge mountain cover'd o'er with snow.



Thro' all his host, inspiring force, he flies,  
 And bids anew the martial thunder rise. 950  
 To Panthus' son, at Hector's high command,  
 Haste the bold leaders of the Trojan band:

Homer says simply,

Then rush'd he forwards, like a hill of snow.

The comparison is short, but exquisitely beautiful and appropriate : most happily descriptive of a *towering chief in resplendent armour* : for both these notions are comprehended in the *simile*, which would be imperfectly conceived with the omission of either. The brightness of *snow*, shined on by the sun, which is the case with *snow* on a *lofty mountain*, is vivid beyond sufferance to the eye. For this reason, I have followed in my translation of the *Testament*, what is undoubtedly the genuine reading, at Matthew xvii. 2. "His face shone like the sun, and his garments became bright as *snow*:" where the reader, if he pleases, may consult my note.

Ver. 948. *And seems a moving mountain top with snow.*] This simile is very short in the original, and requires to be opened a little to discover its full beauty. I am not of M. Dacier's opinion, that the lustre of Hector's armour was that which furnished Homer with this image ; it seems rather to allude to the plume upon his helmet, in the action of shaking which, this hero is so frequently painted by our author, and from thence distinguished by the remarkable epithet *κορυβαίολος*. This is a very pleasing image, and very much what painters call *picturesque*. I fancy it gave the hint for a very fine one in Spenser, where he represents the person of Contemplation in the figure of a venerable old man almost consumed with study :

His snowy locks adown his shoulders spread,  
 As hoary frost with spangles doth attire  
 The mossy branches of an oak half dead.

Ver. 950.] Perhaps it is scarcely philologically proper to speak of the *thunder* as *rising*. Might I propose an alteration of this fine couplet, especially as the clause *inspiring force* is rendered superfluous by the succeeding verse ?

With *shouts* inspiring through his host he flies,  
 And bids anew the *storm* of battle rise.

But round the battlements, and round the plain,  
 For many a chief he look'd, but look'd in vain;  
 Deïphobus, nor Helenus the seer, 955  
 Nor Afius' son, nor Afius' self appear.

For these were pierc'd with many a ghastly  
 wound,

Some cold in death, some groaning on the ground;  
 Some low in dust (a mournful object) lay; 959  
 High on the wall some breath'd their souls away.

Far on the left, amid the throng he found  
 (Cheering the troops, and dealing deaths around)  
 The graceful Paris; whom, with fury mov'd,  
 Opprobrious, thus, th' impatient chief reprov'd.

Ill-fated Paris! slave to womankind, 965  
 As smooth of face as fraudulent of mind!

Ver. 957.] There is much redundancy in this passage, which I would thus abbreviate:

Some, at the wall, were pierc'd with many a wound;  
 Some, *near the ships*, lay *lifeless* on the ground.

Literally thus:

Them nor unhurt he found, nor undestroy'd;  
 Some near the ships by Græcian hands were slain,  
 Some at the wall, by close or distant wounds,

Ver. 965. *Ill-fated Paris!*] The reproaches which Hector here casts on Paris, gives us the character of this hero, who in many things resembles Achilles; being (like him) unjust, violent, and impetuous, and making no distinction between the innocent and criminal. It is he who is obstinate in attacking the entrenchments, yet asks an account of those who were slain in the attack from Paris; and though he ought to blame himself for their deaths, yet he speaks

Where is Deïphobus, where Aïus gone ?  
 The god-like father, and th' intrepid son ?  
 The force of Helenus, dispensing fate ;  
 And great Othryoneus, so fear'd of late ? 970  
 Black fate hangs o'er thee from th' avenging gods,  
 Imperial Troy from her foundations nods ;  
 Whelm'd in thy country's ruins shalt thou fall,  
 And one devouring vengeance swallow all. 974  
 When Paris thus : My brother and my friend,  
 Thy warm impatience makes thy tongue offend.  
 In other battles I deserv'd thy blame,  
 Tho' then not deedless, nor unknown to fame :  
 But since yon' rampart by thy arms lay low,  
 I scatter'd slaughter from my fatal bow. 980

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to Paris, as if through his cowardice he had suffered these to be slain, whom he might have preserved if he had fought courageously. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 971.] A verse and a half of his original is immeasurably extended here to *four* lines. This is the simple state of the passage in Homer :

————— Now lofty Troy is lost,  
 From her foundations, and thy death secure.

Ogilby is destitute of grace and elevation, but true to his author :

Now Priam's lofty tow'rs I falling see,  
 And dreadful vengeance waiting upon thee.

Ver. 977.] More accurately :

*My slackness sometimes might deserve thy blame.*

and he treads in the steps of Dacier's translation : “ Si j'ai pu en  
 “ *quelques rencontres* m' attirer vos reproches, je ne les mérite point  
 “ aujourd' hui.”

Ver. 979.] I have mentioned before, I think, my disapprobation

The chiefs you seek on yonder shore lie slain;  
 Of all those heroes, two alone remain;  
 Deïphobus, and Helenus the feet:  
 Each now disabled by a hostile spear.  
 Go then, successful, where thy soul inspires: 98;  
 This heart and hand shall second all thy fires:  
 What with this arm I can, prepare to know,  
 'Till death for death be paid, and blow for blow.

---

of the open vowel in most of these cases; but the observation is important enough, with respect to the flow of *poetry*, to bear repetition:

But since yon' ramparts by *thine* arms lay low;  
 is much more acceptable to my ears at least.

Ver. 980.] Our poet should have signified previous action, not yet discontinued, by writing,

*I scatter slaughter——.*

Dacier has observed this propriety: “ Depuis le moment que vous  
 “ avez forcé les retranchemens des Grecs, nous *combattions* sans cesse  
 “ à cette aile gauche.”

Ver. 984.] More of his original might have been included thus:

Each *in the hand* disabled by a spear.

Ogilby comprises this idea, and another suppressed by Pope:

Both with long javelins wounded in the hand;

But Jove their present slaughter did withstand.

Ver. 985.] This termination of the speech is but loosely performed with respect to the original; nor can it boast, I think, the general elegance of our author. Ogilby, with corrections, may be endured, and is much more faithful:

Now lead; and, where thy courage prompts, *I go*;

*Nor shalt thou blame my efforts on the foe,*

*But witness there my prowess at it's height:*

Beyond his strength and courage none can fight.

But 'tis not ours, with forces not our own  
To combat; strength is of the gods alone. 990

These words the hero's angry mind assuage:  
Then fierce they mingle where the thickest rage:  
Around Polydamas, distain'd with blood,  
Cebrión, Phalces, stern Orthæus stood,  
Palmus, with Polypætēs the divine, 995  
And two bold brothers of Hippotion's line:  
(Who reach'd fair Ilion, from Ascania far,  
The former day; the next engag'd in war.)  
As when from gloomy clouds a whirlwind springs,  
That bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful wings,  
Wide o'er the blasted fields the tempest sweeps; 1001  
Then, gather'd, settles on the hoary deeps;  
Th' afflicted deeps tumultuous mix and roar;  
The waves behind impel the waves before,  
Wide rolling, foaming high, and tumbling to }  
the shore; 1005 }

Ver. 994.] All polysyllables, like Cebriónes, we are compell'd to pronounce as if the *antepenultimate* were long, because of the impracticability of throwing the accent backwards beyond that syllable, so as to preserve a distinct and agreeable pronunciation. Hence our poet's vile word Cebrión.

Ver. 998.] More completely thus:  
————— the next, Jove *urg'd* to war.

Ver. 1001.] So Chapman:  
————— Thunder *sweeps* the fields.

Ver. 1003.] Ogilby has,  
————— High-swelling billows *rore*,  
Waves waves recruiting beat against *the shore*.

Thus rank on rank the thick battalions throng,  
 Chief urg'd on chief, and man drove man along.  
 Far o'er the plains in dreadful order bright,  
 The brazen arms reflect a beamy light:  
 Full in the blazing van great Hector shin'd, 1010  
 Like Mars commission'd to confound mankind.  
 Before him flaming, his enormous shield  
 Like the broad sun, illumin'd all the field:  
 His nodding helm emits a streamy ray;  
 His piercing eyes thro' all the battle stray, 1015  
 And, while beneath his targe he flash'd along,  
 Shot terrors round, that wither'd ev'n the strong.  
 Thus stalk'd he, dreadful; Death was in his look;  
 Whole nations fear'd: but not an Argive shook.

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This sublime comparison is not degraded by our author's version, which is excellent, and worthy of his powers.

Ver. 1005. *Wide-rolling, foaming high, and tumbling to the shore.*]  
 I have endeavoured in this verse to imitate the confusion, and broken sound of the original, which images the tumult and roaring of many waters.

Κύματα παφλάζοντα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης  
 Κυρτά, φαλλήσαντα.

P.

Ver. 1012.] In this description our poet departs widely from his model. Might I presume to correct him into some resemblance to the language of his author?

Before him *holds* his *strong* and *well-orb'd* shield;  
 His nodding helm illumines all the field.  
*Fenc'd* by his *shield*, with *stately* step he goes,  
*To try the prowess* of th' embodied foes;  
*But all access* th' undaunted Greeks denied:  
 And Ajax stalking first the chief defied.

The tow'ring Ajax, with an ample stride 1020  
 Advanc'd the first, and thus the chief defy'd.

Hector! come on, thy empty threats forbear:  
 'Tis not thy arm, 'tis thund'ring Jove we fear:  
 The skill of war to us not idly giv'n, 1024  
 Lo! Greece is humbled, not by Troy, but Heav'n.  
 Vain are the hopes that haughty mind imparts,  
 To force our fleet; the Greeks have hands, and  
 hearts.

Long e'er in flames our lofty navy fall,  
 Your boasted city, and your god-built wall 1029  
 Shall sink beneath us, smoking on the ground;  
 And spread a long, unmeasur'd ruin round.  
 The time shall come, when chas'd along the plain,  
 Ev'n thou shalt call on Jove, and call in vain;  
 Ev'n thou shalt wish, to aid thy desp'rate course,  
 The wings of falcons for thy flying horse; 1035

Ver. 1023.] He might take this hint from Dacier: "ç' a été  
 " *le bras puissant de Jupiter, qui nous a dompté.*"

Ver. 1024.] A good couplet may be made out of Ogilby here:  
 We want nor skill nor courage, *but* the god  
 Dismays our squadrons with his angry rod.

Ver. 1030.] Almost the whole of this couplet is superfluous,  
 without countenance from his author. I would propose this altera-  
 tion:

Long e'er our fleet shall flame, in dust will fall  
 Beneath our hands your city's god-built wall.

Ver. 1035.] I have before objected to the use of *horse* in the  
*singular number*, as descriptive of a *chariot* with *two horses*: and, I  
 think, with reason, as a lame expedient of the versifier. Thus?

Shalt run, forgetful of a warriour's fame,  
While clouds of friendly dust conceal thy shame.

E'en thou shalt wish, to *save thee from the war,*  
The wings of falcons for thy flying car.

Ver. 1036.] Homer says simply,

————— which within the walls  
May whirl thee, raising dust across the plain :

so that our author borrowed this ingenious thought from Dacier :  
" Et que, *te dérobent au milieu d'un tourbillon de poussière,* ils te por-  
tent rapidement derrière les murs d'Ilion." Otherwise his genius  
might have stricken out this fine fancy from a solitary word in Chap-  
man :

————— that their hooves, may rouse the dust and beare  
Thy bodie, *bid,* to Ilion.

Ogilby, chastised, is good, and faithful beyond our poet :

E'er long, *I ween,* thyself shalt worsted prove,  
Imploring Jove and all the powers above,  
Thy steeds, as falcons swift, may cut the air,  
And home through clouds of dust their master bear.

Ver. 1037. *Clouds of friendly dust.*] A critick might take occasion from hence, to speak of the exact time of the year in which the actions of the Iliad are supposed to have happened. And (according to the grave manner of a learned dissertator) begin by informing us, that he has found it must be the *summer* season, from the frequent mention made of clouds of *dust* : though what he discovers might be full as well inferred from common sense, the summer being the natural season for a campaign. However he should quote all these passages at large ; and adding to the article of *dust* as much as he can find of the *sweat* of the heroes, it might fill three pages very much to his own satisfaction. It would look well to observe farther, that the fields are described flowery, Il. ii. ver. 546. that the branches of a tamarisk-tree are flourishing, Il. x. ver. 537. that the warriours sometimes wash themselves in the sea, Il. x. ver. 674. and sometimes refresh themselves by cool breezes from the sea, Il. xi. ver. 762. that Diomed sleeps out of his tent on the ground, Il. x. ver. 170. that the flies are very busy about the dead body of Patroclus, Il. xix. ver. 30. that Apollo covers the body of Hector with a cloud to prevent its being scorched, Il. xxii. All this would



As thus he spoke, behold in open view,  
 On founding wings a dexter eagle flew.  
 To Jove's glad omen all the Grecians rise, 1040  
 And hail, with shouts his progress thro' the skies:  
 Far-echoing clamours bound from side to side;  
 They ceas'd; and thus the chief of Troy reply'd.  
 From whence this menace, this insulting strain?  
 Enormous boaster! doom'd to vaunt in vain. 1045

prove the very thing which was said at first, that it was *summer*? He might next proceed to enquire, what precise critical time of summer. And here the mention of new-made honey in Il. xi. ver. 771. might be of great service in the investigation of this important matter: he would conjecture from hence, that it must be near the end of summer, honey being seldom taken till that time; to which having added the plague which rages in book i, and remarked, that infections of that kind generally proceed from the extreme heats, which heats are not till near the *autumn*; the learned enquirer might hug himself in this discovery, and conclude with triumph.

If any one think this too ridiculous to have been ever put in practice, he may see what Bossu has done to determine the precise season of the *Æneid*, lib. iii. ch. 12. The memory of that learned critick failed him, when he produced as one of the proofs that it was autumn, a passage in the sixth book, where the fall of the leaf is only mentioned in a *simile*. He has also found out a beauty in Homer, which few even of his greatest admirers can believe he intended; which is, to the *violence* and *fury* of the *Iliad* he artfully adapted the *heat* of *summer*, but to the *Odyssey* the *cooler* and *maturer* season of *autumn*, to correspond with the *sedateness* and prudence of Ulysses. P.

Ver. 1042.] This couplet is an amplification wholly useless. I wish it rescinded with this alteration only, which rids us also of a grammatical inaccuracy:

*Then answer'd Hector: Whence this threatening strain?*

Ver. 1045.] The latter clause at least might be suggested by Dacier: *Insolent discoureur, qui n'as que de la vanité.*

So may the Gods on Hector life bestow,  
 (Not that short life which mortals lead below,  
 But such as those of Jove's high lineage born,  
 The blue-ey'd Maid, or he that gilds the morn.)  
 As this decisive day shall end the fame 1050  
 Of Greece, and Argos be no more a name.  
 And thou, imperious! if thy madness wait  
 The lance of Hector, thou shalt meet thy fate:  
 That giant-corse, extended on the shore,  
 Shall largely feast the fowls with fat and gore.

He said, and like a lion stalk'd along: 1056  
 With shouts incessant earth and ocean rung,  
 Sent from his following host: the Grecian train  
 With answering thunders fill'd the echoing  
 plain;

Ver. 1048.] Homer employs only the simple terms *Minerva*  
 and *Apollo*, so that our poet manifestly followed Chapman:

would I  
 As surely were the sonne of Jove, and of great Juno borne;  
 Adorn'd like Pallas, and the God, that lifts to earth the morn.

Ver. 1055.] Homer says,

Shall feast *the dogs and fowls* with fat and gore.

Ver. 1056.] This, of which there is not a syllable in the original, is copied from Dacier: "En même tems il s'élançe comme un lion." Fidelity may be maintained, and superfluities discarded, by this adjustment:

He said; *his followers shout*: the Grecian train —:

not to mention the impropriety of *rung* for *rang*, and the wretchedness of the rhyme.

A shout, that tore heav'n's concave, and above  
Shook the fix'd splendours of the throne of  
Jove.

1060

---

Ver. 1060.] A sublime couplet! which, by the hands of critical stewardship, must now discharge it's obligations; first, to Milton the poet, in a passage of inexpressible magnificence, *Paradise Lost*, i. 542:

At which the universal host upsent  
*A shout, that tore Hell's concave*, and beyond  
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night:

and, secondly to Chapman the wit, who gives us one of his conceits, according to the humour of that age:

And to so infinite a height, all acclamations strove,  
The reacht *the splendors* stucke about, *the* unreacht *throne of Jove*.

Our admirable translator attempted the same grand conception, but hypertragically, I think, and unseasonably, in his *Rape of the Lock*, canto iii. ver. 156. where the reader may consult my note.

*THE*  
FOURTEENTH BOOK  
*OF THE*  
I L I A D.



## THE ARGUMENT.

---

JUNO DECEIVES JUPITER BY THE GIRDLE OF VENUS.

**N**ESTOR sitting at the table with Machaon, is alarmed with the encreasing clamour of the war, and hastens to Agamemnon: on his way he meets that prince with Diomed and Ulysses, whom he informs of the extremity of the danger. Agamemnon proposes to make their escape by night, which Ulysses withstands; to which Diomed adds his advice, that, wounded as they were, they should go forth and encourage the army with their presence; which advice is pursued. Juno seeing the partiality of Jupiter to the Trojans, forms a design to over-reach him; she sets off her charms with the utmost care, and (the more surely to enchant him) obtains the magick girdle of Venus. She then applies herself to the God of Sleep, and, with some difficulty, persuades him to seal the eyes of Jupiter; this done, she goes to mount Ida, where the God, at first sight is ravished with her beauty, sinks in her embraces, and is laid asleep. Neptune takes advantage of his slumber, and succours the Greeks: Hector is struck to the ground with a prodigious stone by Ajax, and carried off from the battle: several actions succeed; till the Trojans much distressed, are obliged to give way: the lesser Ajax signalizes himself in a particular manner. P.

#### NOTE PRELIMINARY.

**T**HE poet, to advance the character of Nestor, and give us a due esteem for his conduct and circumspection, represents him as deeply solicitous for the common good : in the very article of mirth or relaxation from the toils of war, he is all attention to learn the fate and issue of the battle : and through his long use and skill in martial events, he judges from the nature of the uproar still encreasing, that the fortune of the day is held no longer in suspense, but inclines to one side. *Eustathius.* P.

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THE  
FOURTEENTH BOOK  
OF THE  
I L I A D.

---

**B**UT nor the genial feast, nor flowing bowl,  
 Could charm the cares of Nestor's watch-  
 ful soul ;  
 His startled ears th' encreasing cries attend ;  
 Then thus impatient to his wounded friend.

---

Ver. 1. *But nor the genial feast.*] At the end of the eleventh book we left Nestor at the table with Machaon. The attack of the entrenchments, described through the twelfth and thirteenth book, happened while Nestor and Machaon sat at the table ; nor is there any improbability herein, since there is nothing performed in those two books, but what might naturally happen in the space of two hours. Homer constantly follows the thread of his narration, and never suffers his reader to forget the train of action, or the time it employs. Dacier. P.

This fine exordium represents these *two* lines of Homer :

These shouts rous'd Nestor, as he quafft his wine ;  
 Whose winged words Machaon thus address :

so that our poet profited both by Chapman,

Not wine, *nor feasts* could lay their soft, chains on old Nestor's  
 care :



What new alarm, divine Machaon, say, 5  
 What mixt events attend this mighty day?  
 Hark! how the shouts divide, and how they meet,  
 And now come full, and thicken to the fleet!  
 Here, with the cordial draught dispel thy care,  
 Let Hecamede the strength'ning bath prepare, 10  
 Refresh thy wound, and cleanse the clotted gore;  
 While I th' adventures of the day explore.

He said: and seizing Thrasimedes' shield,  
 (His valiant offspring) hasten'd to the field;  
 (That day, the son his father's buckler bore) 15  
 Then snatch'd a lance, and issu'd from the door.  
 Soon as the prospect open'd to his view,  
 His wounded eyes the scene of sorrow knew;

---

and Ogilby:

Though Nestor drinking fate, attentive care  
 Presents the *rising clamours* to his ear.

Ver. 7.] This couplet is amplified from one verse:

The shouts of warriors thicken at the fleet.

Ver. 10. *Let Hecamede the bath prepare.*] The custom of women officiating to men in the bath, was usual in ancient times. Examples are frequent in the Odyssey. And it is not at all more odd, or to be sneered at, than the custom now used in France, of Valets de Chambres dressing and undressing the ladies. P.

Ver. 16.] Thus Chapman, with the true orthography of the *past tense*, if I mistake not:

---

This said, the goodly *shield*  
 Of war-like Thrasimede, his sonne (who had his own in *field*)  
 He tooke; *snatcht* up a mightie *lance*; and so stept forth to *view*  
 Cause of that clamour. Instantly, th' unworthy cause he *knew*.

Dire difarray! the tumult of the fight,  
 The wall in ruins, and the Greeks in flight. 20  
 As when old Ocean's silent surface sleeps,  
 The waves just heaving on the purple deeps:

---

Ver. 21. *As when old Ocean's silent surface sleeps.*] There are no where more finished pictures of nature than those which Homer draws in several of his comparisons. The beauty however of some of these will be lost to many, who cannot perceive the resemblance, having never had opportunity to observe the things themselves. The life of this description will be most sensible to those who have been at sea in a calm: in this condition the water is not entirely motionless, but swells gently in smooth waves, which fluctuate backwards and forwards in a kind of balancing motion: this state continues till a rising wind gives a determination to the waves, and rolls them one certain way. There is scarce any thing in the whole compass of nature that can more exactly represent the state of an irresolute mind, wavering between two different designs, sometimes inclining to the one, sometimes to the other, and then moving to that point to which its resolution is at last determined. Every circumstance of this comparison is both beautiful and just: and it is the more to be admired, because it is very difficult to find sensible images proper to represent the motions of the mind; wherefore we but rarely meet with such comparisons even in the best poets. There is one of great beauty in Virgil, upon a subject very like this, where he compares his hero's mind, agitated with a great variety, and quick succession of thoughts, to a dancing light reflected from a vessel of water in motion:

“Cuncta videns, magno curarum fluctuat æstu,  
 “Atque animum, nunc huc, celerem, nunc dividit illuc,  
 “In partesque rapit varias, perque omnia versat.  
 “Sicut aquæ tremulum labris ubi lumen ahenis  
 “Sole repressum, aut radiantis imagine lunæ,  
 “Omnia pervolitat latè loca; jamque sub auras  
 “Erigitur, summique ferit laquearia tecti.”

Æn. l. viii. ver. 19. P.

This is a fine specimen of poetry, but with much enlargement and deviation from the Greek. Nothing can exceed the propriety,  
 VOL. IV. 1

While yet th' expected tempest hangs on high,  
 Weighs down the cloud, and blackens in the sky,  
 The mafs of waters will no wind obey;      25  
 Jove fends one guft, and bids them roll away.  
 While wav'ring counfels thus his mind engage,  
 Fluctuates in doubtful thought the Pylian fage,  
 To join the hoft, or to the gen'ral hafte;  
 Debating long, he fixes on the laft:      30

fidelity, and even elegance, of Ogilby's version, affifted by fome amendments :

As when dark feas with fullen frowns prefage  
 Th' approaching *horrors* of a tempeft's rage,  
*Nor here nor there* the liftening *waters* move,  
*Till fome determin'd blaft* *descends from Jove* —.

Ver. 26.] This is taken from Chapman :

Till on it, aire cafts one firme winde, and then it *rolles away*.

Ver. 27.] The tranflation does not fhew fufficiently the connection with the *fmile*. Perhaps, fomething like the following correction might be preferable :

Thus doubtful thoughts his wavering mind engage;  
*Thus fluctuates unrefolv'd* the Pylian fage.

Ver. 30. *He fixes on the laft.*] Nestor appears in this place a great friend to his prince ; for upon deliberating whether he should go through the body of the Grecian hoft, or elfe repair to Agamemnon's tent ; he determines at laft, and judges it the beft way to go to the latter. Now becaufe it had been ill concerted to have made a man of his age walk a great way round about in queft of his commander, Homer has ordered it fo, that he should meet Agamemnon in his way thither. And nothing could be better imagined than the reafon, why the wounded princes left their tents ; they were impatient to behold the battle, anxious for its fuccefs, and defirous to infpirit the foldiers by their prefence. The poet was obliged to give a reafon ; for in epic poetry, as well as in dramattick, no perfon ought to be introduced without fome neceffity, or at leaft fome probability, for his appearance. Eufthathius. P.

Yet, as he moves, the fight his bosom warms;  
 The field rings dreadful with the clang of arms;  
 The gleaming falchions flash, the javelins fly;  
 Blows echo blows, and all, or kill, or die.

Him, in his march, the wounded princes meet,  
 By tardy steps ascending from the fleet: 36  
 The king of men, Ulysses the divine,  
 And who to Tydeus owes his noble line.  
 (Their ships at distance from the battle stand,  
 In lines advanc'd along the shelving strand: 40

---

Ver. 32.] A line invented by the translator: but suggested, probably, by Hobbes:

Whilst shields and helmets, all the way he past,  
 Resounded *in his ears* with frequent blows.

Ver. 35.] So Chapman:

And now the Jove-kept kings, whose wounds, were yet in cure,  
 did *meet*

Old Nestor; Diomed, Ithacus, and Atreus sonne, from *fleet*.

Ver. 38.] This verse is destitute of reasonable meaning.

Ver. 39. *Their ships at distance, &c.*] Homer being always careful to distinguish each scene of action, gives a very particular description of the station of the ships, shewing in what manner they lay drawn upon the land. This he had only hinted at before; but here taking occasion on the wounded heroes coming from their ships, which were at a distance from the fight (while others were engaged in the defence of those ships where the wall was broke down) he tells us, that the shore of the bay (comprehended between the Rhætean and Sigæan promontories) was not sufficient to contain the ships in one line: which they were therefore obliged to draw up in ranks, ranged in parallel lines along the shore. How many of these lines there were, the poet does not determine. M. Dacier, without giving any reason for her opinion, says there were

Whose bay, the fleet unable to contain  
At length, beside the margin of the main,

---

but two : one advanced near the wall, the other on the verge of the sea. But it is more than probable, that there were several intermediate lines ; since the order in which the vessels lay is here described by a metaphor taken from the steps of a *scaling-ladder* ; which had been no way proper to give an image only of two ranks, but very fit to represent a greater, though undetermined number. That there were more than two lines, may likewise be inferred from what we find in the beginning of the eleventh book ; where it is said, that the voice of *Discord*, standing on the ship of Ulysses, *in the middle of the fleet*, was heard as far as the stations of Achilles and Ajax, *whose ships were drawn up in the two extremities* : those of Ajax were nearest the wall (as is expressly said in the 682d verse of the thirteenth book, *in the original*) and those of Achilles nearest the sea, as appears from many passages scattered through the Iliad.

It must be supposed that those ships were drawn highest upon land, which first approached the shore ; the first line therefore consisted of those who first disembarked, which were the ships of Ajax and Proteusilaus ; the latter of whom seems mentioned in the verse above cited of the thirteenth book, only to give occasion to observe this ; for he was slain, as he landed first of the Greeks. And accordingly we shall see in the fifteenth book, it is his ship that is first attacked by the Trojans, as it lay the nearest to them.

We may likewise guess how it happens, that the ships of Achilles were placed nearest to the sea ; for in the answer of Achilles to Ulysses in the ninth book, ver. 432. he mentions a naval expedition he had made while Agamemnon lay safe in the camp : so that his ships at their return did naturally lie next the sea ; which, without this consideration, might appear a station not so becoming this hero's courage.

P.

Ver. 42.] Thus Ogilby :

Their vessels at great distance from the fight  
Did on the briny ocean's *margins* lie.

Rank above rank, the crouded ships they moor:  
Who landed first, lay highest on the shore.)

Supported on their spears, they took their way,  
Unfit to fight, but anxious for the day. 46

Nestor's approach alarm'd each Grecian breast,  
Whom thus the gen'ral of the host address.

O grace and glory of th' Achaian name!  
What drives thee, Nestor, from the field of fame?  
Shall then proud Hector see his boast fulfill'd, 51  
Our fleets in ashes, and our heroes kill'd?  
Such was his threat, ah now too soon made good,  
On many a Grecian bosom writ in blood.

Is ev'ry heart inflam'd with equal rage 55  
Against your king, nor will one chief engage?

---

Ver. 43.] A circumstance is here suppressed, thus deliver'd by Chapman:

————— all their sterns, a wall was rais'd before.

Ver. 47. *Nestor's approach alarm'd.*] That so laborious a person as Nestor has been described, so indefatigable, so little indulgent of his extreme age, and one that never receded from the battle, should approach to meet them; this it was that struck the princes with amazement, when they saw he had left the field. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 53.] So Chapman:

————— now Hector will *make good*,  
The threatening vow he made, I feare; that till he had our *blood*.

Ver. 54.] This is a mere *conceit* of the translator, rightly so called, to the best of my judgement.

And have I liv'd to see with mournful eyes  
In ev'ry Greek a new Achilles rise?

Gerenian Nestor then. So Fate has will'd;  
And all-confirming Time has Fate fulfill'd. 60  
Not he that thunders from the ærial bow'r.  
Not Jove himself, upon the past has pow'r.  
The wall, our late inviolable bound,  
And best defence, lies smoking on the ground:  
Ev'n to the ships their conqu'ring arms extend, 65  
And groans of slaughter'd Greeks to heav'n  
ascend.

On speedy measures then employ your thought,  
In such distress. If counsel profit ought;  
Arms cannot much: tho' Mars our souls incite;  
These gaping woundswithold us from the fight. 70

---

Ver. 59.] There is no mention of *Fate* in his original.

Ver. 64.] If this epithet *smoking* be *figurative*, it is ill applied to a wall already prostrate; if *literal*, it offends against the truth, as the wall was broken through by the violence of *Hector* and his *men*, not by *fire*.

Ver. 65.] After this line the following *two* verses of *Homer* are omitted by our poet:

Nor wouldst thou know with ken attentive, where  
Confusion most embroil'd the Greeks: so reign'd  
Mix'd slaughter; and their shouts ascend to heaven.

Ver. 66.] More exactly,

And mingled groans, and shouts, to heav'n ascend.

To him the monarch. That our army bends,  
 That Troy triumphant our high fleet ascends,  
 And that the rampart, late our surest trust,  
 And best defence, lies smoking in the dust;  
 All this from Jove's afflictive hand we bear, 75  
 Who, far from Argos, wills our ruin here.  
 Past are the days when happier Greece was blest,  
 And all his favour, all his aid confest;  
 Now heav'n averse, our hands from battle ties,  
 And lifts the Trojan glory to the skies. 80  
 Cease we at length to waste our blood in vain,  
 And launch what ships lie nearest to the main;

---

Ver. 71.] The phrase *our army bends* seems awkward, and forced for the purpose of the rhyme. Thus?

To him the monarch: Since our *foes prevail*,  
 And conquering Troy our fleet *itself assails*.

Ver. 81. *Cease we at length, &c.*] Agamemnon either does not know what course to take in this distress, or only sounds the sentiments of his nobles, (as he did in the second book, of the whole army.) He delivers himself first after Nestor's speech, as it became a counsellor to do: but knowing this advice to be dishonourable, and unsuitable to the character he assumes elsewhere *ιδρύσει μὲν τοὺς Τελαμῶν*, &c. and considering that he should do no better than abandon his post, when before he had threatened the deserters with death; he reduces his counsel into the form of a proverb, disguising it as handsomely as he can under a sentence. *It is better to shun an evil, &c.* It is observable too how he has qualified the expression: he does not say, to *shun the battle*, for that had been unsoldierly; but he softens the phrase, and calls it, to *shun evil*: and this word *evil* he applies twice together, in advising them to leave the engagement.



Leave these at anchor 'till the coming night:  
 Then, if impetuous Troy forbear the fight,  
 Bring all to sea, and hoist each sail for flight. 85  
 Better from evils, well foreseen, to run,  
 Than perish in the danger we may shun.

Thus he. The sage Ulysses thus replies,  
 While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes.  
 What shameful words (unkingly as thou art) 90  
 Fall from that trembling tongue, and tim'rous  
 heart?

Oh were thy sway the curse of meaner pow'rs,  
 And thou the shame of any host but ours!

---

It is farther remarked, that this was the noblest opportunity for a general to try the temper of his officers; for he knew that in a calm of affairs, it was common with most people, either out of flattery or respect to submit to their leaders: but in imminent danger fear does not bribe them, but every one discovers his very soul, valuing all other considerations, in regard to his safety, but in the second place. He knew the men he spoke to were prudent persons, and not easy to cast themselves into a precipitate flight. He might likewise have a mind to recommend himself to his army by the means of his officers; which he was not very able to do of himself, angry as they were at him, for the affront he had offered Achilles, and by consequence thinking him the author of all their present calamities. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 86.] His original dictates,  
 Better from evils, *though by night*, to run.

Ver. 88.] Literally, for this couplet:  
 Ulysses sage with aspect stern replied.

Ver. 92. *Oh were thy sway the curse of meaner pow'rs,  
 And thou the shame of any host but ours!*

This is a noble compliment to his country and to the Grecian army,

A host, by Jove endu'd with martial might,  
 And taught to conquer, or to fall in fight: 95  
 Advent'rous combats and bold wars to wage,  
 Employ'd our youth, and yet employs our age.  
 And wilt thou thus desert the Trojan plain?  
 And havewhole streams of blood been spilt in vain?  
 In such base sentence if thou couch thy fear, 100  
 Speak it in whispers, lest a Greek should hear.  
 Lives there a man so dead to fame, who dares  
 To think such meannesses, or the thought declares?  
 And comes it ev'n from him whose sov'reign sway  
 The banded legions of all Greece obey? 105

---

to shew that it was an impossibility for them to follow even their general in any thing that was cowardly, or shameful; though the lives and safeties of them all were concerned in it. P.

Ver. 96.] Mr. Cowper has very happily preserved the beautiful *metaphor* of his author:

---

whom Jove ordains  
 From youth to hoary age to weave the web  
 Of toilsome warfare, 'till we perish all.

The rest of the translators knew not, or tasted not, this elegance.

Ver. 98.] Rather, as more conformably to Homer, thus:

And wilt thou *then* desert the Trojan plain,  
 Our blood *thus* spill'd, *our toils* endur'd, in vain?

Ver. 104. *And comes it ev'n from him whose sov'reign sway  
 The banded legions of all Greece obey?*]

As who should say, that another man might indeed have uttered the same advice, but it could not be a person of prudence; or if he had prudence, he could not be a governour, but a private man; or if a governour, yet one who had not a well-disciplined and obedient army; or lastly, if he had an army so conditioned, yet

Is this a gen'ral's voice, that calls to flight,  
While war hangs doubtful, while his soldiers  
fight?

What more could Troy? What yet their fates denies  
Thou giv'st the foe; all Greece becomes their  
prize.

No more the troops, (our hoisted sails in view, 110.  
Themselves abandon'd) shall the fight pursue;  
But thy ships flying with despair shall see;  
And owe destruction to a prince like thee.

Thy just reproofs (Atrides calm replies)  
Like arrows pierce me, for thy words are wise.  
Unwilling as I am to lose the host, 116  
I force not Greece to quit this hateful coast.

---

it could not be so large and numerous an one as that of Agamemnon. This is a fine climax, and of wonderful strength. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 110.] Ogilby, I think, with some correction, is not much inferior:

No more *thy Greeks* will fight, when they *survey*  
Your *vessels launching on the watery way*;  
But from the battle in disorder run,  
And thou shalt rue too late what thou hast done.

Ver. 112.] The first edition has,  
Thy ships *first* flying —.

Ver. 114.] Mr. Cowper is close to his author, who has no comparison expressed, but gives one, similar to that obtruded by our poet, tacitly conveyed in the *metaphor*:

Thy sharp reproof, Ulysses, hath my soul  
Pierced deeply.

Glad I submit, whoe'er, or young or old,  
Aught, more conducive to our weal, unfold.

Tydidēs cut him short, and thus began. 120  
Such counsel if you seek, behold the man  
Who boldly gives it, and what he shall say,  
Young tho' he be, disdain not to obey:  
A youth, who from the mighty Tydeus springs,  
May speak to councils and assembled kings. 125

Ver. 118. *Whoe'er, or young or old, &c.*] This nearly resembles an ancient custom at Athens, where in times of trouble and distress, every one, of what age or quality soever, was invited to give in his opinion with freedom, by the publick cryer. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 120.] This speech of Diomed is naturally introduced, beginning with an answer, as if he had been called upon to give his advice. The counsel he proposes was that alone which could be of any real service in their present exigency: however, since he ventures to advise where Ulysses is at a loss, and Nestor himself silent, he thinks it proper to apologize for this liberty by reminding them of his birth and descent, hoping thence to add to his counsel a weight and authority which he could not from his years and experience. It cannot indeed be denied that this historical digression seems more out of season than any of the same kind which we so frequently meet with in Homer, since his birth and parentage must have been sufficiently known to all at the siege, as he here tells them. This must be owned a defect not altogether to be excused in the poet, but which may receive some alleviation, if considered as a fault of temperament. For he had certainly a strong inclination to genealogical stories, and too frequently takes occasion to gratify this humour. P.

Thus, more faithfully:

Tydidēs *'midst them spake*, and thus began.

Ver. 124.] The following six verses are spun from *two* of Homer, which may be simply and literally represented thus:

Hear then in me the great Oenides' son,  
 Whose honour'd dust (his race of glory run)  
 Lies whelm'd in ruins of the Theban wall;  
 Brave in his life, and glorious in his fall.  
 With three bold sons was gen'rous Prothous blest,  
 Who Pleuron's walls and Calydon possest; 131  
 Melas and Agrius, but (who far surpass  
 The rest in courage) Oeneus was the last.  
 From him, my fire. From Calydon expell'd,  
 He past to Argos, and in exile dwell'd; 135  
 The monarch's daughter there (so Jove ordain'd)  
 He won, and flourish'd where Adrastus reign'd:

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I too from blood illustrious boast my birth,  
 Tydeus, whom hides at Thebes a mound of earth.

Ver. 125.] This thought was supplied by Chapman; in whom, however, it is exhibited with uncommon quaintness of expression:

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my fire, that heir'd a diadem;  
 May make my speech to diadems, decent enough.

Ver. 135. *He past to Argos.*] This is a very artful colour: he calls the flight of his father for killing one of his brothers, *travelling and dwelling at Argos*, without mentioning the cause and occasion of his retreat. What immediately follows (*so Jove ordain'd*) does not only contain in it a disguise of his crime, but is a just motive likewise for our compassion. Eustathius. P.

He should have written *dwelt*; and the parenthesis in the next verse is connected in his original with the former clause of the paragraph. I would propose this amendment:

From him my fire; *who fled*, from Pleuron driven,  
 To Argos: so great Jove decreed, and Heaven!  
 The warrior there the monarch's daughter gain'd;  
 And liv'd, and flourish'd where Adrastus reign'd.

There rich in fortune's gifts, his acres till'd, }  
 Beheld his vines their liquid harvest yield, }  
 And num'rous flocks that whiten'd all the field. }  
 Such Tydeus was, the foremost once in fame! 141  
 Nor lives in Greece a stranger to his name.  
 Then, what for common good my thoughts  
     inspire,  
 Attend, and in the son, respect the fire.  
 Tho' fore of battle, tho' with wounds oppress'd,  
 Let each go forth, and animate the rest, 146  
 Advance the glory which he cannot share,  
 Tho' not partaker, witness of the war.

---

Ver. 141.] Rather, with more fidelity,

Such Tydeus was, *a warrior first* in fame.

And, in what follows, our poet gives the purport of this speech not defectively, but diffusely, nor conformably to the arrangement of his author.

Ver. 146. *Let each go forth, and animate the rest.*] It is worth a remark, with what management and discretion the poet has brought these four kings, and no more towards the engagement, since these are sufficient alone to perform all he requires. For Nestor proposes to them to enquire, if there be any way or means which prudence can direct for their security. Agamemnon attempts to discover that method. Ulysses refutes him, as one whose method was dishonourable, but proposes no other project. Diomed supplies that deficiency, and shews what must be done; That wounded as they are, they should go forth to the battle: for though they were not able to engage, yet their presence would re-establish their affairs by detaining in arms those who might otherwise quit the field. This council is embraced, and readily obeyed by the rest. Eustathius. P.

But lest new wounds on wounds o'erpower us  
quite,

Beyond the missile jav'lin's sounding flight, 150  
Safe let us stand; and from the tumult far,  
Inspire the ranks, and rule the distant war.

He added not: the list'ning kings obey,  
Slow moving on; Atrides leads the way.  
The God of Ocean (to inflame their rage) 155  
Appears a warrior furrow'd o'er with age;  
Prest in his own, the gen'ral's hand he took,  
And thus the venerable hero spoke.

Atrides, lo! with what disdainful eye  
Achilles sees his country's forces fly: 160  
Blind impious man! whose anger is his guide,  
Who glories in unutterable pride.  
So may he perish, so may Jove disclaim  
The wretch relentless, and o'erwhelm with  
shame! 164

Ver. 156.] The *first* edition has, "Appears a *hero*," and immediately "the venerable *warrior*."

Ver. 158.] There is a degree of ambiguity in this verse, which renders our poet's real meaning inscrutable. I would propose,

In his own hand the form fictitious prest  
The monarch's right, and thus in haste address:

because not only are the rhymes imperfect, but the additional inaccuracy, of *spoke* for *spake*, deforms the passage.

Ver. 161.] Chapman gives a truer view of Homer's sentiment:  
Since not in his breast glowes one sparke, of any humane mind.

But heav'n forfakes not thee: o'er yonder sands  
 Soon shalt thou view the scatter'd Trojan bands  
 Fly diverse; while proud kings and chiefs re-  
     nown'd,

Driv'n heaps 'on heaps, with clouds involv'd  
     around

Of rolling dust, their winged wheels employ  
 To hide their ignominious heads in Troy. 170

He spoke, then rush'd amid the warrior crew;  
 And sent his voice before him as he flew,  
 Loud, as the shout encount'ring armies yield,  
 When twice ten thousand shake the lab'ring field;  
 Such was the voice, and such the thund'ring sound  
 Of him, whose trident rends the solid ground. 176  
 Each Argive bosom beats to meet the fight,  
 And grisly War appears a pleasing fight.

Ver. 167.] This is an expression of Milton, Par. Lost, x. 284:

Then both from out hell gates into the waste  
 Wide anarchy of Chaos damp and dark  
 Flew diverse:

but in our poet it is unnecessarily tautologous with *scattered*. Thus, more exactly:

Fly from our ships; while kings and chiefs renown'd —.

Ver. 171.] The *first* edition gives "the warring crew."

Ver. 172.] This verse is from Dryden, Æn. v. 875:

He sent his voice before him as he flew.

Ver. 177.] The similar sounds *beats* and *meet* are too near each other: and the next verse is not faithful, and insipid. The following attempt has more accuracy than elevation to recommend it:



Meantime Saturnia from Olympus' brow,  
High-thron'd in gold, beheld the fields below; 180

Each Argive bosom with fresh ardour glows  
To wage unceasing battle with his foes.  
But, gold-enthron'd, great Juno from the skies  
Observ'd the combat with attentive eyes.

Ver. 179. *The story of Jupiter and Juno.*] I do not know a bolder fiction in all antiquity, than this of Jupiter's being deceived and laid asleep, or that has a greater air of impiety and absurdity. It is an observation of Monf. de St. Evremond upon the ancient poets, which every one will agree to: "That it is surprising enough to find them so scrupulous to preserve probability, in actions purely human: and so ready to violate it in representing the actions of the Gods. Even those who have spoken more sagely than the rest, of their nature, could not forbear to speak extravagantly of their conduct. When they establish their being and their attributes, they make them immortal, infinite, almighty, perfectly wise, and perfectly good: but the moment they represent them acting, there is no weakness to which they do not make them stoop, and no folly or wickedness they do not make them commit." The same author answers this in another place by remarking, "That truth was not the inclination of the first ages: a foolish lye or a lucky falsehood gave reputation to impostors, and pleasure to the credulous. It was the whole secret of the great and the wise, to govern the simple and ignorant herd. The vulgar, who pay a profound reverence to mysterious errors, would have despised plain truth, and it was thought a piece of prudence to deceive them. All the discourses of the ancients were fitted to so advantageous a design. There was nothing to be seen but fictions, allegories, and similitudes, and nothing was to appear as it was in itself."

I must needs, upon the whole, as far as I can judge, give up the morality of this fable; but what colour of excuse for it Homer might have from ancient tradition, or what mystical or allegorical sense might atone for the appearing impiety, is hard to be ascertained at this distant period of time. That there had been before his age a tradition of Jupiter's being laid asleep, appears from the story of Hercules at Coos, referred to by our author, ver.

With joy the glorious conflict she survey'd,  
Where her great brother gave the Grecians aid.

285. There is also a passage in Diodorus, lib. i. c. 7. which gives some small light to this fiction. Among other reasons which that historian lays down to prove that Homer travelled into Ægypt, he alleges this passage of the interview of Jupiter and Juno, which he says was grounded upon an Ægyptian festival, *whereon the nuptial ceremonies of those two deities were celebrated, at which time both their tabernacles, adorned with all sorts of flowers, are carried by the priests to the top of a high mountain.* Indeed as the greatest part of the ceremonies of the ancient religions consisted in some symbolical representations of certain actions of their Gods, or rather deified mortals, so a great part of ancient poetry consisted in the description of the actions exhibited in those ceremonies. The loves of Venus and Adonis are a remarkable instance of this kind, which, though under different names, were celebrated by annual representations, as well in Ægypt as in several nations of Greece and Asia: and to the images which were carried in these festivals, several ancient poets were indebted for their most happy descriptions. If the truth of this observation of Diodorus be admitted, the present passage will appear with more dignity, being grounded on religion; and the conduct of the poet will be more justifiable, if that, which has been generally counted an indecent, wanton fiction, should prove to be the representation of a religious solemnity. Considering the great ignorance we are in of many ancient ceremonies, there may be probably in Homer many incidents entirely of this nature; wherefore we ought to be reserved in our censures, lest what we decry as wrong in the poet should prove only a fault in his religion. And indeed it would be a very unfair way to tax any people, or any age whatever, with grossness in general, purely from the gross or absurd ideas or practices that are to be found in their religions.

In the next place, if we have recourse to allegory, (which softens and reconciles every thing) it may be imagined that by the congress of Jupiter and Juno, is meant the mingling of the *æther* and *air* (which are generally said to be signified by these two deities.) The ancients believed the *æther* to be igneous, and that by its kind influence upon the air, it was the cause of all vegetation: to

But plac'd aloft, on Ida's shady height  
She fees her Jove, and trembles at the fight.

---

which nothing more exactly corresponds, than the fiction of the earth putting forth her flowers immediately upon this congress. Virgil has some lines in the second Georgick, that seem a perfect explanation of the fable into this sense. In describing the spring, he hints as if something of a vivifying influence was at that time spread from the upper heavens into the air. He calls Jupiter expressly *Æther*, and represents him operating upon his spouse for the production of all things :

“ *Tum pater omnipotens fecundis imbris æther*  
“ *Conjugis in gremium lætæ descendit, & omnes*  
“ *Magnus alit, magno commixtus corpore, foetus.*  
“ *Parturit omnis ager, &c.*”

But, be all this as it will, it is certain, that whatever may be thought of this fable in a theological or philosophical view, it is one of the most beautiful pieces that ever was produced by poetry. Neither does it want its moral : an ingenious modern writer (whom I am pleas'd to take any occasion of quoting) has given it us in these words :

“ This passage of Homer may suggest abundance of instruction  
“ to a woman who has a mind to preserve or recall the affection of  
“ her husband. The care of her person and dress, with the parti-  
“ cular blandishments woven in the Cestus, are so plainly recom-  
“ mended by this fable, and so indispensably necessary in every  
“ female who desires to please, that they need no farther explanation.  
“ The discretion likewise in covering all matrimonial quarrels from  
“ the knowledge of others, is taught in the pretended visit to Tethys,  
“ in the speech where Juno addresses herself to Venus ; a sthe chaste  
“ and prudent management of a wife's charms is intimated by the  
“ same pretence for her appearing before Jupiter, and by the con-  
“ cealment of the Cestus in her bosom. I shall leave this tale to the  
“ consideration of such good housewives, who are never well dressed  
“ but when they are abroad, and think it necessary to appear more  
“ agreeable to all men living than their husbands : as also to those  
“ prudent ladies, who, to avoid the appearance of being over-fond,  
“ entertain their husbands with indifference, aversion, sullen silence,  
“ or exasperating language.”

P.

Jove to deceive, what methods shall she try, 185  
 What arts, to blind his all-beholding eye?  
 At length she trusts her pow'r; resolv'd to prove  
 The old, yet still successful, cheat of love;  
 Against his wisdom to oppose her charms,  
 And lull the lord of Thunders in her arms. 190  
 Swift to her bright apartment she repairs,  
 Sacred to dress and beauty's pleasing cares:

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Ver. 188.] This line is borrowed, but I have not discovered the original proprietor. No very delicate passage in Ogilby's version, towards the conclusion of *Odyssæy* xxiii, leads me to think, that our poet has altered a word, by writing *cheat* for *feat*: but I leave the reader, whose curiosity is roused for further information on this subject, to find the passage in Ogilby for himself.

Ver. 190.] This fine contrast "the lord of Thunders," is engrafted on the original by our translator: but Chapman, I presume, must share the praise of ingenuity on this occasion; whose version seems to have originally suggested the conception:

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to decke her curiously,  
 And visite the Idalian hill, that so *the lightning's* eye  
 She might enamour with her lookes,

Ver. 191. *Swift to her bright apartment she repairs, &c.*] This passage may be of consideration to the ladies, and, for their sakes, I take a little pains to observe upon it. Homer tells us that the very goddesses, who are all over charms, never dress in sight of any one: the Queen of Heaven adorns herself in private, and the doors lock after her. In Homer there are no *Dioux des Ruelles*, no gods are admitted to the toilet,

I am afraid there are some earthly Goddesses of less prudence, who have lost much of the adoration of mankind by the contrary practice. Lucretius (a very good judge in gallantry) prescribes as a cure to a desperate lover, the frequent sight of his mistress undressed. Juno herself has suffered a little by the very Muses' peeping into her chamber, since some nice criticks are shocked in this place of

With skill divine had Vulcan form'd the bow'r,  
 Safe from access of each intruding pow'r.  
 Touch'd with her secret key, the doors unfold : 195  
 Self-clos'd, behind her shut the valves of gold.  
 Here first she bathes ; and round her body pours  
 Soft oils of fragrance, and ambrosial show'rs :  
 The winds, perfum'd, the balmy gale convey  
 Thro' heav'n, thro' earth, and all th' ærial way :

---

Homer, to find that the goddess washes herself, which presents some idea as if she was dirty. Those who have delicacy will profit by this remark. P.

Ver. 198. *Soft oils of fragrance.*] The practice of Juno in anointing her body with perfumed oils, was a remarkable part of ancient cosmetics, though entirely disused in the modern arts of dress. It may possibly offend the niceness of modern ladies ; but such of them as paint, ought to consider that this practice might, without much greater difficulty, be reconciled to cleanliness. This passage is a clear instance of the antiquity of this custom, and clearly determines against Pliny, (who is of opinion that it was not so ancient as those times,) where, speaking of perfumed unguents, he says, *Quis primus invenerit, non traditur; Iliacis temporibus non erant*, lib. xiii. c. 1. Besides the custom of anointing kings among the Jews, which the christians have borrowed ; there are several allusions in the Old Testament which shew, that this practice was thought ornamental among them. The Psalmist, speaking of the gifts of God, mentions wine and oil, the former to make glad the heart of man, and the latter to give him a cheerful countenance. It seems most probable that this was an eastern invention, agreeable to the luxury of the Asiatics, among whom the most proper ingredients for these unguents were produced ; from them this custom was propagated among the Romans, by whom it was esteemed a pleasure of a very refined nature. Whoever is curious to see instances of their expence and delicacy therein, may be satisfied in the three first chapters of the thirteenth book of Pliny's Natural History. P.

Spirit divine! whose exhalation greets 201  
 The sense of gods with more than mortal sweets.  
 Thus while she breath'd of heav'n, with decent  
 pride  
 Her artful hands the radiant tresses ty'd;

Ver. 199.] These *four* verses are a very indistinct paraphrase of *two* in Homer: the purport of which will be much more clearly understood from a correction of Ogilby:

Which if but *mov'd*, the subtle odour flies,  
*Diffus'd*, to Jove's high court, *through* earth and skies.

Ver. 203. *Thus while she breath'd of heav'n, &c.*] We have here a compleat picture from head to foot of the drefs of the fair sex, and of the mode between two and three thousand years ago. May I have leave to observe the great simplicity of Juno's drefs, in comparison with the innumerable equipage of a modern toilet? The goddess, even when she is setting herself out on the greatest occasion, has only her own locks to tie, a white veil to cast over them, a mantle to drefs her whole body, her pendants, and her sandals. This the poet expressly says was *all her drefs* [*πάντα κόσμον*]; and one may reasonably conclude it was all that was used by the greatest princesses and finest beauties of those times. The good Eustathius is ravished to find, that here are no washes for the face, no dyes for the hair, and none of those artificial embellishments since in practice; he also rejoices not a little, that Juno has no looking-glass, tire-woman, or waiting-maid. One may preach till doomsday on this subject, but all the commentators in the world will never prevail upon a lady to stick one pin the less in her gown, except she can be convinced that the ancient drefs will better set off her person.

As the Asiatics always surpassed the Grecians in whatever regarded magnificence and luxury, so we find their women far gone in the contrary extreme of drefs. There is a passage in *Isaiah*, ch. iii. that gives us a particular account of their wardrobe, with the number and uselessness of their ornaments; and which I think appears very well in contrast to this of Homer. *The bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires like the moon: the chains, and the bracelets, and the mufflers, the*

Part on her head in shining ringlets roll'd, 205  
 Part o'er her shoulders wav'd like melted gold.  
 Around her next a heav'nly mantle flow'd,  
 That rich with Pallas' labour'd colours glow'd:  
 Large clasps of gold the foldings gather'd round,  
 A golden zone her swelling bosom bound. 210  
 Far-beaming pendants tremble in her ear,  
 Each gem illumin'd with a triple star.

---

*bonnets, and the ornaments of the legs, and the headbands, and the tablets, and the ear-rings, the rings and nose jewels, the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the crisping-pins, the glasses, and the fine linen, and the hoods, and the veils.*

I could be glad to ask the ladies which they should like best to imitate, the Greeks or the Asiatics? I would desire those that are handsome and well-made, to consider, that the dress of Juno (which is the same they see in *statues*) has manifestly the advantage of the present, in displaying whatever is beautiful: that the charms of the *neck* and *breast* are not less laid open, than by the modern stays; and that those of the *leg* are more gracefully discovered, than even by the hoop-petticoat: that the fine turn of the *arms* is better observed; and that several natural graces of the *shape* and *body* appear much more conspicuous. It is not to be denied but the Asiatick and our present modes were better contrived to conceal some people's defects, but I do not speak to such people: I speak only to ladies of that beauty, who can make any fashion prevail by their being seen in it; and who put others of their sex under the wretched necessity of being like them in their habits, or not being like them at all. As for the rest, let them follow the mode of Judæa, and be content with the name of Asiaticks. P.

These *four* lines also are luxuriantly amplified from *two* of Homer, which may be faithfully represented thus:

Her hands the radiant tresses comb and twine  
 In curls ambrosial from her head divine.

Ver. 206.] The *simile* is from his own fancy: and he should have written "like *molten* gold."

Ver. 211.] So Gay in his Fan, ii. 75:

Then o'er her head she casts a veil more white  
 Than new-fall'n snow, and dazling as the light.  
 Last her fair feet celestial sandals grace. 215  
 Thus issuing radiant, with majestick pace,  
 Forth from the dometh' imperial Goddess moves,  
 And calls the mother of the Smiles and Loves.

Does not the diamond sparkle *in her ear*,  
 Glow on her hand, and *tremble* in her hair?

but the rhyme is still more defective in Pope, than Gay; and indeed wholly inadmissible.

Ver. 213.] This couplet is neither just to the grandeur, nor faithful to the sense, of his author. The following attempt is accurate:

O'er these she throws a beauteous veil, whose rays  
 Might vie in splendour with the solar blaze.

Chapman renders:

————— on her head, a wreath not worn before  
 Cast beames out like the sunne.

Ver. 216. *Thus issuing radiant, &c.*] Thus the Goddess comes from her apartment, against her spouse, in compleat armour. The women of pleasure mostly prevail by pure cunning, and the artful management of their persons; for there is but one way for the weak to subdue the mighty, and that is by pleasure. The poet shews at the same time, that men of understanding are not mastered without a great deal of artifice and address. There are but three ways whereby to overcome another, by violence, by persuasion, or by craft: Jupiter was invincible by main force; to think of persuading was as fruitless, after he had passed his nod to Achilles; therefore Juno was obliged of necessity to turn her thoughts entirely upon craft; and by the force of pleasure it is, that she insnares and manages the God. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 218. *And calls the mother of the Smiles and Loves.*] Notwithstanding all the pains Juno has been at, to adorn herself, she is still conscious that neither the natural beauty of her person, nor the artificial one of her dress, will be sufficient to work upon a hus-



How long (to Venus thus apart she cry'd)  
Shall human strife celestial minds divide? 220

---

band. She therefore has recourse to the Cestus of Venus, as a kind of love-charm, not doubting to enflame his mind by *magical enchantment*; a folly which in all ages has possessed her sex. To procure this, she applies to the Goddess of Love; from whom hiding her real design under a *feigned story*, (another propriety in the character of the fair) she obtains the valuable present of this wonder-working girdle. The allegory of the Cestus lies very open, though the impertinences of Eustathius on this head are unspeakable: in it are comprised the most powerful *incentives* to love, as well as the strongest *effects* of the passion. The just admiration of this passage has been always so great and universal, that the Cestus of Venus is become proverbial. The beauty of the lines, which in a few words comprehend this agreeable fiction, can scarce be equalled: so beautiful an original has produced very fine imitations, wherein we may observe a few additional figures, expressing some of the improvements which the affectation, or artifice of the fair sex, have introduced into the art of love since Homer's days. Tasso has finely imitated this description in the magical girdle of Armida. *Gierusalemme Liberata*, cant. xvi:

“ Teneri Sdegni, e placide e tranquille  
“ Repulse, e cari vezzi, e liete paci,  
“ Sorrisi, parrolette, e dolci stille  
“ Di pianto, e sospir tronchi, e molli baci.”

Monf. de la Motte's imitation of this fiction is likewise wonderfully beautiful:

“ Ce tissu, le fimbole, & la cause à la fois,  
“ Du pouvoir de l'amour, du charme de ses loix.  
“ Elle enflamme les yeux, de cet ardeur qui touche;  
“ D'un fourire enchanteur, elle anime la bouche;  
“ Passionne la voix, en adoucit les sons,  
“ Prête ces tours heureux, plus forts que les raisons;  
“ Inspire, pour toucher, ces tendres stratagèmes,  
“ Ces refus attirans, l'ecueil des fages mêmes.  
“ Et la nature enfin, y voulut renfermer,  
“ Tout ce qui persuade, & ce qui fait aimer.

**Ah yet, will Venus aid Saturnia's joy,  
And set aside the cause of Greece and Troy?**

Let heav'n's dread empress (Cytheræ said)  
 Speak her request, and deem her will obey'd.  
 Then grant me (said the queen) those conqu'ring  
 charms,

225

**That pow'r, which mortals and immortals warms,**

“ En prenant ce tiffu, que Venus lui presente,  
 “ Junon n'etoit que belle, elle devient charmante.  
 “ Les graces, & les ris, les plaisirs, & les jeux,  
 “ Surpris cherchent Venus, doutent qui l'est des deux.  
 “ L'amour même trompè, trouve Junon plus belle;  
 “ Et son arc à la main, deja vole après elle.”

Spenser, in his fourth book, canto 5. describes a girdle of Venus of a very different nature: for *this* had the power to raise up loose desires in others; *that* had a more wonderful faculty, to suppress them in the person that wore it: but it had a most dreadful quality, to burst asunder whenever tied about any but a chaste bosom. Such a girdle, it is to be feared, would produce effects very different from the other: Homer's Cestus would be a peace-maker to reconcile man and wife; but Spenser's Cestus would probably destroy the good agreement of many a happy couple. P.

Ver. 219.] The sense of the original if not invisible, is at least dimly seen, in this translation. Ogilby is homely, but exact :

Wilt thou, dear daughter, grant me one request,  
Or still old grudges foster in thy breast,  
Because thou Troy, and I the Græcians aid?

**Ver. 223.]** More accurately thus :

*Speak thy request, dread Goddess! Venus said:  
And deem thy will within my power obey'd.*

Ver. 225.] These *four* lines are spun, with no dexterity characteristic of such an artist, from this plain couplet of his author :

**Give me Desire and Love, with which thou sway'st  
Immortal deities and mortal men :**

That love, which melts mankind in fierce desires,  
And burns the sons of heav'n with sacred fires!

For lo! I haste to those remote abodes, 229  
Where the great parents (sacred source of Gods!)  
Ocean and Tethys their old empire keep,  
On the last limits of the land and deep.  
In their kind arms my tender years were past;  
What-time old Saturn, from Olympus cast,  
Of upper heav'n to Jove resign'd the reign, 235  
Whelm'd under the huge mass of earth and main.  
For strife, I hear, has made the union cease,  
Which held so long that ancient pair in peace.  
What honour, and what love shall I obtain,  
If I compose those fatal feuds again; 240  
Once more their minds in mutual ties engage,  
And what my youth has ow'd, repay their age?  
She said. With awe divine the queen of love  
Obey'd the sister and the wife of Jove: 244

---

so that I would propose an amendment as follows :

Give me that Love, whose soothing influence finds  
Access to mortal and immortal minds.

Our poet had an eye on Chapman :

———— Then give me those two *powers*, with which both  
men and gods

Thou vanquishest, Love and Desire.

Ver. 235.] Better, perhaps, as more faithful :

To *thundering* Jove resign'd th' *ætherial* reign.

Ver. 242.] A supplemental line from the translator.

Ver. 243.] The following attempt will preserve the speech,

And from her fragrant breast the Zone unbrac'd,  
 With various skill, and high embroid'ry grac'd.  
 In this was ev'ry art, and ev'ry charm,  
 To win the wisest, and the coldest warm:  
 Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay desire,  
 The kind deceit, the still-reviving fire, 250  
 Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,  
 Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes.

which is absorbed in our poet's version, and will consult fidelity at the same time:

'Tis fit, replies the smiling queen of love,  
 Thy wish be granted, spouse of sovereign Jove!

Ver. 245.] This epithet is not in the original, but in Chapman:

— This spoken, she untied,  
 And from her *odorous bosome* took, her ceston.

He was ultimately indebted to Homer, who, elsewhere, speaks of the *κηροῖν κόλπον*, the *fragrant bosome* of Andromache: meaning thereby (as the impartiality of criticism obliges me to undeceive many a reader) the *lap*, or *fold*, of the garment: see my note on S. Luke vi. 38. and my *Silva Critica*, iv. p. 52.

Ver. 248.] A line due to the translator's invention, which is very luxuriant in this description. The following attempt is close and faithful, whatever may be its elegance:

Then from her waist the variegated zone  
 She looft, full-fraught with soothing blandishments;  
 With love, with whispering converse, with desire,  
 Soft words, that e'en of Wisdom steal the heart.

Ver. 252.] This verse, though foreign to his author, is exquisitely beautiful; nor yet superiour to one of a similar complexion in his Prologue to the Satires:

Explore the thought, explain the *asking eye*.

Thus Eusden in Dryden's miscellanies:

The *silent language* of consenting eyes.

This on her hand the Cyprian Goddess laid;  
 Take this, and with it all thy wish, she said.  
 With smiles she took the charm; and smiling  
 prest

255

The pow'rful Cestus to her snowy breast.

Then Venus to the courts of Jove withdrew;  
 Whilst from Olympus pleas'd Saturnia flew.

Dryden himself also deserves quotation here, *Æneid* xi. 227. and what beauty is there in poetry, of which Dryden cannot furnish an example?

Falls on the corpse, and groaning there he lies,  
 With *silent grief*, that *speaks but at his eyes*.

Thus too in a song of the *Miscellanies*, iii. p. 143 :

From sighs and vows, from awful fears,  
 That do to pity move;  
 From *speaking silence*, and from tears,  
 Those springs that water love.

Fairfax, in Tasso, iv. 85 :

*Dumb eloquence*, persuading more than speech.

Ver. 253.] I would thus supply the omissions of our translator :

This on her hand the Cyprian goddess laid;—  
 And to thy bosom take this zone, she said :  
 This beauteous zone all nature can controul,  
 And speed the fondest wishes of thy soul.

Ver. 255. ———— *And prest The pow'rful cestus to her snowy breast.*] Eustathius takes notice, that the word cestus is not the name, but epithet only, of Venus's girdle; though the epithet has prevailed so far as to become the proper name in common use. This has happened to others of our author's epithets; the word Pygmy is of the same nature. Venus wore this girdle below her neck, and in open sight, but Juno hides it in her bosom, to shew the difference of the two characters: it suits well with Venus to make a shew of whatever is engaging in her; but Juno, who is a matron of prudence and gravity, ought to be more modest. P.

O'er high Pieria thence her course she bore,  
 O'er fair Emathia's ever-pleasing shore, 260  
 O'er Hæmus' hills with snows eternal crown'd;  
 Nor once her flying foot approach'd the ground.  
 Then taking wing from Athos' lofty steep,  
 She speeds to Lemnos o'er the rolling deep, 264  
 And seeks the cave of Death's half-brother, Sleep. }

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Ver. 264. *She speeds to Lemnos o'er the rolling deep,  
 And seeks the cave of Death's half-brother, Sleep.*]

In this fiction Homer introduces a new divine personage : it does not appear whether this God of Sleep was a God of Homer's creation, or whether his pretensions to divinity were of more ancient date. The poet indeed speaks of him as of one formerly active in some heavenly transactions. Be this as it will, succeeding poets have always acknowledged his title. Virgil would not let his *Æneid* be without a person so proper for poetical machinery ; though he has employed him with much less art than his master, since he appears in the fifth book without provocation or commission, only to destroy the Trojan pilot. The critics who cannot see all the allegories which the commentators pretend to find in Homer's divinities, must be obliged to acknowledge the reality and propriety of this ; since every thing that is here said of this imaginary Deity is justly applicable to Sleep. He is called the *brother of Death* ; said to be protected by *Night* ; and is employed very naturally to lull a husband to rest in the embraces of his wife ; which effect of this *conjugal opiate*, even the modest Virgil has remarked in the persons of Vulcan and Venus, probably with an eye to this passage of Homer :

“ ——— Placidumque petivit

“ Conjugis infusus gremio per membra soporem.” P.

Ver. 264. *To Lemnos.*] The commentators are hard put to it, to give a reason why Juno seeks for sleep in Lemnos. Some finding out that Lemnos anciently abounded with wine, inform us that it was a proper place of residence for him, wine being naturally a great provoker of sleep. Others will have it, that this God being in love with Pasitheaë, who resided with her sister the wife of Vulcan,

Sweet pleasing sleep! (Saturnia thus began)  
Who spread'st thy empire o'er each God and man;

---

in Lemnos, it was very probable he might be found haunting near his mistress. Other commentators perceiving the weakness of these conjectures, will have it that Juno met Sleep here by mere accident; but this is contradictory to the whole thread of the narration. But who knows whether Homer might not design this fiction as a piece of raillery upon the sluggishness of the Lemnians; though this character of them does not appear? A kind of satire like that of Ariosto, who makes the angel find Discord in a monastery? Or like that of Boileau in his *Lutrin*, where he places Mollesse in a dormitory of the Monks of St. Bernard. P.

Ver. 265.] Homer says only, as Chapman renders,

Death's brother, Sleeper:

but Dryden, at *Æneid* vi. 388:

Here Toils, and Death, and *Death's half-brother, Sleep.*

Ver. 266. *Sweet pleasing sleep, &c.*] Virgil has copied some part of this conversation between Juno and Sleep, where he introduces the same Goddess making a request to Æolus. Scaliger, who is always eager to depreciate Homer, and zealous to praise his favourite author, has highly censured this passage; but notwithstanding this critick's judgment, an impartial reader will find, I do not doubt, much more art and beauty in the original than the copy. In the former, Juno endeavours to engage Sleep in her design by the promises of a proper and valuable present; but having formerly run a great hazard in a like attempt, he is not prevailed upon. Hereupon the Goddess, knowing his passion for one of the Graces, engages to give her to his desires: this hope brings the lover to consent, but not before he obliges Juno to confirm her promise by an oath in the most solemn manner, the very words and ceremony whereof he prescribes to her. These are all beautiful and poetical circumstances, most whereof are untouched by Virgil, and which Scaliger therefore calls low and vulgar. He only makes Juno demand a favour from Æolus, which he had no reason to refuse; and promise him a reward, which it does not appear he was fond of. The Latin poet has indeed with great judgment added one circumstance concerning the promise of children,

“ ————— & pulchrâ faciat te prole parentem.”

If e'er obsequious to thy Juno's will,  
 O pow'r of Slumbers! hear, and favour still.  
 Shed thy soft dew on Jove's immortal eyes, 270  
 While sunk in love's entrancing joys he lies.  
 A splendid footstool, and a throne, that shine  
 With gold unfading, Somnus, shall be thine;  
 The work of Vulcan; to indulge thy ease,  
 When wine and feasts thy golden humours please.

---

And this is very conformable to the religion of the Romans, among whom Juno was supposed to preside over human birth; but it does not appear she had any such office in the Greek theology. P.

Ver. 269.] He here omits a line to this purport:

And all my days this favour shall confess.

Ver. 272. *A splendid footstool.*] Notwithstanding the cavils of Scaliger, it may be allowed that an easy chair was no improper present for Sleep. As to the footstool, Madam Dacier's observation is a very just one; that besides its being a conveniency, it was a mark of honour, and was far from presenting any low or trivial idea. It is upon that account we find it so frequently mentioned in scripture, where the earth is called *the footstool of the throne of God*. In Jeremiah, Judæa is called, (as a mark of distinction) the footstool of the feet of God. Lament. ii. ver. 1. *And he remembered not the footstool of his feet, in the day of his wrath.* We see here the same image, founded no doubt upon the same customs. Dacier. P.

Ver. 275.] One should have expected "*genial humours*;" and but few readers, I think, will be able to reconcile themselves to "*golden humours*." There are instances, however, when plagiarists of a superiour order run away promiscuously, like common thieves, with every thing, good or bad, that comes within their clutches. Thus Chapman:

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to which, he forg'd, a footstool for the ease  
 Of thy soft feet: *when wine and feasts thy golden humours please.*



Imperial Dame (the balmy pow'r replies)  
 Great Saturn's heir, and empress of the skies!  
 O'er other Gods I spread my easy chain;  
 The fire of all, old Ocean, owns my reign,  
 And his hush'd waves lie silent on the main. 280  
 But how, unbidden, shall I dare to sleep,  
 Jove's awful temples in the dew of sleep?

Ver. 277.] The original literally is,  
 Juno, great Saturn's daughter, reverend power!  
 but Ogilby renders,

*Great Saturn's daughter, empress of the skies.*

Ver. 278.] Cowley, with more elegance, David. ii. 682:  
 Nor could *Sleep's filken chain* its violence hold.  
 Ogilby is worthy of quotation, with very slight amendment:

With ease I lull all other powers asleep,  
 And in soft slumbers charm the raging deep.

Ver. 279. *The fire of all, old Ocean.*] "Homer (says Plutarch) calls the sea *Father of All*, with a view to this doctrine, "that all things were generated from water. Thales the Milesian, "the head of the Ionick sect, who seems to have been the first "author of philosophy, affirmed water to be the principle from "whence all things spring, and into which all things are resolved; "because the prolifick seed of all animals is a moisture; all plants "are nourished by a moisture; the very sun and stars, which are "fire, are nourished by moist vapours and exhalations; and "consequently he thought the world was produced from this "element." Plut. Opin. of Philos. lib. i. cap. 3. P.

Ver. 280.] Thus Dryden, *Æn. x. 156*:  
 ——— the winds their breath restrain,  
 And the *bush'd waves* lie flatted on the main.

Ver. 281. *But how, unbidden, &c.*] This particularly is worth remarking; Sleep tells Juno that he dares not approach Jupiter without his own order; whereby he seems to intimate, that a spirit

Long since too vent'rous, at thy bold command,  
 On those eternal lids I laid my hand:  
 What-time, deserting Ilion's wasted plain, 285  
 His conqu'ring son, Alcides, plough'd the main:  
 When lo! the deeps arise, the tempests roar,  
 And drive the hero to the Coan shore;  
 Great Jove awaking, shook the blest abodes 289  
 With rising wrath, and tumbled Gods on Gods;

---

of a superiour kind may give itself up to a voluntary cessation of thought and action, though it does not want this relaxation from any weakness or necessity of its nature. P.

Ver. 283.] Our translator here is not closely observant of his model. The following attempt is exact, and may be compared in that view only with the execution of our inimitable artist:

Thy late commands a warning lesson give;  
 That day, when Jove's bold son from Ilion fail'd,  
 When Trojans saw their city spoil'd and waste,  
 I sooth'd the sense of ægis-bearing Jove,  
 Soft circumfus'd; whilst thou, on mischief bent,  
 Didst rouse the deep with blasts of cruel winds,  
 And him to Coos thickly-peopled drive,  
 From all his friends apart.

Ver. 285. *What time deserting Ilion's wasted plain, &c.*] One may observe from hence, that to make falsity in fables useful and subservient to our designs, it is not enough to cause the story to resemble truth, but we are to corroborate it by parallel places; which method the poet uses elsewhere. Thus many have attempted great difficulties, and surmounted them. So did Hercules, so did Juno, so did Pluto. Here therefore the poet feigning that Sleep is going to practise insidiously upon Jove, prevents the strangeness and incredibility of the tale, by squaring it to an ancient story; which ancient story was, that Sleep had once before got the mastery of Jove in the case of Hercules. Eustathius. P.

Me chief he fought, and from the realms on high  
 Had hurl'd indignant to the nether sky,  
 But gentle Night, to whom I fled for aid,  
 (The friend of earth and heav'n) her wings display'd;  
 Impower'd the wrath of Gods and men to tame,  
 Ev'n Jove rever'd the venerable dame. 296

Ver. 291.] He follows Chapman in his omission :

— whom he had utterly

*Hurl'd from the sparkling firmament :*

for fidelity requires this correction :

Me chief he fought, and from th' *ætherial deep*

Had hurl'd *in ruin* to the *lowest deep*.

Ver. 294.] The subsequent verse makes the clause inserted in this perfectly useless and insignificant. Thus?

Till gentle Night, to whom for aid I fled,

Her *sable pinions round her suppliant spread*.

Ver. 296. *Ev'n Jove rever'd the venerable dame.*] Jupiter is represented as unwilling to do any thing that might be offensive or ungrateful to Night; the poet (says Eustathius) instructs us by this, that a wife and honest man will curb his wrath before any awful and venerable persons. Such was Night in regard of Jupiter, feigned as an ancestor, and honourable on account of her antiquity and power. For the Greek theology teaches that Night and Chaos were before all things. Wherefore it was held sacred to obey the Night in the conflicts of war, as we find by the admonitions of the heralds to Hector and Ajax, in the seventh Iliad.

Milton has made a fine use of this ancient opinion in relation to Chaos and Night, in the latter part of his second book, where he describes the passage of Satan through their empire. He calls them,

— *Eldest Night*

And *Chaos*, ancestors of Nature; —

And alludes to the same, in those noble verses,

— Behold the *throne*

Of *Chaos*, and his dark pavilion spread

Vain are thy fears (the queen of heav'n replies,  
And speaking, rolls her large majestick eyes)  
Think'ft thou that Troy has Jove's high fa-  
vour won,

Like great Alcides, his all-conqu'ring son? 300  
Hear, and obey the mistress of the skies,  
Nor for the deed expect a vulgar prize;  
For know, thy lov'd-one shall be ever thine,  
The youngest Grace, Pasithee the divine. 304

Swear then (he said) by those tremendous floods  
That roar thro' hell, and bind th' invoking Gods:  
Let the great parent Earth one hand sustain,  
And stretch the other o'er the sacred Main.

---

Wide on the wasteful deep: with him enthron'd  
Sat fable-vested *Night*, eldest of things,  
The comfort of his reign. —

That fine apostrophe of Spenser has also the same allusion, book i :

O thou, most ancient grandmother of all,  
More old than Jove, whom thou at first didst breed,  
Or that great house of Gods celestial;  
Which was begot in Dæmogorgon's hall,  
And saw'st the secrets of the world unmade. P.

After this the following line is omitted :

Now to a second danger thou wouldst urge.

Ver. 301.] This verse is chiefly the fancy of the translator,  
from two words of encouragement in his author : *But come.*

Ver. 305.] His author says,

She spake; but Sleep rejoicet, and answer'd thus.

Ver. 307. *Let the great parent Earth one hand sustain,  
And stretch the other o'er the sacred Main, &c.]*

There is something wonderfully solemn in this manner of swearing

Call the black Titans, that with Chronos dwell,  
To hear and witness from the depths of hell; 310  
That she, my lov'd-one, shall be ever mine,  
The youngest Grace, Pasithee the divine.

The queen assents, and from th' infernal bow'rs,  
Invokes the fable subtartarean pow'rs,  
And those who rule th' inviolable floods, 315  
Whom mortals name the dread Titanian Gods.

Then swift as wind, o'er Lemnos smoky isle,  
They wing their way, and Imbrus' sea-beat soil;

proposed by Sleep to Juno. How answerable is this idea to the dignity of the queen of the Goddesses, where Earth, Ocean, and Hell itself, where the whole creation, all things visible and invisible, are called to be witnesses of the oath of the Deity? P.

Ver. 308.] There is a laxity and imbecility in this verse, unfuitable to the sublime energy of the occasion. Thus?

*This hand, let Earth's all-fostering globe sustain;  
Be that, extended o'er the polish'd main ———.*

Ver. 309.] I should prefer, with a view of banishing the word *bell*, which is universally exceptionable to me in ancient poetry,

Call the black gods, that dwell Saturnus round,  
To hear and witness from *their seats profound*.

And so the former line first stood, with one word transposed.

Ver. 311. *That she, my lov'd-one, &c.*] Sleep is here made to repeat the words of Juno's promise, than which repetition nothing, I think, can be more beautiful or better placed. The lover, fired with these hopes, insists on the promise, dwelling with pleasure on each circumstance that relates to his fair one. The throne and footstool, it seems, are quite out of his head. P.

Ver. 315.] This line is added by the translator.

Ver. 317.] Ogilby is tolerable, with slight correction:

These rites perform'd, they Lemnos leave, and shroud  
Their forms celestial in a sable cloud.

'Thro' air, unseen, involv'd in darkness glide,  
 And light on Lectos, on the point of Ide; 320  
 (Mother of savages, whose echoing hills  
 Are heard resounding with a hundred rills)  
 Fair Ida trembles underneath the God;  
 Hush'd are her mountains, and her forests nod.

---

Ver. 319.] These are the rhymes of Ogilby :  
 And in a trice over vast waters *glide*,  
 Till they arriv'd at fountain-fostering *Ide*.

Ver. 321.] Thus Chapman, who is very successful :  
 The fountfull *nurse of savages*, with all her woods did *nod*,  
 Beneath their feet.

Ver. 323. *Fair Ida trembles*.] It is usually supposed, at the approach or presence of any heavenly being, that upon their motion all should shake that lies beneath them. Here the poet giving a description of the descent of these Deities upon the ground at Lectos, says that the loftiest of the wood trembled under their feet : which expression is to intimate the lightness and swiftness of the motions of heavenly beings ; the wood does not shake under their feet from any corporeal weight, but from a certain awful dread and horror. Eustathius. P.

This is a noble couplet, and pregnant with fine poetical imagination, but no representative of his model, who is fully and admirably exhibited in Mr. Cowper's version :

—— while beneath their feet the woods  
 Their spiry summits waved :

who might owe some obligation to our translator : and from these sources of antiquity Milton watered his beds of Paradise : Par. Lost, iv. 193 :

His praise, ye Winds, that from four quarters blow,  
 Breathe soft or loud ; and *wave your tops, ye Pines!*  
 With every plant, in sign of worship, wave :

a passage, which does honour to human genius. Nor is Cowley not worthy of quotation : David. ii. 481 :

There on a fir, whose spiry branches rise 325  
 To join its summit to the neighb'ring skies;  
 Dark in embow'ring shade, conceal'd from fight,  
 Sat Sleep, in likeness of the bird of Night.  
 (Chalcis his name by those of heav'nly birth,  
 But call'd Cymindis by the race of earth.) 330

The conscious trees shook with a reverent fear  
 Their *unblown tops*: God walk'd before him there,

Ver. 326.] Chapman is lively:

A firre it was, that shot past aire, and kist the burning skie,

Ver. 328. *In likeness of the bird of night.*] This is a bird about the size of a hawk, entirely black; and that is the reason why Homer describes Sleep under its form. Here (says Eustathius) Homer lets us know, as well as in many other places, that he is no stranger to the language of the Gods. Hobbes has taken very much from the dignity of this supposition, in translating the present lines in this manner:

And there sat Sleep, in likeness of a fowl,

Which Gods do Chalcis call, and men an owl.

We find in Plato's Cratylus a discourse of great subtilty, grounded chiefly on this observation of Homer, that the Gods and men call the same thing by different names. The philosopher supposes that in the original language every thing was expressed by a word; whose sound was naturally apt to mark the nature of the thing signified. This great work he ascribes to the God, since it required more knowledge both in the nature of sounds and things, than man had attained to. This resemblance, he says, was almost lost in modern languages by the unskilful alterations men had made, and the great licence they had taken in compounding of words. However, he observes there were yet among the Greeks some remains of this original language, of which he gives a few instances, adding, that many more were to be found in some of the barbarous languages, that had deviated less from the original, which was still preserved entire among the Gods. This appears a notion so uncommon, that I could not forbear to mention it.

P.

To Ida's top successful Juno flies ;  
 Great Jove surveys her with desiring eyes :  
 The God, whose light'ning sets the heav'ns on fire,  
 Thro' all his bosom feels the fierce desire ;  
 Fierce as when first by stealth he seiz'd her charms,  
 Mix'd with her soul, and melted in her arms, 336  
 Fix'd on her eyes he fed his eager look,  
 Then press'd her hand, and thus with transport  
 spoke.

Why comes my Goddess from th' ætherial sky,  
 And not her steeds and flaming chariot nigh? 340

Then she—I haste to those remote abodes,  
 Where the great parents of the deathless gods,  
 The rev'rend Ocean and grey Tethys reign,  
 On the last limits of the land and main.  
 I visit these, to whose indulgent cares 345  
 I owe the nursing of my tender years.

Ver. 337.] For this couplet his author only has,

He stood before her, spake, and call'd by name :

but our poet amplifies from Chapman :

And (*gazing on her still*) he said :

and from Dacier : “ Il s'approche d'elle, et *la regardant avec des*  
*“ yeux pleins d'amour, Junon, lui dit il. —.”*”

Ver. 345. — *To whose indulging cares I owe the nursing, &c.]*  
 The allegory of this is very obvious. Juno is constantly understood  
 to be the *air* : and we are here told she was nourished by the vapours  
 which rise from the *Ocean* and the *Earth*. For *Tethys* is the same  
 with *Rhea*. Eustathius. P.



For strife, I hear, has made that union cease,  
 Which held so long this ancient pair in peace.  
 The steeds, prepar'd my chariot to convey  
 O'er earth and seas, and thro' th' ærial way, 350  
 Wait under Ide: of thy superiour pow'r  
 To ask consent, I leave th' Olympian bow'r;  
 Nor seek, unknown to thee, the sacred cells  
 Deep under seas, where hoary Ocean dwells.

For that (said Jove) suffice another day;  
 But eager love denies the least delay. 356  
 Let softer cares the present hour employ,  
 And be these moments sacred all to joy.  
 Ne'er did my soul so strong a passion prove,  
 Or for an earthly, or a heav'nly love: 360

Ver. 350.] The last clause is our poet's addition. Thus Ogilby, with one word changed:

Now at the mountain's foot my horses stand,  
*Prepar'd* to bear me over sea and land.

Ver. 359.] This courtship of Jupiter to Juno may possibly be thought pretty singular. He endeavours to prove the ardour of his passion to her, by the instances of its warmth to other women. A great many people will look upon this as no very likely method to recommend himself to Juno's favour. Yet, after all, something may be said in defence of Jupiter's way of thinking with respect to the ladies. Perhaps a man's love to the sex in general may be no ill recommendation of him to a particular. And to be known or thought to have been successful with a good many, is what some moderns have found no unfortunate qualification in gaining a lady, even a most virtuous one like Juno, especially one who (like her) has had the experience of a married state. P.

Our rhyming poets are perpetually using this infipid word *prove*,

Not when I prefs'd Ixion's matchless dame,  
 Whence rose Perithous like the Gods in fame.  
 Not when fair Danaë felt the show'r of gold  
 Stream into life, whence Perseus brave and bold.  
 Not thus I burn'd for either Theban dame, 365  
 (Bacchus from this, from that Alcides came).  
 Not Phœnix' daughter, beautiful and young,  
 Whence godlike Rhadamanth and Minos sprung.  
 Not thus I burn'd for fair Latona's face,  
 Nor comelier Ceres' more majestick grace. 370  
 Not thus ev'n for thyself I felt desire,  
 As now my veins receive the pleasing fire.

He spoke; the goddesses with the charming eyes  
 Glows with celestial red, and thus replies.

for *experience*, in a way highly unpalatable to my taste. I wonder Pope should not write on this occasion,

Ne'er did my soul so strong a passion move.

Ver. 363.] We have here a stream from the translator's golden fancy. His author says only,

Not Danaë once, Acrisius' daughter fair,  
 Who Perseus, most renown'd of heroes, bare.

Ver. 365.] The subject of this and the next couplet are read transposed in Homer and all the translators. This change appears to have been an accidental mistake, and not adopted for convenience; as that also of Ceres and Latona immediately below.

Ver. 373.] This couplet is licentiously derived from the following verse of Homer :

Then reverend Juno thus with craft replied.

So Dryden, *Æn.* x. 862 :

To whom the goddess with the charming eyes,  
 Soft in her tone, submissively replies.

Is this a scene for love? On Ida's height 375  
 Expos'd to mortal, and immortal fight;  
 Our joys profan'd by each familiar eye;  
 The sport of heav'n, and fable of the sky.  
 How shall I e'er review the blest abodes,  
 Or mix among the senate of the Gods? 380  
 Shall I not think, that, with disorder'd charms,  
 All heav'n beholds me recent from thy arms?  
 With skill divine has Vulcan form'd thy bow'r,  
 Sacred to love and to the genial hour;  
 If such thy will, to that recess retire, 385  
 And secret there indulge thy soft desire.

She ceas'd; and smiling with superiour love,  
 Thus answer'd mild the cloud-compelling Jove.

Ver. 375.] Thus Chapman, who is much more exact than our poet:

————— what? here? in *Ida's height*  
 Desir'st thou this? how fits it us? or what if in the *fight*  
 Of any god, thy will were pleas'd? that he the rest might bring  
 To witnesse thy incontinence; t'were a dishonour'd thing:  
 otherwise, wonderful ingenuity is discovered by our translator in  
 this speech.

Ver. 376.] Homer says nothing about *mortals*, but Ogilby has:

————— should the searching eye  
 Of Gods or *mortals* our stoln sports espy.

Ver. 387.] No part of this line is taken from Homer; it's original is Milton, Par. Lost, iv. 499:

————— he, in delight  
 Both of her beauty and submissive charms,  
 Smil'd with superior love, as Jupiter  
 On Juno smiles.

Ver. 388.] So Waller, in his first poem:

Nor God, nor mortal shall our joys behold, 389  
 Shaded with clouds, and circumfus'd in gold;  
 Not ev'n the sun, who darts thro' heav'n his  
 rays,

And whose broad eye th' extended earth surveys.

Gazing he spoke, and kindling at the view,  
 His eager arms around the Goddesses threw. 394

With loud resemblance of his thunder, prove  
 Bacchus the seed of *cloud-compelling Jove*.

Ver. 389.] This speech is not executed in the masterly manner of our author. Will the reader forgive the presumption of the following more exact attempt?

Fear not, said cloud-compelling Jove, the ken,  
 Lov'd spouse! of prying deities, or men.  
 Vain thy solicitude! a cloud of gold  
 Shall screen our pleasures, that no eye behold:  
 Not Phœbus' self; who boasts the keenest sight,  
 And darts through nature with resistless light.

Ver. 393.] The fine luxuriance of the translator's imagination in the *twelve* next verses, will be most easily discovered by the following unornamented, but faithful, version:

He spake, and in his arms embrac'd his spouse:  
 Beneath them Earth with new-born verdure teem'd,  
 The dew-bath'd Lotus, Crocus, Hyacinth  
 Clust'ring and soft; which rais'd them from the ground.  
 There they repos'd, and round them threw a cloud,  
 Beauteous, all gold, that dropt with glistering dew.

And in several parts of this passage our poet had in his eye Dryden's excellent translation of the parallel place in Virgil, *Æn.* viii. 535:

*Trembling he spoke; and, eager of her charms,  
 He snatch'd the willing goddesses to his arms;  
 'Till in her lap infus'd, he lay possess'd  
 Of full desire, and sunk to pleasing rest.*

Glad earth perceives, and from her bosom pours  
Unbidden herbs and voluntary flow'rs:

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Ver. 395. *Glad earth perceives, &c.*] It is an observation of Aristotle in the xxvth chapter of his Poetics, that when Homer is obliged to describe any thing of itself absurd or too improbable, he constantly contrives to blind and dazzle the judgment of his readers with some shining description. This passage is a remarkable instance of that artifice; for having imagined a fiction of very great absurdity, that the Supreme Being should be laid aside in a female embrace, he immediately, as it were to divert his reader from reflecting on his boldness, pours forth a great variety of poetical ornaments; by describing the various flowers the earth shoots up to compose their couch, the golden clouds that accompanied them, and the bright heavenly dews that were showered round them. ~~Boissathius~~ observes it as an instance of Homer's modest conduct in so delicate an affair, that he has purposely adorned the bed of Jupiter with such a variety of beautiful flowers, that the reader's thoughts being entirely taken up with these ornaments, might have no room for loose imaginations. In the same manner an ancient scholiast has observed, that the golden cloud was contrived to lock up this action from any farther enquiry of the reader.

I cannot conclude the notes on this story of Jupiter and Juno, without observing with what particular care Milton has imitated the several beautiful parts of this episode, introducing them upon different occasions as the subjects of his poem would admit. The circumstance of Sleep's fitting in likeness of a bird on the fir-tree upon mount Ida, is alluded to in his ivth book, where Satan sits in likeness of a cormorant on the tree of life. The creation is made to give the same tokens of joy at the performance of the nuptial rites of our first parents, as she does here at the congress of Jupiter and Juno. Lib. viii:

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To the nuptial bow'r  
I led her blushing like the morn; all heav'n  
And happy constellations on that hour  
Shed their selectest influence; the earth  
Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill;  
Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs  
Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings  
Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub.

Thick new-born vi'lets a soft carpet spread,  
 And clust'ring Lotos fwell'd the rising bed,  
 And sudden Hyacinths the turf bestrow,  
 And flamy Crocus made the mountain glow. 400

Those lines also in the ivth book are manifestly from the same original :

————— Roses and jessamine  
 Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought  
 Mosaic ; under-foot the violet,  
 Crocus and hyacinth, with rich inlay  
 Broider'd the ground.—————

Where the very turn of Homer's verses is observed, and the cadence, and almost the words, finely translated.

But it is with wonderful judgment and decency he has used that exceptionable passage of the dalliance, ardour, and enjoyment : that which seems in Homer an impious fiction, becomes a moral lesson in Milton ; since he makes that lascivious rage of the passion the immediate effect of the sin of our first parents after the fall. Adam expresses it in the words of Jupiter ;

For never did thy beauty since the day  
 I saw thee first, and wedded thee, adorn'd  
 With all perfections, so enflame my sense,  
 With ardour to enjoy thee ; fairer now  
 Than ever ; bounty of this virtuous tree !  
 So said he, and forbore not glance or toy  
 Of amorous intent, well understood  
 Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.  
 Her hand he seiz'd, and to a shady bank  
 Thick over-head with verdant-roof embower'd,  
 He led her, nothing loath : flow'rs were the couch,  
 Panfies, and violets, and asphodel,  
 And hyacinth ; earth's freshest, softest lap.  
 There they their fill of love and love's disport  
 Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal ;  
 The solace of their sin : 'till dewy Sleep  
 Oppress'd them, weary of their amorous play.

Milton, l. ix. P.

There golden clouds conceal the heav'nly pair,  
 Steep'd in soft joys and circumfus'd with air;  
 Celestial dews, descending o'er the ground,  
 Perfume the mount, and breathe Ambrosia round.  
 At length with love and sleep's soft pow'r oppress'd,  
 The panting Thund'rer nods, and sinks to rest.

Now to the navy borne on silent wings, 407  
 To Neptune's ear soft Sleep his message brings;  
 Beside him sudden, unperceiv'd he stood,  
 And thus with gentle words address'd the God.

Now, Neptune! now, th' important hour  
 employ, 411

To check a while the haughty hopes of Troy:  
 While Jove yet rests, while yet my vapours shed  
 The golden vision round his sacred head;  
 For Juno's love, and Somnus' pleasing ties, 415  
 Have clos'd those awful and eternal eyes.

Ver. 405.] Dryden in his *Alexander's* feast:

*At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,*  
*The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.*

Ver. 413.] Dacier renders: "Il a succombé au doux assoupissement que j'ai versé sur ses paupieres."

Ver. 415.] Our poet was indebted for this turn, I doubt not, to Ogilby, notwithstanding the variation from his predecessor:

Doubly secur'd, in Lethe's powerful charms,  
 And tender clasps of Juno's twining arms.

But the reader shall see a verbal translation of the speech:

Thus having said, the pow'r of slumber flew,  
 On human lids to drop the balmy dew.  
 Neptune, with zeal increas'd, renews his care,  
 And tow'ring in the foremost ranks of war, 420  
 Indignant thus—Oh once of martial fame!  
 O Greeks! if yet ye can deserve the name!  
 This half-recover'd day shall Troy obtain?  
 Shall Hector thunder at your ships again? 424  
 Lo still he vaunts, and threats the fleet with fires,  
 While stern Achilles in his wrath retires.  
 One hero's loss too tamely you deplore,  
 Be still yourselves, and we shall need no more.

---

With eager haste now, Neptune, help the Greeks,  
 And give them glory for a transient space,  
 While Jove yet sleeps; round whom I slumbers soft  
 Have pour'd, as Juno to love's joys beguil'd.

Ver. 417. *The pow'r of slumber flew.*] M. Dacier in her translation of this passage has thought fit to dissent from the common interpretation, as well as obvious sense of the words. She restrains the general expression *ἐπὶ κλυτὰ φύλ' ἀνθρώπων*, the famous nations of men, to signify only the country of the Lemnians, who, she says, were much celebrated on account of Vulcan. But this strained interpretation cannot be admitted, especially when the obvious meaning of the words expresses what is very proper and natural. The God of Sleep having hastily delivered his message to Neptune, immediately leaves the hurry of the battle, (which was no proper scene for him) and retires among the tribe of mankind. The word *κλυτὰ*, on which M. Dacier grounds her criticism, is an expletive epithet very common in Homer, and no way fit to point out one certain nation, especially in an author, one of whose most distinguishing characters is *particularity* in description. P.

Ver. 427.] Ogilby is mean, but accurately attentive to the sense of his author:



Oh yet, if glory any bosom warms, 429  
 Brace on your firmest helms, and stand to arms:  
 His strongest spear each valiant Grecian wield,  
 Each valiant Grecian seize his broadest shield;  
 Let, to the weak, the lighter arms belong,  
 The pond'rous targe be wielded by the strong. 434  
 (Thus arm'd) not Hector shall our presence stay;  
 Myself, ye Greeks! myself will lead the way.

The troops assent; their martial arms they  
 change,

The busy chiefs their banded legions range.  
 The kings, tho' wounded, and oppress'd with pain,  
 With helpful hands themselves assist the train. 440  
 The strong and cumb'rous arms the valiant wield,  
 The weaker warrior takes a lighter shield.

---

Who, though so valiant, need not much be mist,  
 Would we each other, as we ought, assist.

Ver. 442. *The weaker warrior takes a lighter shield.*] Plutarch seems to allude to this passage in the beginning of the life of Pelopidas. "Homer, says he, makes the bravest and stoutest of his warriors march to battle in the best arms. The Grecian legislators punished those who cast away their shields, but not those who lost their spears or their swords; as an intimation that the care of preserving and defending ourselves is preferable to the wounding our enemy, especially in those who are generals of armies, or governors of states." Eustathius has observed, that the poet here makes the best warriors take the largest shields and longest spears, that they might be ready prepared, with proper arms, both offensive and defensive, for a new kind of fight, in which they are soon to be engaged when the fleet is attacked. Which indeed seems the most rational account that can be given for Neptune's advice in this exigence.

Thus sheath'd in shining brags, in bright array  
The legions march, and Neptune leads the way:  
His brandish'd falchion flames before their  
          eyes, 445  
Like light'ning flashing thro' the frighted skies.  
Clad in his might, th' Earth-shaking pow'r  
          appears;  
Pale mortals tremble, and confess their fears.

Mr. Hobbes has committed a great oversight in this place; he makes the wounded princes (who it is plain were unfit for the battle, and do not engage in the ensuing fight) put on arms as well as the others; whereas they do no more in Homer than see their orders obeyed by the rest, as to this change of arms. P.

Ver. 444. *The legions march, and Neptune leads the way.*] The chief advantage the Greeks gain by the sleep of Jupiter, seems to be this: Neptune unwilling to offend Jupiter, has hitherto concealed himself in disguised shapes; so that it does not appear that Jupiter knew of his being among the Greeks, since he takes no notice of it. This precaution hinders him from assisting the Greeks otherwise than by his advice. But upon the intelligence received of what Juno had done, he assumes a form that manifests his divinity; inspiring courage into the Grecian chiefs, appearing at the head of their army, and brandishing a sword in his hand, the sight of which struck such a terror into the Trojans, that, as Homer says, none durst approach it. And therefore it is not to be wondered, that the Trojans who are no longer sustained by Jupiter, immediately give way to the enemy.

Ver. 446.] The latter portion of this verse is an addition of his own, and more in character than that in his *Rape of the Lock*, canto iii. ver. 156:

**Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,  
And screams of horror rend *th' affrighted skies* :**

where the reader may consult my note.

Troy's great defender stands alone unaw'd, 449  
 Arms his proud host, and dares oppose a God:  
 And lo! the God and wond'rous man appear;  
 The sea's stern ruler there, and Hector here.  
 The roaring Main, at her great master's call,  
 Rose in huge ranks, and form'd a wat'ry wall 454  
 Around the ships: Seas hanging o'er the shores,  
 Both armies join: Earth thunders, Ocean roars.  
 Not half so loud the bellowing deeps resound,  
 When stormy winds disclose the dark profound;

Ver. 449.] This is a very fine passage, but not conformable to  
 it's model. Might I venture a substitution of more fidelity?

His troops rang'd Hector too in firm array:  
 Then the fierce contest thro' the field that day  
 The blue-hair'd God and Troy's bold warrior spread,  
 Whilst one his Argives, one his Trojans led.

Ver. 451. *And lo! the God and wond'rous man appear.*] What  
 magnificence and nobleness is there in this idea! where Homer  
 opposes Hector to Neptune, and equalizes him in some degree to a  
 God. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 452.] Inadvertently in the folio, "The sea's *great* ruler."

Ver. 453. *The roaring main, &c.*] This swelling and inundation  
 of the sea towards the Grecian camp, as if it had been agitated by  
 a storm, is meant for a prodigy, intimating that the waters had the  
 same resentments with their commander Neptune, and seconded him  
 in his quarrel. Eustathius. P.

The *four* following verses represent with much exaggeration,  
*two* of Homer, of which I would hazard this literal translation:

The swelling billows 'gainst the tents and fleet  
 Dash, while both hosts with thundering clamours meet:

which I now see are the rhymes of Ogilby, who renders thus:

And now full sea had wash'd their tents and fleet,  
 When they with shouts and hideous clamours meet.

Ver. 457. *Not half so loud, &c.*] The poet having ended the

Lefs loud the winds, that from th' Æolian hall  
 Roar thro' the woods, and make whole forests  
 fall;

460

---

episode of Jupiter and Juno, returns to the battle, where the  
 Greeks being animated and led on by Neptune, renew the fight  
 with vigour. The noise and outcry of this fresh onset, he  
 endeavours to express by these three sounding comparisons; as if he  
 thought it necessary to awake the reader's attention, which by the  
 preceding descriptions might be lulled into a forgetfulness of the  
 fight. He might likewise design to shew how soundly Jupiter slept,  
 since he is not awaked by so terrible an uproar.

This passage cannot be thought justly liable to the objections  
 which have been made against heaping comparisons one upon  
 another, whereby the principal object is lost amidst too great a  
 variety of different images. In this case the principal image is more  
 strongly impressed on the mind by a multiplication of similes, which  
 are the natural product of an imagination labouring to express  
 something very fast; but finding no single idea sufficient to answer  
 its conceptions, it endeavours by redoubling the comparisons to  
 supply this defect: the different sounds of waters, winds, and flames,  
 being as it were united in one. We have several instances of this  
 sort even in so castigated and reserved a writer as Virgil, who has  
 joined together the images of this passage in the fourth Georgick,  
 ver. 261, and applied them, beautifully softened by a kind of parody,  
 to the buzzing of a bee-hive:

"Frigidus ut quondam sylvis immurmurat Austër,  
 "Ut mare sollicitum stridet refluentibus undis,  
 "Æstuat ut clausis rapidus fornacibus ignis."

Tasso has not only imitated this particular passage of Homer, but  
 likewise added to it. Cant. ix. Sta. 22.

"Rapido sì che torbida procella  
 "De cavernosi monti esce più tarda:  
 "Fiume, ch' alberi insieme, e case svella:  
 "Folgore, che le torri abbatta, & arda:  
 "Terremoto, che 'l mondo empia d' horrore,  
 "Son picciole sembiance al suo furore."

P.

Lefs loud the woods, when flames in torrents pour,  
Catch the dry mountain, and its shades devour.

With fuch a rage the meeting hofts are driv'n,  
And fuch a clamour shakes the founding heav'n.  
The firft bold javelin urg'd by Hector's force, 465  
Direct at Ajax' bofom wing'd its courfe;

---

Or thus? more accurately:

No waves fo loud on bellowing rocks are borne,  
From Ocean's depths by furious Boreas torne.

Ver. 459.] This and the next *fmile* are tranfpofed from their proper arrangement in Homer, as Hobbes had misplaced them before, whole villainous performance is this:

Nor wind when in the woods great oaks it tore  
Up by the roots; nor th' wood when fir'd it was.

Ver. 463.] There is a languor in this couplet, incongruous to the fubject. I would alter thus:

With fuch *wild* rage the meeting hofts are driven;  
Such clamours shake the founding *vault* of heaven.

But, in truth, the latter thought is altogether adventitious, and might be fugged by Ogilby:

As thofe did when they met. Earth shook, *the fkyes*  
Trembling re-echo'd difmall shouts and cries.

Compare verfe 456 above: fo that fidelity may be confulted by fome fubftitution like the following:

Such cries from Greece and Troy united rofe;  
With fuch dire shouts th' impetuous fquadrons clofe:

for, in fome instances, an artift infinitely inferiour may improve our poet's verſion. Sometimes he was ſeduced into negligence by wearineſs; ſometimes miſled by an inadequate conception of his author; and ſometimes betrayed by the inevitable imbecillities of human nature. But it is one thing to make a brick, and another to conſtruct a palace.

But there no pass the crossing belts afford,  
 (One brac'd his shield, and one sustain'd his  
       sword.)

Then back the disappointed Trojan drew,  
 And curs'd the lance that unavailing flew: 470  
 But 'scap'd not Ajax; his tempestuous hand  
 A pond'rous stone up-heaving from the sand,  
 (Where heaps laid loose beneath the warrior's  
       feet,

Or serv'd to ballast, or to prop the fleet)  
 Toss'd round and round, the missive marble flings;  
 On the raz'd shield the falling ruin rings: 476  
 Full on his breast and throat with force descends;  
 Nor deaden'd there its giddy fury spends,  
 But whirling on, with many a fiery round,  
 Smokes in the dust, and ploughs into the ground,

---

Ver. 474.] Homer files them *bolds*, or *props*, of the ships: and he might mean *anchors*, as the ancients employed large stones for this purpose: see *Apollonius Rhodius*, i. 955, and the *scholiast* there. Moreover, the rhymes of this couplet are those of Ogilby; who seems to have adopted the interpretation just stated:

Many such lay as hawsers for *the fleet*,  
 Which now were trampled under souldiers' feet.

Ver. 475.] These *six* lines our poet has spun from little more than *two* in his author: which, I think, may be fully rendered thus:

Close to the neck with one he smote his breast  
 Above the buckler's rim: the whirling stone  
 Flew with complete rotation, like a top.

Ver. 480. *Smokes in the dust, and ploughs into the ground.*]

As when the bolt, red-hissing from above. 481

Darts on the consecrated plant of Jove,

---

Στρέμετον δ' ὡς ὕψους βαλὼν, &c.

These words are translated by several, as if they signified that Hector was turned round with the blow, like a whirlwind; which would enhance the wonderful greatness of Ajax's strength. Eustathius rather inclines to refer the words to the stone itself, and the violence of its motion. Chapman, I think, is in the right to prefer the latter, but he should not have taken the interpretation to himself. He says, it is above the wit of man to give a more fiery illustration both of Ajax's strength and Hector's; of Ajax, for giving such a force to the stone, that it could not spend itself on Hector; but afterwards turned upon the earth with that violence; and of Hector, for standing the blow so solidly: for without that consideration, the stone could never have recoiled so fiercely. This image, together with the noble simile following it, seem to have given Spenser the hint of those sublime verses:

As when almighty Jove, in wrathful mood,  
To wreak the guilt of mortal sins is bent,  
Hurls forth his thund'ring dart with deadly food  
Enroll'd, of flames, and smouldring dreariment:  
Thro' riven clouds, and molten firmament,  
The fierce three-forked engine making way,  
Both lofty tow'rs and highest trees hath rent,  
And all that might his dreadful passage stay,  
And shooting in the earth, casts up a mound of clay.  
His boist'rous club so buried in the ground,  
He could not rear again, &c. P.

The reader may be gratified by reading Chapman's version in illustration of our poet's note:

Strooke his brode breaft, above his shield, juft underneath his throte;  
And shooke him peacemeale. When the stone, sprung backe again  
and smote

Earth, like a whirlewind gathering dust with whirring fiercely round,  
For fervour of his waspent strength, in settling on the ground:

with Ogilby's, who adopts the other interpretation, both, in my opinion, alike erroneous:

The mountain-oak in flaming ruin lies,  
 Black from the blow, and smokes of sulphur rise;  
 Stiff with amaze the pale beholders stand, 485  
 And own the terrors of th' Almighty hand!  
 So lies great Hector prostrate on the shore;  
 His slacken'd hand deserts the lance it bore;  
 His following shield the fallen chief o'erspread;  
 Beneath his helmet dropp'd his fainting head; 490  
 His load of armour sinking to the ground,  
 Clanks on the field; a dead, and hollow sound.  
 Loud shouts of triumph fill the crouded plain;  
 Greece sees, in hope, Troy's great defender slain:  
 All spring to seize him; storms of arrows fly;  
 And thicker javelins intercept the sky. 496

---

*Ille sinistrorsum, hic dextrorsum abit : unus utrique  
 Error, sed variis illudit partibus.*

---

The flint so ably thrown  
 Turn'd Hector like a top upon his toes.

Ver. 481.] This comparison, and the subsequent application, are translated with the happiest dexterity, and with unexceptionable fidelity to his original.

Ver. 488.] These *five* verses are the representatives of *two* in Homer, thus briefly exhibited by Chapman, and faithfully, by the slightest change :

---

away his lance he flung,  
 His round shield follow'd, then his helme : his *braken* armour  
 rung.

Ver. 495.] Homer says only,  


---

 and frequent darts they threw :



In vain an iron tempest hiffes round;  
 He lies protected, and without a wound.  
 Polydamas, Agenor the divine,  
 The pious warrior of Anchises' line, 500  
 And each bold leader of the Lycian band;  
 With cov'ring shields (a friendly circle) stand.  
 His mournful followers, with assistant care,  
 The groaning hero to his chariot bear;  
 His foaming courfers, swifter than the wind, 505  
 Speed to the town, and leave the war behind.

When now they touch'd the mead's enamell'd  
 side,

Where gentle Xanthus rolls his eafy tide,

---

but Chapman employs the fame figure with our poet :

And therefore *powr'd on darts, in stormes*, to keepe his aide aloofe :  
 and Ogilby :

And thick *as hail* their darts and javelins flew.

Indeed, our poet has accurately tranflated the *Roman*, inftead of the  
*Greek* poet, Æneid xi. 611 :

---

fundunt fimul undique tela  
 Crebra, nivis ritu ; cælumque obtexitur umbrâ :

In one dark storm the fouding lances fly,  
 Shade the bright fun, and intercept the fky. Pitt.

Ver. 504.] Here is an omiffion, which appears thus in Ogilby :

Where, by his order, waited in the rear  
 His chariot and his trusty charioteer.

Ver. 505.] For this *fmile* we are indebted to the tranflator only.

Ver. 508.] He fhould have rendered rather,  
 Where *rapid* Xanthus rolls his *gulphy* tide :

With wat'ry drops the chief they sprinkle round,  
 Plac'd on the margin of the flow'ry ground. 510  
 Rais'd on his knees, he now ejects the gore;  
 Now faints anew, low-sinking on the shore;  
 By fits he breathes, half views the fleeting skies,  
 And seals again, by fits, his swimming eyes.

Soon as the Greeks the chief's retreat beheld,  
 With double fury each invades the field. 516  
 Oïlean Ajax first his javelin sped,  
 Pierc'd by whose point the son of Enops bled;

---

for the Greek word *ὑπὸ πόντῳ*, does not mean *pulchrè fluentis*, but *celeritèr fluentis*; and well accords with it's fellow term *διμύρῳ*: see my note on the *Philoctetes* of *Sophocles*, ver. 491. Our poet might follow Ogilby:

When they to Xanthus *pleasant streams* were come:  
 and in the same manner Mr. Cowper, whose acquaintance with his  
 author is in general even critically accurate:

Ere long arriving at the *pleasant stream*  
 Of eddied Xanthus.

The original may be literally given thus:

But when they came at length to Xanthus' stream,  
 Swift gulphy flood, son of immortal Jove —.

Ver. 513.] Ogilby, with some chastisement, has a good couplet  
 here:

*Then*, sinking backwards with *excess* of pain,  
 Night's sable pinions *shade* his eyes again.

Ver. 515.] The rhyme is bad. Thus?

The Greeks, when Hector from the field retir'd,  
 Rush'd on their foes, with double rage inspir'd.

(Satnius the brave, whom beauteous Neïs bore  
 Amidst her flocks on Satnio's silver shore) 520  
 Struck thro' the belly's rim, the warrior lies  
 Supine, and shades eternal veil his eyes.  
 An arduous battle rose around the dead;  
 By turns the Greeks, by turns the Trojans bled.  
 Fir'd with revenge, Polydamas drew near, 525  
 And at Prothœnor shook the trembling spear;  
 The driving javelin thro' his shoulder thrust,  
 He sinks to earth, and grasps the bloody dust.  
 Lo thus (the victor cries) we rule the field,  
 And thus their arms the race of Panthus wield:

---

Ver. 519.] Thus Chapman :

He darted Satnius, Enops sonne, *whom famous Nais bore,*  
 (As she was keeping Enops flocks) *on Satnius rivers shore:*

and Ogilby :

Him *beauteous Nais* unto Enops bore,  
 Feeding his herd upon the Satnian shore.

Ver. 521.] So Chapman :

And *strooke* him in his bellies rimme.

These *four* verses represent *two* of his author, who might be fully exhibited in purport thus, without an ungrammatical formation of the *participle* :

*Pierc'd* thro' the belly's rim, *supine* he lies;  
*Whilst* round his corse *alternate conflicts* rise.

Ver. 527.] Thus Ogilby :

*Through* the right shoulder Prothoënor thrust,  
 Who *grasp'd* in death's convulsions the dust.

From this unerring hand there flies no dart 531  
 But bathes its point within a Grecian heart.  
 Propt on that spear to which thou ow'st thy fall,  
 Go, guide thy darksome steps to Pluto's dreary  
 hall!

He said, and sorrow touch'd each Argive breast:  
 The soul of Ajax burn'd above the rest. 536  
 As by his side the groaning warrior fell,  
 At the fierce foe he launch'd his piercing steel;  
 The foe reclining, shunn'd the flying death;  
 But Fate, Archelochus, demands thy breath: 540  
 Thy lofty birth no succour could impart,  
 The wings of death o'ertook thee on the dart,

---

Ver. 531.] The vivacity and energy of this excellent couplet are somewhat impeded by the languid expressions *there* and *within*. Might I presume to propose the following amendment, which endears a closer adherence to the original?

True to this vigorous arm, each springing dart  
 Bathes in the current of some Græcian heart.

Ver. 533. *Propt on that spear, &c.*] The occasion of this sarcasm of Polydamas seems taken from the attitude of his falling enemy, who is transfix'd with a spear through his right shoulder. This posture bearing some resemblance to that of a man leaning on a staff, might probably suggest the conceit.

The speech of Polydamas begins a long string of sarcastick railery, in which Eustathius pretends to observe very different characters. This of Polydamas, he says, is *pleasant*; that of Ajax, *heroick*; that of Acamas, *plain*; and that of Peneleus, *pathetick*. P.

Ver. 539.] Chapman, much in the same manner:  
 Which Panthus sonne (declining) scap't.

Ver. 541.] This distich is a superfluous effusion of the translator.

Swift to perform heav'n's fatal will it fled,  
 Full on the juncture of the neck and head, 544  
 And took the joint, and cut the nerves in twain:  
 The dropping head first tumbled to the plain.  
 So just the stroke, that yet the body stood  
 Erect, then roll'd along the sands in blood.

Here, proud Polydamas, here turn thy eyes!  
 (The tow'ring Ajax loud-insulting cries) 550  
 Say, is this chief extended on the plain,  
 A worthy vengeance for Prothœnor slain?  
 Mark well his port! his figure and his face  
 Nor speak him vulgar, nor of vulgar race;  
 Some lines, methinks, may make his lineage  
 known, 555

Antenor's brother, or perhaps his son.

He spake, and smil'd severe, for well he knew  
 The bleeding youth: Troy fadden'd at the view.  
 But furious Acamas aveng'd his cause;  
 As Promachus his slaughter'd brother draws, 560  
 He pierc'd his heart—Such fate attends you all,  
 Proud Argives! destin'd by our arms to fall.

---

Ver. 546.] Ogilby has attempted, but with no great success, to preserve the beauties of his author in their simplicity:

Long on the earth lay grovelling his crown,  
 Before his knees, before his heels came down.

Ver. 549.] This difficult speech of sarcasm is rendered by our poet with a dexterity no where surpassed even by himself.

Ver. 561.] Our translator introduces this speech in a lively

Not Troy alone, but haughty Greece shall share  
 The toils, the sorrows, and the wounds of war.  
 Behold your Promachus depriv'd of breath, 565  
 A victim ow'd to my brave brother's death.  
 Not unappeas'd he enters Pluto's gate,  
 Who leaves a brother to revenge his fate.

Heart-piercing anguish struck the Grecian host,  
 But touch'd the breast of bold Peneleus most; 570  
 At the proud boaster he directs his course;  
 The boaster flies, and shuns superiour force.  
 But young Ilioneus receiv'd the spear;  
 Ilioneus, his father's only care:  
 (Phorbas the rich, of all the Trojan train 575  
 Whom Hermes lov'd, and taught the arts of gain)  
 Full in his eye the weapon chanc'd to fall,  
 And from the fibres scoop'd the rooted ball,  
 Drove thro' the neck, and hurl'd him to the plain:  
 He lifts his miserable arms in vain! 580

---

manner, by omitting a line of his author :

To him then Acamas, loud-boasting, cried.

Ver. 567.] Ogilby is exact, and not contemptible :

Of the same lineage still may one remain,  
 Thus to take vengeance for a kinsman slain.

Ver. 570.] Thus Chapman :

This stir'd fresh envie in the Greeks, but urg'd *Peneleus most*.

Ver. 580.] Hobbes, from a general affinity to our translator  
 at this passage, appears to me worthy of quotation :

Then sitting down with both his hands outspread,  
 The deadly spear yet sticking in his eye,

Swift his broad falchion fierce Peneleus spread,  
 And from the spouting shoulders struck his head;  
 To earth at once the head and helmet fly;  
 The lance, yet sticking thro' the bleeding eye,  
 The victor seiz'd; and as aloft he shook 583  
 The gory visage, thus insulting spoke.

Trojans! your great Ilioneus behold!  
 Haste, to his father let the tale be told:  
 Let his high roofs resound with frantick woe,  
 Such, as the house of Promachus must know; 590  
 Let doleful tidings greet his mother's ear,  
 Such, as to Promachus' sad spouse we bear;  
 When we, victorious shall to Greece return,  
 And the pale matron in our triumphs mourn. 594

Dreadful he spoke, then tofs'd the head on high;  
 The Trojans hear, they tremble, and they fly:

---

Peneleus with his sword cuts off his head,  
 Which to the ground with helmet on did fly.

Ver. 583.] Thus Ogilby:

And, running in, out his sharp *faulchion* drew:  
 With a smart blow off *head and helmet* flew.

Ver. 585.] The elegant taste of Mr. Cowper has dextrously  
 preserved the lively allusion of his author:

---

like a *poppy's head*  
 The crimson trophy lifting:

and so Dacier: "Et la relevant ensuite comme une tête de pavot,  
 "il la montre aux Troyens."

Ver. 595.] These *four verses* are strangely diffuse for *two* of  
 Homer, to the following purport:

He spake; and pallid fear seiz'd all their host;  
 And each lookt round, where instant death to shun.

Aghast they gaze around the fleet and wall,  
And dread the ruin that impends on all.

Daughters of Jove! that on Olympus shine,  
Ye all-beholding, all-recording Nine! 600  
O say, when Neptune made proud Ilion yield,  
What chief, what hero first embro'd the field?

---

Ver. 599. *Daughters of Jove! &c.*] Whenever we meet with these fresh invocations in the midst of action, the poets would seem to give their readers to understand, that they are come to a point where the description being above their own strength, they have occasion for supernatural assistance; by this artifice at once exciting the reader's attention, and gracefully varying the narration. In the present case, Homer seems to triumph in the advantage the Greeks had gained in the flight of the Trojans, by invoking the Muses to snatch the brave actions of his heroes from oblivion, and set them in the light of eternity. This power is vindicated to them by the poets on every occasion, and it is to this task they are so solemnly and frequently summoned by our author. Tasso has, I think, introduced one of these invocations in a very noble and peculiar manner; where, on occasion of a battle by night, he calls upon the Night to allow him to draw forth those mighty deeds, which were performed under the concealment of her shades, and to display their glories, notwithstanding their disadvantage, to all posterity:

“ Notte, che nel profondo oscuro seno  
“ Chiudesti, e ne l' oblio fatto sì grande;  
“ Piacciati, ch' io nel tragga, e'n bel sereno  
“ A la future età lo spieghi, e mande.  
“ Viva la fame loro, e trà lor gloria  
“ Splenda del fosco tuo l' alta memoria.”

P.

Ver. 602.] Thus Chapman:

————— that *first embrode the field*  
With Trojan spoils.

But the whole of this address is executed loosely, and may be seen in the tenour of it's original through the following attempt:



Of all the Grecians what immortal name,  
 And whose blest trophies will ye raise to fame?  
 Thou first, great Ajax! on th'ensanguin'd plain  
 Laid Hyrtius, leader of the Myſian train. 606  
 Phalces and Mermer, Neſtor's ſon o'erthrew,  
 Bold Merion, Morys, and Hippotion flew.  
 Strong Periphætēs and Prothoön bled,  
 By Teucer's arrows mingled with the dead. 610  
 Pierc'd in the flank by Menelaüs' ſteel,  
 His people's paſtor, Hyperenor fell;  
 Eternal darkneſs wrapt the warrior round,  
 And the fierce ſoul came ruſhing thro' the wound.  
 But ſtretch'd in heaps before Oïleus' ſon, 615  
 Fall mighty numbers, mighty numbers run;  
 Ajax the leſs, of all the Grecian race  
 Skill'd in purſuit, and ſwifteſt in the chace,

---

Say now, ye Muſes! whoſe high manſions grace  
 Th' Olympian hill, what Greek won blood-ſtain'd ſpoils  
 The firſt, when Neptune turn'd the battle's courſe?

Ver. 609.] I prefer Ogilby to this vicious accent:

Teucer left Periphete and Prothoon dead:

but would rather chaſtiſe our poet thus:

Strong Periphetes, and *bold* Prothoon bled.

Ver. 613.] Ogilby is more faithful:

Whoſe panting bowels ſmoak'd upon the ground,

His ſpirits iſſuing at the deadly wound,

Whiſt his bright eyes *eternall darkneſs* ſcal'd.

Ver. 617.] This is imitated from Chapman:

————— *of all the Grecian race,*

Not one with ſwiftnesse of his feete, could ſo enrich a *chace*.

*THE*  
FIFTEENTH BOOK  
*OF THE*  
I L I A D.

VOL. IV.

N

## THE ARGUMENT.

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THE FIFTH BATTLE, AT THE SHIPS; AND THE ACTS OF  
AJAX.

*JUPITER* awaking, sees the Trojans repulsed from the trenches, *Hector* in a swoon, and *Neptune* at the head of the Greeks: he is highly incensed at the artifice of *Juno*, who appeases him by her submissions; she is then sent to *Iris* and *Apollo*. *Juno* repairing to the assembly of the Gods, attempts with extraordinary address to incense them against *Jupiter*; in particular she touches *Mars* with a violent resentment: he is ready to take arms, but is prevented by *Minerva*. *Iris* and *Apollo* obey the orders of *Jupiter*; *Iris* commands *Neptune* to leave the battle, to which, after much reluctance and passion, he consents. *Apollo* re-inspires *Hector* with vigour, brings him back to the battle, marches before him with his *Ægis* and turns the fortune of the fight. He breaks down great part of the Grecian wall: the Trojans rush in, and attempt to fire the first line of the fleet, but are, as yet, repelled by the greater *Ajax* with a prodigious slaughter. P.

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THE  
FIFTEENTH BOOK  
OF THE  
I L I A D.

---

NOW in swift flight they pass the trench  
profound,  
And many a chief lay gasping on the ground:  
Then stopp'd and panted, where the chariots lie;  
Fear on their cheek, and horror in their eye.  
Meanwhile awaken'd from his dream of love, 5  
On Ida's summit sat imperial Jove:  
Round the wide fields he cast a careful view,  
There saw the Trojans fly, the Greeks pursue;  
These proud in arms, those scatter'd o'er the plain;  
And, 'midst the war, the Monarch of the main.  
Not far, great Hector on the dust he spies, 11  
(His sad associates round with weeping eyes)

---

Ver. 11.] More agreeably to his original thus :

Not far, great Hector on the dust he *found*  
*Prostrate* ; his sad associates *waiting* round.

Ejecting blood, and panting yet for breath,  
 His senses wand'ring to the verge of death.  
 The God beheld him with a pitying look, 15  
 And thus, incens'd, to fraudulent Juno spoke.

O thou, still adverse to th' eternal will,  
 For ever studious in promoting ill!  
 Thy arts have made the god-like Hector yield,  
 And driv'n his conqu'ring squadrons from the  
 field. 20

Canst thou, unhappy in thy wiles! withstand  
 Our pow'r immense, and brave th' almighty  
 hand?

---

Ver. 14.] After this, near a line of Homer is passed over in silence, to this effect:

For not the feeblest Greek the wound had given.

Ver. 15.] Thus Ogilby:

*Pity on him the gods great father took,  
 And much incens'd thus to Juno spoke.*

Ver. 17.] Adam, in Paradise Lost, awakes from the embrace of Eve, in much the same humour with Jupiter in this place. Their circumstance is very parallel; and each of them, as soon as his passion is over, appears full of that resentment natural to a superior, who is imposed upon by one of less worth and sense than himself; and imposed upon in the worst manner, by shews of tenderness and love. P.

This passage, as 2 Sam. xiii. 15. seems a curious coincidence with the physiological maxim, "Omne animal post coitum tristis, præter gallum gallinaceum:" not excepting, we see, Homer's Jupiter himself.

Ver. 21.] Our poet has here purposely disguised the sense of his original from a delicate consideration of modern taste: but Ogilby, though not accurate, will suffice to discover the omission:

Haft thou forgot, when bound and fix'd on high,  
From the vast concave of the spangled sky,

---

I know not if I should for this deceit  
Again (so much my patience thou dost urge)  
Pay thee as erst, and without pity scourge.

Ver. 23. *Haft thou forgot, &c.*] It is in the original to this effect. *Have you forgot how you sawung in the air, when I hung a load of two anvils at your feet, and a chain of gold on your hands?* "Though it is not my design, says M. Dacier, to give a reason for every story in the pagan theology, yet I cannot prevail upon myself to pass over this in silence. The physical allegory seems very apparent to me: Homer mysteriously in this place explains the nature of the air, which is Juno: the two anvils which she had at her feet are the two elements, earth and water: and the chains of gold about her hands are the æther, or fire which fills the superior region: the two grosser elements are called anvils, to shew us, that in these two elements only, arts are exercised. I do not know but that a moral allegory may here be found, as well as a physical one; the poet by these masses tied to the feet of Juno, and by the chain of gold with which her hands were bound, might signify, not only that domestick affairs should like fetters detain the wife at home; but that proper and beautiful works like chains of gold ought to employ her hands."

The physical part of this note belongs to Heraclides Ponticus, Eustathius, and the Scholiast: M. Dacier might have been contented with the credit of the moral one, as it seems an observation no less singular in a lady. P.

Ver. 23.] Eustathius tells us, that there were in some manuscripts of Homer two verses, which are not to be found in any of the printed editions, (which Hen. Stephens places here.)

Πρὶν γ' ὅτε δὴ σ' ἀπέλυσα ποδῶν, μύδρες δ' ἐνὶ Τροίῃ  
Κάδβαλον ὄφρα πίλοιτο καὶ ἰσσομένησι πυλίστοι.

By these two verses Homer shews us, that what he says of the punishment of Juno was not an invention of his own, but founded upon an ancient tradition. There had probably been some statue of Juno with anvils at her feet, and chains on her hands; and

I hung thee trembling, in a golden chain ; 25  
 And all the raging Gods oppos'd in vain ?  
 Headlong I hurl'd them from th' Olympian hall,  
 Stunn'd in the whirl, and breathless with the fall.  
 For god-like Hercules these deeds were done, 29  
 Nor seem'd the vengeance worthy such a son ;  
 When by thy wiles induc'd, fierce Boreas tost  
 The shipwreck'd hero on the Coan coast :  
 Him thro' a thousand forms of death I bore,  
 And sent to Argos, and his native shore.  
 Hear this, remember, and our fury dread, 35  
 Nor pull th' unwilling vengeance on thy head ;  
 Left arts and blandishments successless prove,  
 Thy soft deceits, and well-dissembled love.  
 The Thund'rer spoke : Imperial Juno mourn'd,  
 And trembling, these submissive words return'd.

---

nothing but chains and anvils being left by time, superstitious people raised this story ; so that Homer only followed common report. What farther confirms it, is what Eustathius adds, That there were shewn near Troy certain ruins, which were said to be the remains of these masses. Dacier. P:

Ver. 26.] Ogilby is faithful ; where our poet is defective :

For whomsoe'er I intermeddling found,  
 I breathless hurl'd from heav'n unto the ground.

Ver. 31.] Thus Chapman :

On which (*inducing northerne stormes*) thou *shipwrack'dst*  
 Hercules,  
 And *tost* him to the Coon shore.

Ver. 33.] In the same manner Ogilby :

But my dear offspring to the Spartan *shore*  
 After much hardship I in safety *bore*.

By ev'ry oath that pow'rs immortal ties, 41  
 The foodful earth, and all-infolding skies,  
 By thy black waves, tremendous Styx! that flow  
 Thro' the drear realms of gliding ghosts below :

Ver. 39.] *Mourn'd* is an improper word, and introduced for the sole purpose of the rhyme. Thus ?

The Thunderer spake. Submissive *then replies*,  
 Trembling, *the reverend empress of the skies* :  
 By every oath to powers immortal given,  
 The foodful Earth, and all-infolding Heaven.——

Ver. 40.] Our poet had an eye an Ogilby :  
 When Juno thus *submissively* replies :

For the original runs literally thus :  
 He spake, and horror chill'd the reverend queen ;  
 Who thus in winged words her answer fram'd.

Ver. 42.] Dryden, *Æn.* vi. 804 :  
 There Titus was to see ; who took his birth  
 From heaven ; his nursing from *the foodful earth*.

Ver. 43.] *By thy black waves, tremendous Styx.*] The epithet Homer here gives to Styx is *καίνωρον*, *subterlabens*, which I take to refer to its passage through the infernal regions. But there is a refinement upon it, as if it signified *ex alto stillans*, falling drop by drop from on high. Herodotus, in his sixth book writes thus. “ The Arcadians say, that near the city Nonacris flows the water of Styx, and that it is a small rill, which distilling from an exceeding high rock, falls into a little cavity or basin, environed with a hedge.” Pausanias, who had seen the place, gives light to this passage of Herodotus. “ Going from Phereus, says he, in the country of the Arcadians, and drawing towards the West, we find on the left the city of Clytorus, and on the right that of Nonacris, and the fountain of Styx, which from the height of a shaggy precipice falls drop by drop upon an exceeding high rock, and before it has traversed this rock, flows into the river Crathis : this water is mortal both to man and beast, and therefore it is said to be an infernal fountain. Homer gives it a place



By the dread honours of thy sacred head, 45  
 And that unbroken vow, our virgin bed !  
 Not by my arts the ruler of the main  
 Steeps Troy in blood, and ranges round the plain :  
 By his own ardour, his own pity sway'd  
 To help his Greeks ; he fought, and disobey'd :  
 Else had thy Juno better counsels giv'n, 51  
 And taught submission to the Sire of Heav'n.

Think'st thou with me ? fair Empress of the  
 Skies !

(Th' immortal Father with a smile replies !)

“ in his poems, and by the description which he delivers, one  
 “ would think he had seen it.” This shews the wonderful exact-  
 nefs of Homer, in the description of places which he mentions.  
 The gods swore by Styx, and this was the strongest oath they could  
 take ; but we likewise find that men too swore by this fatal water :  
 for Herodotus tells us, Cleomenes going to Arcadia to engage the  
 Arcadians to follow him in a war against Sparta, had a design to  
 assemble at the city of Nonacris, and make them swear by the water  
 of this fountain. Dacier. Eustath. in Odyss. P.

More closely thus :

Thy waves, O Styx, (*dire oath of Gods !*) that flow——.

Ver. 44.] Dryden, *Æn.* vi. 376 :

Ye *gliding ghosts*, permit me to relate  
 The mystic wonders of your silent state.

Ver. 45.] Thus Ogilby :

Dull Stygian waves, and *thy* most sacred head,  
 And the first pleasures of our nuptial bed.

Ver. 47. *Not by my arts, &c.*] This apology is well contrived ;  
 Juno could not swear that she had not deceived Jupiter, for this had  
 been entirely false, and Homer would be far from authorizing per-  
 jury by so great an example. Juno, we see, throws part of the  
 fault on Neptune, by shewing she had not acted in concert with  
 him. Eustathius. P.

Then soon the haughty sea-god shall obey, 55  
 Nor dare to act, but when we point the way.  
 If truth inspires thy tongue, proclaim our will  
 To yon' bright synod on th' Olympian hill ;  
 Our high decree let various Iris know,  
 And call the God that bears the silver bow. 60  
 Let her descend, and from th' embattled plain  
 Command the sea-god to his wat'ry reign :  
 While Phœbus hastes, great Hector to prepare  
 To rise afresh, and once more wake the war,  
 His lab'ring bosom re-inspires with breath, 65  
 And calls his senses from the verge of death.  
 Greece chas'd by Troy ev'n to Achilles' fleet,  
 Shall fall by thousands at the hero's feet.

---

Ver. 55.] This turn of the passage might possibly originate in Ogilby's version just above :

But him I shall advise to go that way,  
 Which thou direct'st, and thee, great Jove, *t'obey*.

Ver. 61.] The original says literally,

To cease from war, and his own mansions seek :

but Ogilby :

And Neptune charge the battell to decline,  
 And in his watry realm himself confine.

Ver. 67. *Greece chas'd by Troy, &c.*] In this discourse of Jupiter, the poet opens his design, by giving his reader a sketch of the principal events he is to expect. As this conduct of Homer may to many appear no way artful, and since it is a principal article of the charge brought against him by some late French criticks, it will not be improper here to look a little into this dispute. The case will be best stated by translating the following passage from Mr. de la Motte's *Reflexions sur la Critique*.

He, not untouch'd with pity, to the plain  
Shall fend Patroclus, but shall fend in vain. 70

"I could not forbear wishing that Homer had an art, which he seems to have neglected, that of preparing events without making them known beforehand; so that when they happen, one might be surpris'd agreeably. I could not be quite satisfied to hear Jupiter, in the middle of the Iliad, give an exact abridgement of the remainder of the action. Madam Dacier alledges as an excuse, that this pass only between Jupiter and Juno; as if the reader was not let into the secret, and had not as much share in the confidence."

She adds, "that as we are capable of a great deal of pleasure at the representation of a tragedy which we have seen before, so the surpris'es which I require are no way necessary to our entertainment. This I think a pure piece of sophistry: one may have two sorts of pleasure at the representation of a tragedy; in the first place, that of taking part in an action of importance the first time it passes before our eyes, of being agitated by fear and hope for the persons one is most concerned about, and in fine, of partaking their felicity or misfortune, as they happen to succeed, or be disappointed.

"This therefore is the first pleasure which the poet should design to give his auditors, to transport them by pathetic surpris'es which excite terror or pity. 'The second pleasure must proceed from a view of that art which the author has shewn in raising the former.

"'Tis true, when we have seen a piece already, we have no longer that first pleasure of the surpris'es, at least not in all its vivacity; but there still remains the second, which could never have its turn, had not the poet laboured successfully to excite the first, it being upon that indispensable obligation that we judge of his art.

"The art therefore consists in telling the hearer only what is necessary to be told him, and in telling him only as much as is requisite to the design of pleasing him. And although we know this already when we read it a second time, we yet taste the pleasure of that order and conduct which the art required.

"From hence it follows, that every poem ought to be contrived

What youth he slaughters under Ilion's walls?  
 Ev'n my lov'd son, divine Sarpedon falls!

---

"for the first impression it is to make. If it be otherwise, it gives  
 "us (instead of two pleasures which we expected) two sorts of dis-  
 "gusts: the one, that of being cool and untouched when we  
 "should be moved and transported; the other, that of perceiving  
 "the defect which caused that disgust.

"This, in one word, is what I have found in the Iliad. I was  
 "not interested or touched by the adventures, and I saw it was this  
 "cooling preparation that prevented my being so."

It appears clearly that M. Dacier's defence no way excuses the poet's conduct; wherefore I shall add two or three considerations which may chance to set it in a better light. It must be owned that a surprise artfully managed, which arises from unexpected revolutions of great actions, is extremely pleasing. In this consists the principal pleasure of a romance, or well-writ tragedy. But besides this, there is in the relation of great events a different kind of pleasure, which arises from the artful unravelling a knot of actions, which we knew before in the gross. This is a delight peculiar to history and epick poetry, which is founded on history. In these kinds of writing, a preceding summary knowledge, of the events described, does no way damp our curiosity, but rather makes it more eager for the detail. This is evident in a good history, where generally the reader is affected with a greater delight in proportion to his preceding knowledge of the facts described: the pleasure in this case is like that of an architect's first view of some magnificent building, who was before well acquainted with the proportions of it. In an epick poem the case is of a like nature; where, as if the historical fore-knowledge were not sufficient, the most judicious poets never fail to excite their reader's curiosity by some small sketches of their design; which, like the outlines of a fine picture, will necessarily raise in us a greater desire to see it in its finished colouring.

Had our author been inclined to follow the method of managing our passions by surprises, he could not well have succeeded by this manner in the subject he chose to write upon, which being a story of great importance, the principal events of which were well known to the Greeks, it was not possible for him to alter the ground-work of his piece; and probably he was willing to mark sometimes by



In aid of Greece. The promise of a God 80  
 I gave, and seal'd it with th' almighty nod,  
 Achilles' glory to the stars to raise;  
 Such was our word, and Fate the word obeys.  
 The trembling queen (th' almighty order giv'n)  
 Swift from th' Idæan summit shot to heav'n 85  
 As some way-faring man, who wanders o'er  
 In thought, a length of lands he trod before,

---

the following clause, omitted by our translator at verse 80, may readily be concluded from the premises :

Before Pelides' wish be gratified.

Ver. 80.] In the remainder of this speech, Pope deviates widely : Ogilby is prosaic, but steady to his author :

The grant I made his mother late, when she  
 Humbly besought me, (and embrac'd my knee)  
 I would to honour turn th' injustice done  
 Unto that city-fucker, her bold son.

Ver. 86. *As some way-faring man, &c.*] The discourse of Jupiter to Juno being ended, she ascends to heaven with wonderful celerity, which the poet explains by this comparison. On other occasions he has illustrated the action of the mind by sensible images from the motion of bodies ; here he inverts the case, and shews the great velocity of Juno's flight by comparing it to the quickness of thought. No other comparison could have equalled the speed of an heavenly being. To render this more beautiful and exact, the poet describes a traveller who revolves in his mind the several places which he has seen, and in an instant passes in imagination from one distant part of the earth to another. Milton seems to have had it in his eye in that elevated passage :

---

The speed of Gods  
 Time counts not, tho' with swiftest minutes wing'd.

As the sense in which we have explained this passage is exactly literal, as well as truly sublime, one cannot but wonder what should induce

Sends forth his active mind from place to place,  
Joins hill to dale, and measures space with  
space:

---

both Hobbes and Chapman to ramble so wide from it in their translations:

This said, went Juno to Olympus high,  
As when a man looks o'er an ample plain,  
To any distance quickly goes his eye:  
So swiftly Juno went with little pain.

Chapman's is yet more foreign to the subject:

But as the mind of such a man, that hath a great way gone,  
And either knowing not his way, or then would let alone  
His purpos'd journey; is distract, and in his vexed mind  
Resolves now not to go, now goes, still many ways inclin'd— P.

Ver. 89.] This verse is altogether inapposite to his author: the *three* preceding are happily executed. The following attempt is a literal representation of the comparison:

Just as in rapid thought expatiates he,  
Who many lands has pass'd; debating wife,  
“There should I go, or there?” excursion quick!

Ogilby and Hobbes, as our poet has remarked, did not understand the passage. I will quote Dacier's version, because I am inclined, in opposition to critical authority, to believe the true sense of Homer represented in it: “Comme la pensée d'un homme qui a voyagé dans plusieurs contrées fort éloignées, et qui a sagement remarqué tout ce qu'il a vu, parcourt rapidement tous les lieux où il a été, et plus vite que l'éclair passe du couchant à l'aurore.” And so the more ancient French translator, whose close version I much prefer to this paraphrastic prolixity. “Elle vole avec la même legereté, que la pensée d'un homme, qui ayant fait de grands voyages se souvient de tous les pays, où il a passé, et y fait encore aller son esprit.” Thus Cowley, David. iii. 80:

Afahel swifter than the northern wind:  
Scarce could the nimble motions of his mind  
Outgo his feet.

So swift flew Juno to the blest abodes, 90  
 If thought of man can match the speed of Gods.  
 There sat the pow'rs in awful synod plac'd;  
 They bow'd, and made obeisance as she pass'd,  
 Thro' all the brazen dome: with goblets crown'd  
 They hail her queen; the nectar streams around.  
 Fair Themis first presents the golden bowl, 96  
 And anxious asks what cares disturb her soul?  
 To whom the white-arm'd goddess thus replies.  
 Enough thou know'st the tyrant of the skies,  
 Severely bent his purpose to fulfil, 100  
 Unmov'd his mind, and unrestrain'd his will.  
 Go thou, the feasts of heav'n attend thy call;  
 Bid the crown'd nectar circle round the hall;

---

Ver. 91.] A line of uncommon excellence, interpolated by our admirable translator.

Ver. 93.] His author dictates,

They *rose*, and made obeisance as she pass'd.

Ver. 97.] Here he huddles over a short address, which may be seen in the following adjustment of Ogilby:

*Say, Juno, why this cloud upon thy brows?*

*Sure some alarm from Jove, thy thundering spouse,*

Ver. 102. *Go thou, the feasts of heav'n attend thy call.*] This is a passage worthy our observation. Homer feigns, that Themis, that is Justice, presides over the feasts of the Gods; to let us know, that she ought much more to preside over the feasts of men. Euthatius. P.

This is very licentious and diffuse. The following attempt comprehends all of the original, which these *four* lines are intended to



But Jove shall thunder thro' the ethereal dome,  
Such stern decrees, such threatned woes to  
come,

105

As soon shall freeze mankind with dire surprise,  
And damp th' eternal banquets of the skies.

The Goddesses said, and fullen took her place;  
Blank horror sadden'd each celestial face.

To see the gath'ring grudge in ev'ry breast, 110  
Smiles on her lips a spleenful joy exprest;

While on her wrinkled front, and eye-brow bent,  
Sat steadfast Care, and low'ring Discontent.

Thus she proceeds—Attend ye pow'rs above!  
But know, 'tis madness to contest with Jove: 115

---

exhibit. The rhymes, though inaccurate, are such as our best poets employ without scruple, and may well be indulged to an occasional adventurer from necessity:

Go, for the deities their feast prepare:  
With thee th' immortals Jove's dread schemes shall hear;  
Schemes, that shall freeze —.

Ver. 108.] Homer says only,

Thus spake the reverend goddesses, and sat down:

so that our poet was guided by Chapman:

Thus took she place, *displeasedly*.

Ver. 112.] Our author profited by Chapman, who is accurate:

She laught, but meerly from her lips: for, over her blacke browes  
Her *still-bent* forehead was not cleer'd.

Ogilby is not contemptible:

She simpring feign'd a smile, but knew not how  
The anger to unfurrow on her brow.

Ver. 114. *Juno's speech to the Gods.*] It was no sort of exaggeration what the ancients have affirmed of Homer, that the

Supreme he sits; and fees, in pride of sway,  
 Your vassal Godheads grudgingly obey:  
 Fierce in the majesty of pow'r controuls;  
 Shakes all the thrones of heav'n, and bends the  
                     poles.

Submits, immortals! all he wills, obey; 120  
 And thou, great Mars, begin and shew the way.  
 Behold Ascalaphus! behold him die,  
 But dare not murmur, dare not vent a sigh;  
 Thy own lov'd boasted offspring lies o'erthrown,  
 If that lov'd boasted offspring be thy own. 125

---

examples of all kinds of oratory are to be found in his works. The present speech of Juno is a master-piece in that sort, which seems to say one thing, and persuades another: for while she is only declaring to the Gods the orders of Jupiter, at the time that she tells them they must obey, she fills them with a reluctance to do it. By representing so strongly the superiority of his power, she makes them uneasy at it; and by particularly advising that God to submit, whose temper could least brook it, she incites him to downright rebellion. Nothing can be more sly and artfully provoking, than that stroke on the death of his darling son. *Do thou, O Mars, teach obedience to us all, for it is upon thee that Jupiter has put the severest trial: Ascalaphus thy son lies slain by his means: bear it with so much temper and moderation, that the world may not think he was thy son.* P.

Ver. 117.] He might derive this elegance from a hint in Ogilby:

Makes us all slaves.

And the spirit of this speech is finely adumbrated from the original by our translator, with very little attention to the specific words.

Ver. 119.] This verse is wholly supplemental.

Stern Mars, with anguish for his slaughter'd son,  
Smote his rebelling breast, and fierce begun.  
Thus then, Immortals? thus shall Mars obey?  
Forgive me, Gods, and yield my vengeance way:  
Descending first to yon' forbidden plain, 130  
The God of battles dares avenge the slain;  
Dares, tho' the thunder bursting o'er my head  
Should hurl me blazing on those heaps of dead.

With that, he gives command to Fear and Flight  
To join his rapid coursers for the fight: 135  
Then grim in arms, with hasty vengeance flies;  
Arms, that reflect a radiance thro' the skies.

---

Ver. 127.] Our poet thought, no doubt, that the delicacy of modern readers would be disgusted with the naked verity of his author, which is displayed by Ogilby without disguise:

This said, the god striking *his brazen thighs*  
With open hands, complaining thus replies.

He appears afterwards to have changed his opinion: compare book xvi. verse 155:

Ver. 132.] This is a fine couplet, but would become, I think, more full and explicit with this correction:

Dares, if *Jove's* thunder —.

Ver. 134. *To Fear and Flight* —] Homer does not say, that Mars commanded they should join his horses to his chariot, which horses were called Fear and Flight. Fear and Flight are not the names of the horses of Mars, but the names of two furies in the service of this God: it appears likewise by other passages, that they were his children, book xiii. ver. 299. of the original. This is a very ancient mistake; Eustathius mentions it as an error of Antimachus, yet Hobbes and most others have fallen into it. P.

Ver. 137.] His original says only,

And now had Jove, by bold rebellion driv'n,  
 Discharg'd his wrath on half the host of heav'n;  
 But Pallas springing thro' the bright abode, 140  
 Starts from her azure throne to calm the God.  
 Struck for th' immortal race with timely fear,  
 From frantick Mars she snatch'd the shield and  
 spear:

Then the huge helmet lifting from his head,  
 Thus, to th' impetuous homicide she said. 145

By what wild passion, furious! art thou tost?  
 Striv'st thou with Jove? Thou art already lost.  
 Shall not the Thund'rer's dread command restrain,  
 And was imperial Juno heard in vain?  
 Back to the skies would'st thou with shame be  
 driv'n, 150

And in thy guilt involve the host of heav'n?

---

Himself his arms all-radiant buckled on:  
 but Chapman, who led the way for Pope,  
 ————— he got armes, that *over heaven* did shine.

Ver. 140.] The preposterous arrangement of circumstances in  
 this couplet may be rectified by the following adjustment:

But Pallas from her throne to calm the god  
 Starts, *and springs eager* thro' the bright abode.

Ver. 142.] More accurately thus:

*Mov'd* for th' immortal race with timely fear,  
 Snatcht from *his sturdy grasp* the shield and spear.

Ver. 146.] Rudely, but more faithfully, thus:

Wilt thou destruction? furious, deaf, and blind!  
~~Has~~ shame thy face, and reason left thy mind?

Ilion and Greece no more should Jove engage;  
 The skies would yield an ampler scene of rage,  
 Guilty and guiltless find an equal fate,  
 And one vast ruin whelm th'Olympian state. 155  
 Cease then thy offspring's death unjust to call;  
 Heroes as great have dy'd, and yet shall fall.  
 Why should heav'n's law with foolish man  
 comply,

Exempted from the race ordain'd to die?

This menace fix'd the warriour to his throne; 160  
 Sullen he sat, and curb'd the rising groan.  
 Then Juno call'd (Jove's orders to obey)  
 The winged Iris, and the God of day.

Ver. 154.] Thus Chapman:

*Guiltie and guiltlesse*, both to wracke, in his high rage had gone.

Ver. 156.] Or thus?

Cease; for thy son this frantic wrath restrain:

Chiefs mightier prefs, and yet shall prefs, the plain.

Ver. 158.] There is a degree of obscurity upon this couplet, which renders it, I think, all but unintelligible. I would thus chastise Ogilby, who will at least convey the true sense of his author:

*Hard would it be for Gods the race to save*

*Of perishable mortals from the grave.*

Ver. 160.] Thus Chapman:

*This threat even nail'd him to his throne.*

And the next verse is the invention of the translator, to which Dacier might possibly give occasion; "*Elle ramena Mars et le fit  
 "affcoir malgré sa fureur.*"

Go wait the Thund'rer's will (Saturnia cry'd)  
 On yon' tall fummit of the fount-full Ide: 165  
 There in the father's awful prefence stand,  
 Receive, and execute his dread command.

She faid, and fat: the God that gilds the day,  
 And various Iris, wing their airy way.  
 Swift as the wind, to Ida's hills they came, 170  
 (Fair nurfe of fountains, and of favage game)  
 There fat th' Eternal: he, whose nod controlls  
 The trembling world, and fhakes the fteady poles.

---

Ver. 164. *Go wait the Thund'rer's will.*] It is remarkable, that whereas it is familiar with the poet to repeat his errands and meffages, here he introduces Juno with very few words, where she carries a difpatch from Jupiter to Iris and Apollo. She only fays, "Jove commands you to attend him on mount Ida," and adds nothing of what had paffed between herfelf and her confort before. The reafon of this brevity is not only that ſhe is highly difgufted with Jupiter, and fo unwilling to tell her tale from the anguiſh of her heart; but alfo becauſe Jupiter had given her no commiſſion to relate fully the ſubject of their difcourſe: wherefore ſhe is cautious of declaring what poſſibly he would have concealed. Neither does Jupiter himſelf in what follows reveal his decrees: for he lets Apollo only ſo far into his will, that he would have him diſorder and rout the Greeks; their good fortune, and the ſucceſs which was to enſue, he hides from him, as one who favoured the cauſe of Troy. One may remark in this paſſage Homer's various conduct and diſcretion concerning what ought to be put in practice, or left undone: whereby his reader may be informed how to regulate his own affairs. Euſtathius. P.

Ver. 170.] The comparifon is from our tranſlator, who found it in Chapman:

---

— thoſe two outſtrip the wind.

Ver. 172.] Theſe *four* verſes amplify much on the original,

Veil'd in a mist of fragrance him they found,  
 With clouds of gold and purple circled round. 175  
 Well-pleas'd the Thund'rer saw their earnest care,  
 And prompt obedience to the queen of air;  
 Then (while a smile serene his awful brow)  
 Commands the Goddesses of the show'ry bow.

Iris! descend, and what we here ordain 180  
 Report to yon' mad tyrant of the main.  
 Bid him from fight to his own deeps repair,  
 Or breathe from slaughter in the fields of air.  
 If he refuse, then let him timely weigh  
 Our elder birthright, and superiour sway. 185  
 How shall his rashness stand the dire alarms,  
 If heav'n's Omnipotence descend in arms?

---

whose full sense the following couplet comprehends :

Loud thundering Jove on Gargarus' top they found;  
 Veil'd, as he sat, with clouds of fragrance round.\*

Ver. 176.] More accurately thus :

Close to the cloud-compelling king they stand;  
 Their prompt obedience to his queen's command  
 Allays his passion, and serene his brow:  
 Then thus, Thou goddesses of the silver bow,  
 Descend, he said; and what we here ordain —.

Ver. 183.] This verse is liable to be misconceived. Thus?

Bid him from battle seek his own abodes,  
 Or quit the slaughter for the hall of gods,

Ver. 184.] The spirit of this speech is finely taken off, without much attention to the specific words, or to their arrangement.

Strives he with me, by whom his pow'r was  
giv'n,

And is there equal to the Lord of Heav'n?

Th' Almighty spoke; the Goddefs wing'd her  
flight

190

To sacred Ilium from th' Idæan height.

Swift as the rat'ling hail, or fleecy snows

Drive thro' the skies, when Boreas fiercely blows;

So from the clouds descending Iris falls;

And to blue Neptune thus the Goddefs calls. 195

Attend the mandate of the fire above,

In me behold the messenger of Jove:

---

Ver. 190.] Ogilby's couplet is not inelegant :

This said, the virgin from the mountain flies

To sacred Ilium through the cryftall skies.

Ver. 192.] Thus Chapman :

~~Of~~ and like a mightie *snow*

Of gelide haile, that from the clouds, the northerne spirit  
doth *blow* :

which are the rhymes also of Ogilby, who may be thus chastised,  
in emulation of the peculiar beauties of the original:

Swift as *the rattling hail*, or *driving snow*,

When *the fierce glances of cold Boreas blow*.

Ver. 194.] Chapman probably furnisht the rhyming word of  
this verse, which lay out of the common way:

So *fell* the windie-footed dame.

Ver. 196.] Ogilby, with the most trivial correction and  
transposition, is good :

Earth's great embracer, and *wide ocean's king*,

To thee this embassy from Jove I bring.



He bids thee from forbidden wars repair  
 To thy own deeps, or to the fields of air.  
 This if refus'd, he bids thee timely weigh 200  
 His elder birthright, and superiour sway.  
 How shall thy rashness stand the dire alarms,  
 If heav'n's Omnipotence descend in arms?  
 Striv'st thou with him, by whom all pow'r is giv'n?  
 And art thou equal to the Lord of Heav'n? 205  
 What means the haughty sov'reign of the skies,  
 (The king of Ocean thus, incens'd, replies)  
 Rule as he will his portion'd realms on high;  
 No vassal God, nor of his train am I.  
 Three brother deities from Saturn came, 210  
 And ancient Rhea, Earth's immortal dame:

---

Ver. 200.] Our poet adopts his former version, when his author is not the same throughout. The following attempt is literal:

If thou despise and disobey his words,  
 He also threatens to contest the field  
 To thee oppos'd: but bids thee shun his hands,  
 As one, who boasts superiour strength to thine,  
 And earlier birth: yet thy fond heart affects  
 To rival him, the terror of the rest.

Ver. 207.] Thus Ogilby:  
 Highly *incens'd* then Neptune thus reply'd.

Ver. 208.] This is highly spirited and elegant. The reader may choose to compare Chapman, who is verbally exact:

——— O unworthy thing! though he be great, he beares  
 His tongue too proudly; that our selfe, borne to an equall share  
 Of state and freedome, he would force.

Ver. 210. *Three brother Deities from Saturn came,  
 And ancient Rhea, Earth's immortal dame;  
 Assign'd by lot, our triple rule we know, &c.]*

Assign'd by lot, our triple rule we know;  
 Infernal Pluto sways the shades below;  
 O'er the wide clouds, and o'er the starry plain,  
 Ethereal Jove extends his high domain; 215

---

Some have thought the Platonick philosophers drew from hence the notion of their *Triad* (which the Christian *Platonists* since imagined to be an obscure hint of the *Sacred Trinity*.) The *Trias* of Plato is well known, τὸ αὐτὸ δὲ, ὁ εἷς ὁ δημιουργός, ἢ τὸ κόσμος ψυχῇ. In his *Gorgias* he tells us, τὸν Ὅμηρον (*autorem sc. fuisse*) τῆς τῶν δημιουργικῶν Τριάδος ὑποστάσεως. See Proclus in Plat. Theol. lib. i. cap. 5. Lucian Philopatr. Aristotle de Cælo, lib. i. cap. 1. speaking of the *Ternarian* number from Pythagoras, has these words; Τὰ τρία πάντα, καὶ τὸ τρις πᾶν. Καὶ πρὸς τὰς ἀρετὰς τῶν Θεῶν χρῶμεθα τῷ ἀριθμῷ τέττα. Καθάπερ γὰρ φασὶν καὶ οἱ Πυθαγόρειοι, τὸ πᾶν καὶ τὰ πάντα ταῖς τρισὶν ὁρίζεται. Τελευταὴ γὰρ καὶ μέσση καὶ ἀρχὴ τὸν ἀριθμὸν ἔχει τὸν τῷ παντός· ταῦτα δὲ τὸν τῆς τριάδος. From which passage Trapezuntius endeavoured very seriously to prove, that Aristotle had a perfect knowledge of the Trinity. Duport (who furnished me with this note, and who seems to be sensible of the folly of Trapezuntius) nevertheless in his *Gnomologia HomERICA*, or comparison of our author's sentences with those of the scripture, has placed, opposite to this verse, that of St. John: *There are three who give testimony in heaven, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost*. I think this the strongest instance I ever met with of the manner of thinking of such men, whose too much learning has made them mad.

Lactantius, de Fals. Relig. lib. i. cap. 11, takes this fable to be a remain of ancient history, importing, that the empire of the then known world was divided among the three brothers; to Jupiter the oriental part which was called heaven, as the region of light, or the sun; to Pluto the occidental, or darker regions: and to Neptune the sovereignty of the seas. P.

Ver. 211.] The latter clause is the interpolation of our poet. Hesiod in his *Theogony*, ver. 135. makes Rhea the daughter of the *Earth*.

My court beneath the hoary waves I keep,  
 And hush the roarings of the sacred deep:  
 Olympus, and this earth, in common lie;  
 What claim has here the tyrant of the sky?  
 Far in the distant clouds let him controul, 220  
 And awe the younger brothers of the pole;  
 There to his children his commands be giv'n,  
 The trembling, servile, second race of heav'n.

And must I then (said she) O Sire of Floods!  
 Bear this fierce answer to the king of Gods? 225  
 Correct it yet, and change thy rash intent;  
 A noble mind disdains not to repent.  
 To elder brothers guardian Fiends are giv'n,  
 To scourge the wretch insulting them and heav'n.

---

Ver. 217.] A fine verse, interpolated by the translator. Hobbes thus exhibits the passage:

To Jove the government of heaven fell,  
 And of the clouds, and the ethereal sky:  
 To Pluto darkness and the rule of hell:  
*Earth and Olympus did as common lie.*

Ver. 228. *To elder brothers.*] Iris, that she may not seem to upbraid Neptune with weakness in judgment, out of regard to the greatness and dignity of his person, does not say that Jupiter is stronger or braver; but attacking him from a motive not in the least invidious, superiority of age, she says sententially, that the Furies wait upon our elders. The Furies are said to wait upon men in a double sense: either for evil, as they did upon Orestes after he had slain his mother; or else for their good, as upon elders when they are injured, to protect them and avenge their wrongs. This is an instance that the Pagans looked upon birth-right as a right divine. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 229.] A line not unseasonably added by our poet, as

Great is the profit (thus the God rejoin'd) 230  
 When ministers are blest with prudent mind:  
 Warn'd by thy words, to pow'ful Jove I yield,  
 And quit, tho' angry, the contended field.  
 Not but his threats with justice I disclaim,  
 The same our honours, and our birth the same.  
 If yet, forgetful of his promise giv'n 236  
 To Hermes, Pallas, and the queen of heav'n;  
 To favour Ilion, that perfidious place,  
 He breaks his faith with half th' ethereal race:  
 Give him to know, unless the Grecian train 240  
 Lay yon' proud structures level with the plain,  
 Howe'er th' offence by other gods be past,  
 The wrath of Neptune shall for ever last.  
 Thus speaking, furious from the field he strode,  
 And plung'd into the bosom of the flood. 245

---

explanatory of his author; and originating, perhaps, with Dacier:  
 "Vous n'ignorez pas que les noires Furies suivent toujours les  
 "aînés, pour venger les outrages que leur font leurs freres."

Ver. 236.] Our author may be thus corrected in fidelity to his  
 model, which has no mention of faith, or promises, or any thing  
 equivalent to these terms:

If yet, *without consent expressly given*  
 By Hermes, Pallas, and the Queen of heaven;  
 To favour Ilion *and her lofty towers,*  
 He *slight the will of* half th' æthereal powers;

for the 238th verse has more convenience in it, than poetical ani-  
 mation; of which I have presumed, for this reason, to propose an  
 alteration at the same time.

Ver. 244.] Chapman has properly represented his author:

The Lord of Thunders from his lofty height  
Beheld, and thus bespoke the source of light.

Behold! the god whose liquid arms are hurl'd  
Around the globe, whose earthquakes rock the  
world;

Defists at length his rebel-war to wage, 250  
Seeks his own seas, and trembles at our rage;  
Else had my wrath, heav'n's thrones all shaking  
round,

Burn'd to the bottom of the seas profound;

---

This said, he left the Greeks, and rusht, into his watrie throne,  
Much mist of all th' heroicke host.

Ver. 248.] This is a most happy and elegant version of the  
epithet in the original γαιήχου : *earth-containing* Neptune : and in  
the stile of antiquity. Thus, for example, Euripides in his *Orestes*,  
ver. 1377 :

ἡ πάντων, οὐκείνους δὲ  
ταυροκίβητος ἀγκυλαῖς  
ἰλίσσων κυκλεῖ χθονά :

The sea, where roaring ocean winds,  
And earth with *arms* encircling binds :  
who says also of Æther, in that well-known fragment :

ὅρας τοῦ ὕψους τοῖδ' ἀπείρον αἰθέρα,  
καὶ γῆν περιέχοντ' ὕγραις ἐν ἀγκυλαῖς  
τούτῳ νομίζε Ζηνά, τοῖδ' ἤγου θίον :

Sect thou high Æther's infinite expanse,  
Who earth encircles in his *liquid arms* ?  
Esteem this, Jupiter : be this thy god.

Ver. 252. *Else had my wrath, &c.*] This representation of the  
terrors which must have attended the conflict of two such mighty  
powers as Jupiter and Neptune, whereby the elements had been  
mixed in confusion, and the whole frame of nature endangered, is  
imaged in these few lines with a nobleness fuitable to the occasion.

And all the gods that round old Saturn dwell,  
 Had heard the thunders to the deeps of hell. 255  
 Well was the crime, and well the vengeance  
     spar'd ;

Ev'n pow'r immense had found such battle hard.  
 Go thou, my son! the trembling Greeks alarm,  
 Shake my broad Ægis on thy active arm,  
 Be god-like Hector thy peculiar care, 260  
 Swell his bold heart, and urge his strength to  
     war :

Let Ilion conquer, 'till th' Achaian train  
 Fly to their ships and Hellespont again :  
 Then Greece shall breathe from toils—The god-  
     head said ;  
 His will divine the son of Jove obey'd. 265

Milton has a thought very like it in his fourth book, where he represents what must have happened if Satan and Gabriel had encountered:

Not only Paradise  
 In this commotion, but the starry cope  
 Of heav'n, perhaps, and all the elements  
 At last had gone to wreck, disturb'd and torn  
 With violence of this conflict ; had not soon  
 Th' Almighty, to prevent such horrid fray, &c. P.

Ver. 254.] The following corrections would render the preceding couplet a superfluity with respect to the sense of Homer :

*Else* had the gods, that round old Saturn dwell,  
*Felt our dire conflict* to the deeps of hell.

Thus Ogilby :

Th' infernall gods else, who with Saturn dwell,  
 Had heard of this our difference in hell.

Ver. 260.] Thus Ogilby :

And take of Hector an especial care.

## HOMER'S ILLIAD.

Not half so swift the sailing falcon flies,  
 That drives a turtle thro' the liquid skies;  
 As Phœbus shooting from th' Idæan brow,  
 Glides down the mountain to the plain below.  
 There Hector seated by the stream he sees, 270  
 His sense returning with the coming breeze;  
 Again his pulses beat, his spirits rise;  
 Again his lov'd companions meet his eyes;  
 Jove thinking of his pains, they pass away.  
 To whom the god who gives the golden day. 275  
 Why sits great Hector from the field so far?  
 What grief, what wound, with-holds him from  
 the war?

---

Ver. 266.] Our translator is always intent on exaggeration :  
 substituting *millions* for his author's *thousands*, and more than *doub-*  
*ling* the velocity of Apollo. A correction of Ogilby will be per-  
 fectly accurate to the original :

*Shot, as a hawk, the swiftest bird that flies,  
 Fleet, dove-destroying, cuts the yielding skies.*

Ver. 270.] More accurately thus :

No longer prostrate, now the chief he found,  
 But, late recover'd, sitting on the ground :  
 No more his breath quick-panting comes and goes ;  
 Or waiting sweat o'er every member flows.  
 His lov'd companions meet his eyes again ;  
 For Jove's indulgence had assuag'd his pain.  
 Tell, what disaster, says the God of day,  
 Detains enfeebled Hector from the fray ?

Ver. 274. *Jove thinking of his pains, they pass away.*] Eusta-  
 thius observes, that this is a very sublime representation of the power  
 of Jupiter, to make Hector's pains cease from the moment wherein  
 he turned his thoughts towards him. Apollo finds him so

The fainting hero, as the vision bright  
 Stood shining o'er him, half unseal'd his sight :  
 What blest immortal, with commanding breath,  
 Thus wakens Hector from the sleep of death? 281  
 Has Fame not told, how, while my trusty sword  
 Bath'd Greece in slaughter, and her battle gor'd,  
 The mighty Ajax with a deadly blow  
 Had almost sunk me to the shades below? 285  
 Ev'n yet, methinks, the gliding ghosts I spy,  
 And hell's black horrors swim before my eye.  
 To him Apollo. Be no more dismay'd;  
 See and be strong! the Thund'rer sends thee aid.

---

~~far~~ recovered, as to be able to sit up, and know his friends. Thus  
~~much was~~ the work of Jupiter; the god of health perfects the  
 care. P.

Ver. 278.] These poetical fancies are from the translator only.  
 His original literally runs thus :

Him the bold chief with languid voice addrest :  
 Who, best of gods, art thou, who question'st thus?  
 Hast thou not heard——.

Ver. 282.] Thus Chapman :

—— doth not *Fame*, from all mouths fill thine ears?

Ver. 283.] This expression—*her battle gor'd*—appears to me  
 destitute of beauty, and scarcely reconcileable to the rules of speech.  
 Might I venture an amendment ?

Has Fame not told *thee*, while my conquering band  
 With slaughter'd Argives strew'd the naval strand,  
 That mighty Ajax——.

Or,

With slaughter'd Argives purpled all the strand.

Ver. 286.] This is a noble improvement on his author, who is  
 thus exactly exhibited by Chapman :



Behold! thy Phœbus shall his arms employ, 290  
 Phœbus, propitious still to thee, and Troy.  
 Inspire thy warriors then with manly force,  
 And to the ships impel thy rapid horse:  
 Ev'n I will make thy fiery courfers way,  
 And drive the Grecians headlong to the sea. 295  
 Thus to bold Hector spoke the son of Jove,  
 And breath'd immortal ardour from above.  
 As when the pamper'd steed, with reins unbound,  
 Breaks from his stall, and pours along the ground;

---

my very soule was gone :  
 And once to day, I thought to see, the house of Dis and Death.

Ver. 293.] I have heretofore objected to the word *horse* in the singular as descriptive of a *chariot*: we may indeed in this place understand it for *cavalry*; but this is awkward, and not preferable at least to an amendment of Ogilby:

*With cheering words thy fainting host revive ;  
 Straight to the fleet your cars impetuous drive.*

Ver 295.] The rhyme is vicious. Thus ?  
*I for thy fiery steeds will smoothe the plain,  
 And push the Grecians headlong to the main.*

Ver. 298. *As when the pamper'd steed.*] This comparison is repeated from the sixth book, and we are told that the ancient critics retained no more than the two first verses and the four last in this place, and that they gave the verses two marks; by the one (which was the asterisk) they intimated, that the four lines were very beautiful; but by the other (which was the obelus) that they were ill placed. I believe an impartial reader who considers the two places will be of the same opinion.

Tasso has improved the justness of this simile in his sixteenth book, where Rinaldo returning from the arms of Armida to battle, is compared to the steed that is taken from his pastures and mares to the

With ample strokes he rushes to the flood, 300  
 To bathe his sides, and cool his fiery blood.  
 His head now freed, he tosses to the skies;  
 His mane dishevel'd o'er his shoulders flies:  
 He snuffs the females in the well-known plain,  
 And springs, exulting, to the fields again: 305  
 Urg'd by the voice divine, thus Hector flew,  
 Full of the god; and all his hosts pursue.  
 As when the force of men and dogs combin'd  
 Invade the mountain goat, or branching hind;  
 Far from the hunter's rage secure they lie 310  
 Close in the rock, (not fated yet to die)

---

service of the war; the reverse of the circumstance better agreeing with the occasion.

“ Qual feroce destrier, ch' al faticoso  
 “ Honor de l'arme vincitor sia tolto,  
 “ E lascivo marito in vil riposo  
 “ Frà gli armenti, e ne' paschi erri disciolto;  
 “ Se'l desta o suon di tromba, o luminoso  
 “ Acciar, coltā tosto annitendo è volto;  
 “ Già già brama l'arringo, è l'huom sùl dorso  
 “ Portando, urtato riurtar nel corso.” P.

This *simile* has already occurred (as our poet intimates) in book vi. ver. 652. of this version, with unimportant variations.

Ver. 310.] More accurately thus:

*Hid in th' umbrageous wood secure they lie,  
 Or sun-trad cliff, (not fated yet to die).*

And in the *first* edition this couplet is thus exhibited:

They gain th' impervious rock and safe retreat  
 (For Fate preserves them) from the hunter's threat.

Ver. 311. *Not fated yet to die.*] Dacier has a pretty remark on  
 VOL. IV. P

When lo! a lion shoots across the way!  
 They fly: at once the chafers and the prey.  
 So Greece, that late in conqu'ring troops pursu'd,  
 And mark'd their progress thro' the ranks in  
 blood,

315

Soon as they see the furious chief appear,  
 Forget to vanquish, and consent to fear.

Thoas with grief observ'd his dreadful course,  
 Thoas, the bravest of th' Ætolian force:  
 Skill'd to direct the jav'lin's distant flight, 320  
 And bold to combat in the standing fight;  
 Nor more in councils fam'd for solid sense,  
 Than winning words and heav'nly eloquence.

---

this passage, that Homer extended destiny (that is, the care of Providence) even over the beasts of the field; an opinion that agrees perfectly with true theology. In the book of Jonas, the regard of the Creator extending to the meanest rank of his creatures, is strongly expressed in those words of the Almighty, where he makes compassion to the brute beasts one of the reasons against destroying Nineveh. *Shall I not spare the great city, in which there are more than six score thousand persons, and also much cattle? And what is still more parallel to this passage, in St. Matthew, ch. x. Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And yet one of them shall not fall to the ground, without your father.* P.

Ver. 313.] So in his *Windsor Forest*, ver. 81:

Stretch'd on the lawn his second hope survey,  
 At once the chafer, and at once the prey:

where the reader may consult my note.

Ver. 316.] Literally thus:

But Hector when they saw pervade the ranks,  
 Fear seiz'd them; to their feet their courage fell.

Ver. 322.] Rather, with more exactness,

Gods! what portent (he cry'd) these eyes invades?  
 Lo! Hector rises from the Stygian shades! 325  
 We saw him, late, by thund'ring Ajax kill'd:  
 What God restores him to the frightened field;  
 And not content that half of Greece lie slain,  
 Pours new destruction on her sons again?  
 He comes not, Jove! without thy pow'rful will;  
 Lo! still he lives, pursues, and conquers still! 331  
 Yet hear my counsel, and his worst withstand:  
 The Greeks main body to the fleet command;  
 But let the few whom brisker spirits warm,  
 Stand the first onset, and provoke the storm. 335  
 Thus point your arms; and when such foes  
     appear,  
 Fierce as he is, let Hector learn to fear.

---

*None more in councils fam'd for solid sense,  
 And match'd by few in heav'nly eloquence.*

Ver. 326.] This is very negligent: he should have written, after Chapman,

*We thought him, late ——— :*

or, perhaps, to banish an imperfect rhyme,

*We saw him, late, to thundering Ajax yield.*

Ver. 334.] These rhymes too are faulty. Thus? by making some use of Ogilby:

Let us, who boast our prowess, stationed here,  
 With pikes protended guard the flying rear.  
 Fierce though he storm, e'en Hector to his cost  
 May learn the terrors of so firm a host.

The warrior spoke, the list'ning Greeks obey,  
 Thick'ning their ranks, and form a deep array.  
 Each Ajax, Teucer, Merion gave command, 340  
 The valiant leader of the Cretan band,  
 And Mars-like Meges: these the chiefs excite,  
 Approach the foe, and meet the coming fight.  
 Behind, unnumber'd multitudes attend,  
 To flank the navy, and the shores defend. 345  
 Full on the front the pressing Trojans bear,  
 And Hector first came tow'ring to the war.  
 Phœbus himself the rushing battle led;  
 A veil of clouds involv'd his radiant head:  
 High-held before him, Jove's enormous shield, 350  
 Portentous shone, and shaded all the field;  
 Vulcan to Jove th' immortal gift consign'd,  
 To scatter hosts, and terrify mankind.

---

Ver. 346.] The rhymes are inadmissible. Thus?

Full on the front the *furious* Trojans *throng* :  
 First Hector *marcht* *with* towering *strides* *along*.

Ver. 348.] This fine couplet may have been benefited by Ogilby:

Before him goes Apollo, who in clouds  
 And dusky mists *his shining* body shrouds :

for the original is,

———— before him Phœbus went ;  
 A cloud his shoulders veil'd.

Ver. 350.] More truly thus :

Jove's deathless Ægis swell'd the storm of war ;  
 Deep-fring'd, impetuous, dreadful, blazing far :

or thus :

Jove's dreadful Ægis the god's hands sustain ;  
 Deep-fring'd, impetuous, flashing thro' the plain.

The Greeks expect the shock, the clamours rise  
 From diff'rent parts, and mingle in the skies. 355  
 Dire was the hiss of darts, by heroes flung,  
 And arrows leaping from the bow-string sung;  
 These drink the life of gen'rous warriors slain;  
 Those guiltless fall, and thirst for blood in vain.  
 As long as Phœbus bore unmov'd the shield, 360  
 Sat doubtful Conquest hov'ring o'er the field;  
 But when aloft he shakes it in the skies,  
 Shouts in their ears, and lightens in their eyes,

---

Ver. 355.] Homer says only, Shrill shouts from both sides rose :  
 but Ogilby, as Dacier, not contemptibly :

Whilst shouts and clamours rattled *in the sky*,  
 From twanging bow-strings deadly arrows fly.

“ Des deux côtés un cri pénétrant s'élève *jusqu' aux nues*.”

The next couplet of our poet is inimitably beautiful, and turned  
 with exquisite dexterity from the Greek. So Par. Lost, vi. 211 :

---

*dire was the noise*  
 Of conflict ; over head the dismal hiss  
 Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew.

Ver. 360.] Or thus :

While Phœbus' hands unmov'd this Ægis bore,  
 Alternate weapons bath'd both sides in gore :

because the Ægis, as I have mentioned before, seems to have been a  
*breast-plate*, not a *shield*.

Ver. 362. *But when aloft he shakes.*] Apollo in this passage,  
 by this mere shaking his Ægis, without acting offensively, annoys  
 and put the Greeks into disorder. Eustathius thinks that such a  
 motion might possibly create the same confusion, as hath been  
 reported by historians to proceed from *panick fears* : or that it  
 might intimate some dreadful confusion in the air, and a noise issu-  
 ing from thence ; a notion which seems to be warranted by Apollo's  
 out-cry, which presently follows in the same verse. But perhaps

Deep horror seizes ev'ry Grecian breast,  
 Their force is humbled, and their fear confest. 365  
 So flies a herd of oxen, scatter'd wide,  
 No swain to guard 'em, and no day to guide,  
 When two fell lions from the mountain come,  
 And spread the carnage thro' the shady gloom.  
 Impending Phœbus pours around 'em fear, 370  
 And Troy and Hector thunder in the rear.  
 Heaps fall on heaps: the slaughter Hector leads;  
 First great Arcefilas, then Stichius bleeds;  
 One to the bold Bœotians ever dear,  
 And one Menestheus' friend, and fam'd compeer.  
 Medon and Iäfus, Æneas sped; 376  
 This sprung from Phelus, and th' Athenians led;

---

we need not go so far to account for this fiction of Homer: the  
 sight of a hero's armour often has the like effect in an epick poem:  
 the shield of Prince Arthur in Spenser works the same wonders with  
 this Ægis of Apollo. P.

Ver. 366.] His author would dictate,

So fly, or sheep, or oxen ———.

Ver. 368.] Homer says only, two *wild beasts*: but Pope and  
 Dacier have *lions*; Chapman has *bears*; Ogilby chose *wolves*; but  
 Hobbes and the old French translator, both *lions* and *wolves*.

Ver. 370.] This appears to me but a bungling verse, and the  
 rest has no fidelity to his original. Thus?

Thus Phœbus smote the Greeks with wild dismay,  
 And gave to Troy the glory of the day.

Ver. 376.] This use of *sped* seems awkward and constrained,  
 Rather thus, referring to the word *bleeds* above:

But hapless Medon from Oïleus came ;  
 Him Ajax honour'd with a brother's name,  
 Tho' born of lawless love : from home expell'd,  
 A banish'd man, in Phylacè he dwell'd, 381  
 Prefs'd by the vengeance of an angry wife ;  
 Troy ends, at last, his labours and his life.  
 Mecystes next, Polydamas o'erthrew ;  
 And thee, brave Clonius ! great Agenor slew. 385  
 By Paris, Deiochus inglorious dies,  
 Pierc'd thro' the shoulder as he basely flies.  
 Polites' arm laid Echius on the plain ;  
 Stretch'd on one heap, the victors spoil the slain.

---

Iâsus and Medon, *by Æneas slain :*

This, sprung from Phelus, led th' Athenian train,

But our poet, I see, had recourse to Ogilby :

———— Paris in the shoulder *sped*

Deiochus with his javelin as he fled.

Ver. 383.] A supplemental line from the translator.

Ver. 384.] 'Thus Ogilby :

Polydamas Mecistes *overthrew*,

Polites Echius ; *Agenor slew*

Clonius.

Ver. 386. *By Paris, Deiochus inglorious dies,*

*Pierc'd thro' the shoulder as he basely flies.]*

Here is one that falls under the spear of Paris, smitten in the extremity of his shoulder as he was flying. This gives occasion to a pretty observation in Eustathius, that this is the only Greek who falls by a wound in the back ; so careful is Homer of the honour of his countrymen. And this remark will appear not ill grounded, if we except the death of Bioneus in the beginning of lib. vi. P.



The Greeks dismay'd, confus'd, disperse or  
fall,

390

Some seek the trench, some skulk behind the wall.

While these fly trembling, others pant for breath,

And o'er the slaughter stalks gigantic Death.

On rush'd bold Hector, gloomy as the night;

Forbids to plunder, animates the fight,

395

Points to the fleet: For by the gods, who flies,

Who dares but linger, by this hand he dies:

---

Ver. 392.] This couplet is added by the translator; and the second verse borrows it's sublime and terrific imagery from some passage of another poet, which my memory cannot recover.

Ver. 394.] This comparison is interpolated here by our poet from book xii. ver. 554. of his translation.

Ver. 396. *For by the Gods, who flies, &c.*] It sometimes happens (says Longinus) that a writer in speaking of some person, all on a sudden puts himself in that other's place, and acts his part; a figure which marks the impetuosity and hurry of passion. It is this which Homer practises in these verses; the poet stops his narration, forgets his own person, and instantly, without any notice, puts this precipitate menace into the mouth of his furious and transported hero. How must his discourse have languished, had he staid to tell us, *Hector said these, or the like words?* Instead of which, by this unexpected transition he prevents the reader, and the transition is made before the poet himself seems sensible he had made it. The true and proper place for this figure is when the time presses, and when the occasion will not allow of any delay: it is elegant then to pass from one person to another, as in that of Hecataeus. *The herald, extremely discontented at the orders he had received, gave command to the Heraclidæ to withdraw.—It is no way in my power to help you; if therefore you would not perish entirely, and if you would not involve me in your ruin, depart, and seek a retreat among some other people.* Longinus, chap. xxiii.

P.

A fine specimen of this animated beauty in composition occurs in Psalm cv. 14. "He suffered no man to do them wrong; yea,

No weeping sifter his cold eye shall close,  
 No friendly hand his fun'ral pyre compose.  
 Who stops to plunder at this signal hour, 400  
 The birds shall tear him, and the dogs devour.

Furious he said; the smarting scourge rebounds;  
 The courfers fly; the smoking chariot bounds:  
 The hosts rush on; loud clamours shake the  
 shore;

The horses thunder, Earth and Ocean roar! 405  
 Apollo, planted at the trench's bound,  
 Push'd at the bank: down sunk th' enormous  
 mound:

Roll'd in the ditch the heapy ruin lay;  
 A sudden road! a long and ample way.

---

"he reproved kings for their sakes: *Touch not mine anointed; and do my prophets no harm.*" And the elegant historian of the *gospel* furnishes various specimens of this lively apostrophe, some of which may be seen in sect. xi. of my *Silva Critica*: and another in *Polybius*, iii. 64. to which number a large addition might easily be made, if seasonable.

Ver. 401.] A line interpolated by the translator.

Ver. 402.] The translator's enthusiasm carries him to great excess in these *four* verses. Chapman might give one impulse:

All threateningly, out *thundering* shouts, as *earth* were *overthrown*.

The following attempt is literal:

He spake, and scourg'd the shoulders of his steeds,  
 The Trojan ranks exhorting; they direct  
 Onward their rushing cars with shouts immense  
 And mingled acclamations.

Ver. 409.] Our translator in this general expression indolently includes the specific description of the breadth of this passage in his author, which may be distinctly seen from Chapman:

O'er the dread fosse (a late-impervious space)<sup>410</sup>  
 Now steeds, and men, and cars, tumultuous pass.  
 The wond'ring crouds the downward level trod;  
 Before them flam'd the shield, and march'd the  
     God.

Then with his hand he shook the mighty wall;  
 And lo! the turrets nod, the bulwarks fall. <sup>415</sup>  
 Easy, as when ashore an infant stands,  
 And draws imagin'd houses in the sands;

---

— and made way, both for man and horse,  
 As broad and long, as with a lance (cast out to try ones  
     force)  
 A man could measure.

Ver. 414.] Ogilby thus:

---

— first on Apollo falls,  
 And, brandishing his shield, tears down their walls.

Ver. 416. *As when ashore an infant stands.*] This simile of the sand is inimitable; it is not easy to imagine any thing more exact and emphatical to describe the tumbling and confused heap of a wall, in a moment. Moreover the comparison here, taken from sand, is the juster, as it rises from the very place and scene before us. For the wall here demolished, as it was founded on the coast, must needs border on the sand; wherefore the similitude is borrowed immediately from the subject-matter under view. Eustathius. P.

Literally thus:

With ease, as on the sandy shore a child,  
 Soon as his infant sport a pile has rais'd,  
 With hands and feet the childish structure smoothes:

so that our poet has profited by Chapman's efforts:

And looke how easely any boy, upon the sea-ebb-shore,  
 Makes with a little sand a toy, and *cares for it no more*:  
 But as he rais'd it childishly, so in his *wanton* vaine,  
 Both with his hands and feete he puls, and spurnes it downe again

The sportive wanton, pleas'd with some new play,  
Sweeps the slight works and fashion'd domes  
away.

Thus vanish'd, at thy touch, the tow'rs and walls;  
The toil of thousands in a moment falls. 421

The Grecians gaze around with wild despair;  
Confus'd, and weary all the pow'rs with pray'r;  
Exhort their men, with praises, threats, commands;  
And urge the Gods, with voices, eyes, and hands.  
Experienc'd Nestor chief obtests the skies, 426  
And weeps his country with a father's eyes.

O Jove! if ever, on his native shore,  
One Greek enrich'd thy shrine with offer'd gore;

---

Ver. 418.] In the same manner Ogilby :  
Then slight again their late-admired fort.

Ver. 420.] The *first* edition gives, with more vivacity,  
Thus *vanish*, at thy touch, the tow'rs and walls.

Ver. 423.] The expression of the latter clause is not in Homer;  
but thus Milton, Par. Lost, xi. 309:

---

I would not cease  
To *weary* him *with* my assiduous cries :

after Horace, od. i. 2 :

---

*Prece quâ fatigant*  
*Virgines sanctæ minùs audientem*  
*Carmina Vestæ?*

The *prayers* of her own virgin train  
Shall *weary* Vesta's ear in vain.

Ver. 426.] The word *obtests* displeasts me. Thus more  
exactly :

Chief Nestor *supplicates* the *starry* skies.

Ver. 428. O *Jove! if ever, &c.*] The form of Nestor's

If e'er, in hope our country to behold, 430  
 We paid the fattest firstlings of the fold;  
 If e'er thou sign'st our wishes with thy nod;  
 Perform the promise of a gracious God!  
 This day, preserve our navies from the flame,  
 And save the reliques of the Grecian name. 435  
 Thus pray'd the sage: th' Eternal gave con-  
 sent,  
 And peals of thunder shook the firmament.  
 Presumptuous Troy mistook th' accepting sign,  
 And catch'd new fury at the voice divine.

---

prayer in this place resembles that of Chryses in the first book. And it is worth remarking, that the poet well knew, what shame and confusion the reminding one of past benefits is apt to produce. From the same topick Achilles talks with his mother, and Thetis herself accosts Jove; and likewise Phœnix, where he holds a parley with Achilles. This righteous prayer hath its wished accomplishment. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 432.] He should have written,

If e'er thou *sign'st* our wishes with thy nod:

see my note on ver. 6, of his Messiah.

Ver. 438. *Presumptuous Troy mistook the sign.*] The thunder of Jupiter is designed as a mark of his acceptance of Nestor's prayers, and a sign of his favour to the Greeks. However, there being nothing in the prodigy particular to the Greeks, the Trojans expound it in their own favour, as they seem warranted by their present success. This self-partiality of men in appropriating to themselves the protection of heaven, has always been natural to them. In the same manner Virgil makes Turnus explain the transformation of the Trojan ships into nymphs, as an ill omen to the Trojans.

“Trojanos hæc monstra petunt, his Jupiter ipse

“Auxilium solitum eripuit.”——

As, when black tempests mix the seas and skies,  
 The roaring deeps in wat'ry mountains rise, 441  
 Above the sides of some tall ship ascend,  
 Its womb they deluge, and its ribs they rend:  
 Thus loudly roaring, and o'er-pow'ring all,  
 Mount the thick Trojans up the Grecian wall;  
 Legions on legions from each side arise: 446  
 Thick sound the keels; the storm of arrows flies.

---

History furnishes many instances of oracles, which, by reason of this partial interpretation, have proved an occasion to lead men into great misfortunes: it was the case of Croesus in his wars with Cyrus; and a like mistake engaged Pyrrhus to make war upon the Romans. P.

This is an exact representation of the original:

⑦ Troy heard the will of Ægis-bearing Jove,  
 Renew'd her rage, and rush'd upon the Greeks:  
 but Chapman supplies, like our translator:

The Trojans took Jove's signe for them:  
 and so too Dacier: "Les Troyens frappés de ce signe de Jupiter,  
 "et l'expliquant en leur faveur, fondent sur les Grecs avec plus de  
 "furie." And so the older French translator: "Prenant ce pre-  
 "sage pour eux."

Ver. 440.] This simile is very licentiously translated. The first verse following Ogilby:

Winds bearing *watery mountains* to the *skies*:  
 and the *last* is a mere addition of our author. The following attempt is faithful, for both editors and translators have mistaken the sense of the passage:

As the ship's side a towering surge o'ertops,  
 When the fierce blast impels, on some broad sea,  
 Where swells a driving wind the loftiest waves —.

Ver. 447.] His author dictates,

———— the storm of *lances* flies.

Fierce on the ships above, the cars below,  
These wield the mace, and those the javelin throw.

While thus the thunder of the battle rag'd, 450  
And lab'ring armies round the works engag'd;  
Still in the tent Patroclus sat, to tend  
The good Eurypylus, his wounded friend.  
He sprinkles healing balms, to anguish kind,  
And adds discourse, the med'cine of the mind. 455  
But when he saw, ascending up the fleet,  
Victorious Troy; then, starting from his seat,  
With bitter groans his sorrows he express,  
He wrings his hands, he beats his manly breast.

---

Ver. 448. *On the ships above, the cars below.*] This is a new fort of battle, which Homer has never before mentioned; the Greeks on their ships, and the Trojans in their chariots, as on a plain. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 449.] Ogilby is more explicit:  
The horse with cruel javelins charge the fleet;  
The Greeks aboard with poles their fury meet,  
Which for a naval fight lay ready still,  
Their sharp points fortifi'd with biting steel:  
which a little labour might polish into neatness.

Ver. 451.] Accurately thus;  
And Greeks and Trojans round the fleet engag'd.

Ver. 454.] Chapman has,  
In medicines and in kind discourse:  
but the clause—*to anguish kind*—in our poet, will satisfy, I presume  
but few readers of taste. Thus?

Soft balms he sprinkles to *assuage the smart*,  
And adds *kind words*, the med'cine of the heart.

Tho' yet thy state require redress (he cries) 460  
 Depart I must. What horrors strike my eyes?  
 Charg'd with Achilles' high commands I go,  
 A mournful witness of this scene of woe:  
 I haste to urge him, by his country's care,  
 To rise in arms, and shine again in war. 465  
 Perhaps some fav'ring God his soul may bend;  
 The voice is pow'rful of a faithful friend.

He spoke; and speaking, swifter than the  
 wind

Sprung from the tent, and left the war behind.  
 Th'embod'yd Greeks the fierce attack sustain, 470  
 But strive, tho' numerous, to repulse in vain:  
 Nor could the Trojans, thro' that firm array,  
 Force to the fleet and tents th' impervious way.

---

Ver. 461.] Precisely thus:

Depart I must: *such mighty conflicts rise!*

but our author received an impulse from Ogilby:

———— loud clamour *strikes my ear.*

Ver. 468.] We owe the *simile* to our translator.

Ver. 472. *Nor could the Trojans—Force to the fleets and tents  
 th' impervious way.*] Homer always marks distinctly the place of  
 battle; he here shews us clearly, that the Trojans attacked the first  
 line of the fleet that stood next the wall, or the vessels which were  
 drawn foremost on the land; these vessels were a strong rampart to  
 the tents which were pitched behind, and to the other line of the  
 navy which stood nearer to the sea; to penetrate therefore to the  
 tents, they must necessarily force the first line, and defeat the troops  
 which defended it. Eustathius. P.



As when a shipwright with Palladian art, 474  
 Smooths the rough wood, and levels ev'ry part;  
 With equal hand he guides his whole design,  
 By the just rule, and the directing line;  
 The martial leaders, with like skill and care,  
 Preserv'd their line, and equal kept the war. 479  
 Brave deeds of arms thro' all the ranks were try'd,  
 And ev'ry ship sustain'd an equal tide.  
 At one proud bark, high-tow'ring o'er the fleet  
 Ajax the great, and god-like Hector meet:  
 For one bright prize the matchless chiefs contend;  
 Nor this the ships can fire, nor that defend; 485  
 One kept the shore, and one the vessel trod;  
 That fix'd as Fate, this acted by a God.  
 The son of Clytius in his daring hand,  
 The deck approaching, shakes a flaming brand;  
 But pierc'd by Telamon's huge lance expires; 490  
 Thund'ring he falls, and drops th' extinguish'd  
 fires.

---

Ver. 474.] This comparison may be borne in Ogilby, corrected:

*And as, inform'd by Pallas' art divine,  
 A skilfull shipwright draws the level line  
 To square his timber; so both armies stand  
 With level'd fronts, and combat hand to hand.*

Ver. 486.] Thus, with more fidelity:

*To drive Troy's chief the Greek in vain essay'd;  
 The God, who brought to battle, lent his aid.*

Ver. 491.] Thus?

*He drops, and with him drop th' extinguish'd fires:*

Great Hector view'd him with a sad survey,  
 As stretch'd in dust before the stern he lay.  
 Oh! all of Trojan, all of Lycian race!  
 Stand to your arms, maintain this arduous space.  
 Lo! where the son of royal Clytius lies; 496  
 Ah save his arms, secure his obsequies!

This said, his eager javelin fought the foe:  
 But Ajax shunn'd the meditated blow.

as Paradise Lost, iv. 1014 :

\_\_\_\_\_ nor more; but *fled*  
 Murm'ring, and with him *fled* the shades of night :

which Mr. Mason, in his beautiful monody on our poet, has imitated with great success :

They *ceast*, and with them *ceast* the shepherd swain.

Ver. 495.] The latter clause, which may be thought obscure by some, cannot be explained better than by Mr. Cowper's translation :

\_\_\_\_\_ within this narrow pass  
 Stand firm.

Dacier misunderstood the passage, and some translators suppress it, for an obvious reason.

Ver. 498.] There is much redundancy and much omission in the translation of this passage, which may be thus exhibited in a simple dress :

Then his bright spear at Ajax lancht : it err'd ;  
 But Mastor's son, Cytherian Lycophron,  
 His servant, who for blood his country left,  
 And, screen'd by Ajax, an asylum found ;  
 Full on the head it smote, above his ear,  
 Close by his master's side : in dust supine  
 From the ship's stern he fell, with limbs relax'd.  
 The shivering chief his brother then address'd.

Not vainly yet the forceful lance was thrown ;  
 It stretch'd in dust unhappy Lycophron: 501  
 An exile long, sustain'd at Ajax' board,  
 A faithful servant to a foreign lord ;  
 In peace, in war, for ever at his side,  
 Near his lov'd master, as he liv'd, he dy'd. 505  
 From the high poop he tumbles on the sand,  
 And lies a lifeless load, along the land.  
 With anguish Ajax views the piercing fight,  
 And thus inflames his brother to the fight.

Teucer, behold! extended on the shore 510  
 Our friend, our lov'd companion! now no more!  
 Dear as a parent, with a parent's care  
 To fight our wars, he left his native air.  
 This death deplor'd, to Hector's rage we owe;  
 Revenge, revenge it on the cruel foe. 515  
 Where are those darts on which the Fates attend?  
 And where the bow, which Phœbus taught to  
 bend?

Impatient Teucer, hast'ning to his aid,  
 Before the chief his ample bow display'd;

---

Ver. 513.] This line, wholly incongruous to the story, is interpolated by the translator.

Ver. 514.] The entire sense of his author may be easily comprised in a commensurate couplet:

Him mighty Hector slew. O say, where now  
 Those shafts of Phœbus, and thy fatal bow?

Ver. 518.] Thus, faithfully:

The well-stor'd quiver on his shoulders hung : 520  
 Then his'd his arrow, and the bow-string sung.  
 Clytus, Pisenor's son, renown'd in fame,  
 (To thee, Polydamas ! an honour'd name)  
 Drove thro' the thickest of th' embattl'd plains  
 The startling steeds, and shook his eager reins.  
 As all on glory ran his ardent mind, 526  
 The pointed death arrests him from behind :  
 Thro' his fair neck the thrilling arrow flies ;  
 In youth's first bloom reluctantly he dies.  
 Hurl'd from the lofty feat, at distance far, 530  
 The headlong couriers spurn his empty car ;  
 'Till sad Polydamas the steeds restrain'd,  
 And gave, Astynous, to thy careful hand ;  
 Then, fir'd to vengeance, rush'd amidst the foe,  
 Rage edg'd his sword, and strengthen'd ev'ry  
 blow. 535

Once more bold Teucer, in his country's cause,  
 At Hector's breast a chosen arrow draws ;

---

Teucer the call attends, and instant runs  
 With bow reflex, and quiver, in his hands.  
 Swift on the foe his feather'd weapons fly.

Ver. 529.] A verse interpolated by the translator.

Ver. 534.] This deviates widely from the model, to which  
 Ogilby is more attentive :

Gave them, with strict command to keep in fight,  
 Returning straight where hottest was the fight.

Ver. 536.] The latter clause of this line is an impertinent  
 supplement, and as flat as it is unseasonable. Thus ?

And had the weapon found the destin'd way,  
 Thy fall, great Trojan! had renown'd that day.  
 But Hector was not doom'd to perish then:  
 Th' all-wise disposer of the fates of men, 541  
 (Imperial Jove) his present death withstands;  
 Nor was such glory due to Teucer's hands.  
 At its full stretch as the tough string he drew,  
 Struck by an arm unseen, it burst in two; 545  
 Down dropp'd the bow: the shaft with brazen  
                   head  
 Fell innocent, and on the dust lay dead.

---

*Teucer once more, on Hector still intent,  
 Full at the chief his bow adjusted bent.*

Ver. 540.] Thus with more brevity, but equal faithfulness to Homer:

But Jove, *all-mindful*, present death withstands,  
 Nor *doom's this glorious feat* to Teucer's hands.

Ver. 545.] For more exactness, and the avoidance of a grammatical impropriety, I would propose this substitution:

At its full stretch, as the tough *bow* he drew,  
*The watchful guardian* burst the string in two.

Ver. 546.] This couplet is exceedingly inaccurate. I will presume on another correction here, with the indulgence of my reader:

Down fell the bow: the steel-tipt weapon, tost  
 In air, flew frustrate, its direction lost.

Ver. 547.] Thus Cowley, David. iii. 115:

Eliel, whose full quiver did always bear  
 As many deaths as in it arrows were;  
 None from his hand did vain or *innocent* flee.

Th' astonish'd archer to great Ajax cries;  
 Some God prevents our destin'd enterprise:  
 Some God, propitious to the Trojan foe, 550  
 Has, from my arm unfailing, struck the bow,  
 And broke the nerve my hands had twin'd with  
 art,

Strong to impel the flight of many a dart.

Since heav'n commands it (Ajax made reply)  
 Dismiss the bow, and lay thy arrows by; 555  
 Thy arms no less suffice the lance to wield,  
 And quit the quiver for the pond'rous shield.  
 In the first ranks indulge thy thirst of fame,  
 Thy brave example shall the rest inflame.  
 Fierce as they are, by long successes vain; 560  
 To force our fleet, or ev'n a ship to gain,  
 Asks toil, and sweat, and blood: their utmost  
 might  
 Shall find its match—No more: 'tis ours to fight.

Ver. 549.] It were better, perhaps, to preserve the *figure* of the original, suggested by the preceding accident:

Some God *cuts short* our destin'd enterprise.

Ver. 552.] Ogilby is precise:

And brake my string, which was *this morning new*.

Ver. 555.] More faithfully and fully,

Since heaven *confounds us* (Ajax made reply)

*And envies Greece*, lay bow and arrow by.

Ogilby is true to his pattern, but an inelegant artist:

Then Ajax: Since some spitefull deity  
 Thus disappoints us, lay thy quiver by.

Then Teucer laid his faithless bow aside;  
 The four-fold buckler o'er his shoulder ty'd; 565  
 On his brave head a crested helm he plac'd,  
 With nodding horse-hair formidably grac'd;  
 A dart, whose point with brass refulgent shines,  
 The warrior wields; and his great brother  
 joins. 569

This Hector saw, and thus express'd his joy.  
 Ye troops of Lycia, Dardanus, and Troy!  
 Be mindful of yourselves, your ancient fame,  
 And spread your glory with the navy's flame.  
 Jove is with us; I saw his hand, but now,  
 From the proud archer strike his vaunted bow. 575  
 Indulgent Jove! how plain thy favours shine,  
 When happy nations bear the marks divine!  
 How easy then, to see the sinking state  
 Of realms accurst, deserted, reprobate!

---

Ver. 568.] Rather, *A lance*, whose point.—But the rhymes of the couplet are faulty. Thus?

A sturdy lance with brazen point he shakes;  
 Runs to his brother, and his station takes.

Ver. 570.] There is both obscurity here and inaccuracy. I would thus correct,

*His weapons baffled*, Hector saw *with* joy;  
 And cried: Ye Lycians, Dardans, *men of* Troy!

Ver. 573.] This ingenious and lively turn, which may be thought to border on a *conceit*, is framed from *three* words of his author—*By the smooth ships*.

Such is the fate of Greece, and such is ours : 580  
 Behold, ye warriors, and exert your powers.  
 Death is the worst ; a fate which all must try ;  
 And, for our country, 'tis a bliss to die.  
 The gallant man, tho' slain in fight he be,  
 Yet leaves his nation safe, his children free ; 585  
 Entails a debt on all the grateful state ;  
 His own brave friends shall glory in his fate ;

---

Ver. 581.] This passage appears to great advantage in the translation, but divaricates widely from the line of it's model. I will attempt an exact and equal representation of it, that the reader may be fully advertised of the fertility of our poet's fancy on this occasion :

Cloſe round the ſleet your battle. Whoſo dies  
 By ſword or lance, contented let him die.  
 Death in his country's cauſe is no diſgrace :  
 His wife and children thus in ſafety live ;  
 His houſe and wealth unſpoil'd : if with her ſleet  
 Greece quit our ſhores for her dear native land.

Ver. 582. *Death is the worſt, &c.*] It is with very great addreſs, that to the bitterneſs of death, he adds the advantages that were to accrue after it. And the ancients are of opinion, that it would be as advantageous for young ſoldiers to read this leſſon, concise as it is, as all the volumes of Tyrtæus, wherein he endeavours to raiſe the ſpirits of his countrymen. Homer makes a noble enumeration of the parts wherein the happineſs of a city conſiſts. For having told us in another place, the three great evils to which a town, when taken, is ſubject ; the ſlaughter of the men, the deſtruction of the place by fire, the leading of their wives and children into captivity ; now he reckons up the bleſſings that are contrary to thoſe calamities. To the ſlaughter of the men indeed he makes no oppoſition ; becauſe it is not neceſſary to the well-being of a city, that every individual ſhould be ſaved, and not a man ſlain. Eufſtathius.

P.



His wife live honour'd, all his race succeed;  
And late posterity enjoy the deed! 589

This rous'd the soul in ev'ry Trojan breast:  
The god-like Ajax next his Greeks addrest.

How long, ye warriors of the Argive race,  
(To gen'rous Argos what a dire disgrace!)  
How long, on these curs'd confines will ye lie,  
Yet undetermin'd, or to live, or die! 595  
What hopes remain, what methods to retire,  
If once your vessels catch the Trojan fire?

Ver. 591. *The god-like Ajax next.*] The oration of Hector is more splendid and shining than that of Ajax, and also more solemn, from his sentiments concerning the favour and assistance of Jupiter. But that of Ajax is the more politick, fuller of management, and apter to persuade; for it abounds with no less than seven generous arguments to inspire resolution. He exhorts his people even to death, from the danger to which their navy was exposed, which if once consumed, they were never like to get home. And as the Trojans were bid to die, so he bids his men dare to die likewise; and indeed with great necessity, for the Trojans may recruit after the engagement, but for the Greeks, they had no better way than to hazard their lives? and if they should gain nothing else by it, yet at least they would have a speedy dispatch, not a lingering and dilatory destruction. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 592.] These *four* lines are diffuse, and below the customary excellence of Pope. Thus?

What shame, ye Greeks! resolve at once to die,  
Or from the navy force your foe to fly.

Ver. 596.] The strength and significance of Homer evaporates in this version. The reader must excuse my feeble efforts to adumbrate the satirical spirit of our original in this place, with more fidelity:

What? if our fleet shall fall by Hector's hand,  
Hope ye on foot to reach your native land?

Mark how the flames approach, how near they fall,  
 How Hector calls, and Troy obeys his call!  
 Not to the dance that dreadful voice invites, 600  
 It calls to death, and all the rage of fights.

'Tis now no time for wisdom or debates;  
 To your own hands are trusted all your fates;  
 And better far in one decisive strife,  
 One day should end our labour, or our life; 605  
 Than keep this hard-got inch of barren sands,  
 Still prefs'd, and prefs'd by such inglorious hands.

The lift'ning Grecians feel their leader's flame,  
 And ev'ry kindling bosom pants for fame.  
 Then mutual slaughters spread on either side; 610  
 By Hector here the Phocian Schedius dy'd;  
 There pierc'd by Ajax, sunk Laodamas,  
 Chief of the foot, of old Antenor's race.  
 Polydamas laid Otus on the sand,  
 The fierce commander of th' Epeian band. 615  
 His lance bold Meges at the victor threw;  
 The victor stooping, from the death withdrew;

---

Hear ye not Hector call his hosts of Troy  
 To bring their fire-brands, and our ships destroy?  
 He bids his heroes to the fight advance,  
 Not the gay pleasures of the peaceful dance.

I have ventured thus far, supposing that "the rage of *fights*" is a phrase not palatable to the judicious reader.

Ver. 600.] Thus Ogilby:

He to no masks or balls his men *invites*,  
 But heartens them on to most cruel *fights*.

Ver. 616.] More accurately thus:

(That valu'd life, O Phœbus! was thy care)  
 But Cræsmus' bosom took the flying spear:  
 His corpse fell bleeding on the slipp'ry shore; 626  
 His radiant arms triumphant Meges bore.  
 Dolops, the son of Lampus rushes on,  
 Sprung from the race of old Laomedon,  
 And fam'd for prowess in a well-fought field;  
 He pierc'd the centre of his sounding shield: 625  
 But Meges, Phyleus' ample breast-plate wore,  
 (Well-known in fight on Selles' winding shore;  
 For king Euphetes gave the golden mail,  
 Compact, and firm with many a jointed scale)  
 Which oft, in cities storm'd, and battles won, 630  
 Had sav'd the father, and now saves the son.  
 Full at the Trojan's head he urg'd his lance,  
 Where the high plumes above the helmet dance,  
 New ting'd with Tyrian dye: in dust below 634  
 Shorn from the crest, the purple honours glow.

---

*This Meges saw, and on the victor flew:  
 He by a side-long step from fate withdrew.*

Or, according to the other gloss of the *scholiast* and Hesychius,  
*He, springing forwards, from the stroke withdrew.*

Ver. 630.] Or, more faithfully to the Greek, with Ogilby's  
 rhymes:

Which sure protection in the martial strife,  
 Now sav'd the son, as erst the father's life.

Ver. 634.] Ogilby, with the most slight correction, may be  
 read without disgust:

Meantime their fight the Spartan king survey'd,  
 And stood by Meges' side, a sudden aid,  
 Thro' Dolop's shoulder urg'd his forceful dart,  
 Which held its passage thro' the panting heart,  
 And issu'd at his breast. With thund'ring sound  
 The warrior falls, extended on the ground. 641  
 In rush the conqu'ring Greeks to spoil the slain:  
 But Hector's voice excites his kindred train;  
 The hero most, from Hicetaon sprung,  
 Fierce Melanippus, gallant, brave, and young. 645  
 He (e'er to Troy the Grecians cross'd the main)  
 Fed his large oxen on Percote's plain;  
 But when oppress'd, his country claim'd his care,  
 Return'd to Ilion, and excell'd in war:

---

Through *the new* crest his javelin Meges thrust,  
 And laid his purple plumage in the dust.

Ver. 637.] There is something of bungling patchwork in this line. I would venture on this adjustment of the passage, with a view to a closer expression of Homer's language:

Thus, hoping still to conquer, Meges fought,  
 When Sparta's general timely succour brought.  
 Unseen, through Dolops' shoulder drove his spear;  
 Transfixt his breast, nor stopt it's fury there,  
 But onwards long'd to press it's eager way.  
 Flat on his face th' expiring warrior lay.

Ver. 643.] Thus Chapman:—

While these made in, to spoyle his armes, great Hector did *excite*,  
 All his allies to quicke revenge.

Ver. 646.] These rhymes have just occurred. Thus?

He, e'er to Troy the *Greeks their squadrons led*,  
 His *herds of oxen in Percote fed*.

For this, in Priam's court, he held his place, 650  
 Belov'd no less than Priam's Royal race.  
 Him Hector singled, as his troops he led,  
 And thus inflam'd him, pointing to the dead.

Lo Melanippus! lo where Dolops lies;  
 And is it thus our royal kinsman dies? 655  
 O'ermatch'd he falls; to two at once a prey,  
 And lo! they bear the bloody arms away!  
 Come on—a distant war no longer wage,  
 But hand to hand thy country's foes engage:  
 'Till Greece at once, and all her glory end; 660  
 Or Ilion from her tow'ry height descend,  
 Heav'd from the lowest stone; and bury all  
 In one sad sepulchre, one common fall.

---

Ver. 650.] More specifically thus :

For this, in Priam's court, *distinguish'd* place  
 He held, *respected like the* royal race.

Ogilby is not amiss, and might easily be polished into neatness :

There he in Priam's court was entertain'd,  
 And with his sons like love and honour gain'd.

Ver. 653.] The concluding clause is a lively and consistent  
 supplement of our countryman : but I should prefer,

And thus *reprov'd* him —.

Ver. 656.] This verse also is interpolated by the translator.

Ver. 662.] Thus Chapman :

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or they, *the lowest stone*

Teare up, and sacke the citizens, of lofty Ilion.

But the latter part of this paragraph, and in particular the final  
 verse, is sluggish and inartificially hung together, with too much  
 amplification of his original. I would thus condense our poet's  
 version :

Hector (this said) rush'd forward on the foes :  
 With equal ardour Melanippus glows : 665  
 Then Ajax thus—O Greeks ! respect your fame,  
 Respect yourselves, and learn an honest shame :  
 Let mutual rev'rence mutual warmth inspire,  
 And catch from breast to breast the noble fire.  
 On valour's side the odds of combat lie, 670  
 The brave live glorious, or lamented die ;  
 The wretch that trembles in the field of fame,  
 Meets death, and worse than death, eternal shame.

His gen'rous sense he not in vain imparts ;  
 It sunk, and rooted in the Grecian hearts. 675  
 They join, they throng, they thicken at his call,  
 And flank the navy with a brazen wall ;

---

'Till vanquish'd Greece see all her warriors die,  
 Or Troy and Trojans in one ruin lie.

Ver. 664.] Thus Ogilby :

*Hector, this said, like to a god led on.*

Ver. 667.] Thus Chapman :

Good friends, bring but yourselves to feel, the noble stings of *shame*,  
 For what ye suffer, and be men : *respect* each others *fame* :

and these are the rhymes of Ogilby also. The reader will recollect, moreover, that the same passage has already occurred in book v. verse 652.

Ver. 675.] More exactly,

They heard ; fresh vigour fir'd their willing hearts.

Ver. 677. *And flank the navy with a brazen wall.*] The poet has built the Grecians a new sort of wall out of their arms ; and perhaps one might say, it was from this passage Apollo borrowed that oracle which he gave to the Athenians about their wall of wood ;

Shields touching shields, in order blaze above,  
 And stop the Trojans, tho' impell'd by Jove.  
 The fiery Spartan first, with loud applause, 680  
 Warms the bold son of Nestor in his cause.  
 Is there (he said) in arms a youth like you,  
 So strong to fight, so active to pursue?  
 Why stand you distant, nor attempt a deed?  
 Lift the bold lance, and make some Trojan bleed.

He said; and backward to the lines retir'd; 686  
 Forth rush'd the youth, with martial fury fir'd,  
 Beyond the foremost ranks; his lance he threw,  
 And round the black battalions cast his view.  
 The troops of Troy recede with sudden fear, 690  
 While the swift javelin hiss'd along in air.  
 Advancing Melanippus met the dart  
 With his bold breast, and felt it in his heart:

---

in like manner the Spartans were said to have a wall of bones: if so, we must allow the God not a little obliged to the poet. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 678.] A fine explanatory verse, devised, not unseasonably, by the translator. The original is this:

They rang'd themselves a fence before the fleet,  
 Barriers of brass; while Jove the Trojans urg'd:  
 so that our poet took the turn of the version from Ogilby:  
 Spurr'd with these words, the Greeks obedient all  
 Maintain'd their navy like a brazen wall,  
 Though Jove against them for the foe appear'd.

Ver. 691.] The rhyme is vicious, and the sense not correspondent. Thus?

As stood the youth prepar'd to launch his spear.

Thund'ring he falls; his falling arms resound,  
 And his broad buckler rings against the ground.  
 The victor leaps upon his prostrate prize; 696  
 Thus on a roe the well-breath'd beagle flies,  
 And rends his side, fresh-bleeding with the dart  
 The distant hunter sent into his heart.  
 Observing Hector to the rescue flew; 700  
 Bold as he was, Antilochus withdrew.  
 So when a savage, ranging o'er the plain,  
 Has torn the shepherd's dog, or shepherd swain;  
 While conscious of the deed, he glares around,  
 And hears the gath'ring multitude resound, 705  
 Timely he flies the yet-untasted food,  
 And gains the friendly shelter of the wood.  
 So fears the youth; all Troy with shouts pursue,  
 While stones and darts in mingled tempest flew;  
 But enter'd in the Grecian ranks, he turns 710  
 His manly breast, and with new fury burns.

---

Ver. 699.] This omission of the *relative* should be avoided, I think, even in poetry, as much as possible. Thus ?

Sent *by* the distant hunter *to* his heart.

Ver. 702.] This comparison is elegantly rendered. The ornamental additions are natural and consonant, and will appear from Chapman's translation, which is literally exact:

But as some wild beast, having done, some threw'd turne, (either kild  
 The heardsman, or the heardsman dogges) and skulks away before  
 The gather'd multitude makes in.

Ver. 711.] This seems an unseasonable exaggeration. Literally thus:



Now on the fleet the tides of 'Trojans drove,  
 Fierce to fulfil the stern decrees of Jove :  
 The fire of Gods, confirming Thetis' pray'r,  
 The Grecian ardour quench'd in deep despair ;  
 But lifts to glory Troy's prevailing bands, 716  
 Swells all their hearts, and strengthens all their  
 hands.

On Ida's top he waits with longing eyes,  
 To view the navy blazing to the skies ;

---

He turn'd and stood, soon as he reacht his friends :  
 but Chapman might suggest this addition to our poet :

————— who *having arm'd his breast*  
 With all his friends, he turn'd it then.

Ver. 712.] Our poet, after the example of Ogilby and Hobbes,  
 omits the *simile* of his author, which Chapman exhibits faithfully  
 to a word :

————— Then on the ships, all Troy,  
*Like raw-flesh-nourish'd lions* rush'd.

Ver. 715.] This fine *metaphor* is from Chapman :  
 ————— who still their spirits enflam'd,  
 And *quench'd* the Grecians.

Ver. 718.] This position of Jupiter is the translator's supple-  
 ment ; who is much too concise in his account of the passage.  
 The following attempt is literal :

His mind resolv'd to swell great Hector's fame,  
 'Till on the ships the warrior's hand should cast  
 The wasting flame, and thus in full perform  
 The wish of Thetis : therefore waited Jove  
 To see the blaze ascending from the fleet :  
 Then, from that moment, he prepar'd to drive  
 The Trojans back, and glorify the Greeks.

Then, nor 'till then, the scale of war shall turn,  
 The Trojans fly, and conquer'd Ilion burn. 721  
 These fates revolv'd in his almighty mind,  
 He raises Hector to the work design'd,  
 Bids him with more than mortal fury glow,  
 And drives him, like a light'ning, on the foe. 725  
 So Mars, when human crimes for vengeance call,  
 Shakes his huge javelin, and whole armies fall.

---

Ver. 720.] Thus Ogilby, not amiss; whose *metaphor* is changed by our poet, in consequence of an anticipation in ver. 712. I have slightly altered the *second* verse:

For Hector now immortal fame must gain,  
 And Thetis *all* her suit *from Jove* obtain.  
 But when the Grecian ships begin to *burn*,  
 Jove will assist the Greeks, the tide *shall* turn.

Ver. 723. *He raises Hector, &c.*] This picture of Hector, impulsed by Jupiter, is a very finished piece, and excels all the drawings of this hero which Homer has given us in so various attitudes. He is here represented as an instrument in the hand of Jupiter, to bring about those designs the God had long projected: and as his fatal hour now approaches, Jove is willing to recompense his hasty death with this short liv'd glory. Accordingly, this being the last scene of victory he is to appear in, the poet introduces him with all imaginable pomp, and adorns him with all the terrour of a conqueror; his eyes sparkle with fire, his mouth foams with fury, his figure is compared to the God of War, his rage is equalled to a conflagration and a storm, and the destruction he causes is resembled to that which a lion makes among the herds. The poet, by this heap of comparisons, raises the idea of the hero higher than any simple description could reach. P,

Ver. 725.] A verse added by the translator.

Ver. 726.] These *four verses* are a luxuriant amplification of the following distich of his author:

Not with more rage a conflagration rolls,  
 Wraps the vast mountains, and involves the poles.  
 He foams with wrath; beneath his gloomy brow  
 Like fiery meteors his red eye-balls glow: 731  
 The radiant helmet on his temples burns,  
 Waves when he nods, and lightens as he turns:  
 For Jove his splendour round the chief had thrown,  
 And cast the blaze of both the hosts on one. 735

---

He rag'd, like Mars with brandish'd spear, or flames  
 Destructive in the depths of mountain-woods.

Ver. 730.] This description is very nobly represented, but  
 owes, perhaps, some obligation to Chapman:

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his eyes were overcome  
 With fervour, and resembl'd flames, set off, by *his dark brows*:  
 And from his temples, his bright helm, abhorred *lightnings* throwes.

Ver. 732.] Homer had said only,

---

on Hector's brows  
 The helm in battle formidably shook:

but Ogilby, who is unusually spirited, might animate our translator  
 to exertion:

His mouth all foam, his eyes *like comets* shin'd;  
 His waving plumage danc'd to ev'ry wind:  
 which supplied Pope with his *fiery meteors*; for his original has  
 merely,

Through his stern brows, like fire his eye-balls glar'd.

Ver. 734.] An incomparable couplet, replete with the true fire  
 of poetical enthusiasm; and representing this plain sense of his  
 author:

Jove from his æther came to aid the chief,  
 To give his single arm renown and praise  
 'Midst numbers:

but the principal merit of originality is due to Chapman:

Unhappy glories! for his fate was near,  
 Due to stern Pallas, and Pelides' spear:  
 Yet Jove deferr'd the death he was to pay,  
 And gave what fate allow'd, the honours of a day!  
 Now all on fire for fame, his breast, his eyes  
 Burn at each foe, and single ev'ry prize; 741  
 Still at the closest ranks, the thickest fight,  
 He points his ardour, and exerts his might.  
 The Grecian phalanx, moveless as a tow'r  
 On all sides batter'd, yet resists his pow'r: 745

---

For Jove, from forth the sphere of starres, to his state put *his*  
*owne*;

And all *the blaze of both the hosts*, confin'd in him alone:  
 And all this was, since after this, he had not long to live;  
 The *lightning* flew before his death.

Ver. 736. — *His fate was near—Due to stern Pallas.*] It may be asked, what Pallas has to do with the Fates, or what power has she over them? Homer speaks thus, because Minerva has already resolved to succour Achilles, and deceive Hector in the combat between these two heroes, as we find in book xxii. Properly speaking, Pallas is nothing but the knowledge and wisdom of Jove, and it is wisdom which presides over the counsels of his providence; therefore she may be looked upon as drawing all things to the fatal term to which they are decreed. Dacier. P.

Ver. 736.] More exactly,  
*Too transient glories!*

Ver. 737.] Thus Ogilby:  
 The fatal day and *stern Pelides' spear*.

Ver. 738.] A mean and languid couplet, and a perfect superfluity, without any reference in his author: and of the next couplet, all but the last clause is equally interpolated.

Ver. 744.] Thus Chapman:

So some tall rock o'erhangs the hoary main,  
 By winds assail'd, by billows beat in vain,  
 Unmov'd it hears, above, the tempest blow,  
 And sees the watry mountains break below.  
 Girt in surrounding flames, he seems to fall 750  
 Like fire from Jove, and bursts upon them all:  
 Bursts as a wave, that from the clouds impends,  
 And swell'd with tempests on the ship descends;

---

But that past all *his powre*,  
 Although his will were past all theirs: they stood him like a *tourre*.

Ver. 748.] The language of this couplet may be thought defective in contrast with the magnificence of the conceptions. Thus?

O'er it's proud top the storm unheeded flies:  
 Round it's broad base the surges harmless rise.

And it is evident, that our translator took the turn of his version from a parallel passage of Dryden's translation, *Æneid* x, 982:

He, like a solid rock by seas inclos'd,  
 To raging winds and roaring waves oppos'd;  
 From his proud summit *looking down*, disdains  
 Their empty menace, and *unmov'd* remains:

for the original runs literally thus:

Which of shrill winds endures the passing rage,  
 And swelling billows, belch'd against it's side.

The reader may compare also Dryden's excellent version at *Æneid* vii. 809.—Moreover, Ogilby on this occasion, uncorrected, is not to be despised:

But in close order they withstood the shock,  
 Like some strong bulwark, or a mighty rock,  
 Which, standing firmly in the sea, defies  
 Th' united fury both of waves and skies,

Ver. 752. *Bursts as a wave*, &c.] Longinus observing that oftentimes the principal beauty of writing consists in the judicious assembling together of the great circumstances, and the strength

White are the decks with foam; the winds aloud  
Howl o'er the masts, and sing thro' ev'ry shroud:

with which they are marked in the proper place, chuses this passage of Homer as a plain instance of it. "Where (says that noble critick) in describing the terrour of a tempest, he takes care to express whatever are the accidents of most dread and horror in such a situation: he is not content to tell us that the mariners were in danger, but he brings them before our eyes, as in a picture, upon the point of being every moment overwhelmed by every wave; nay, the very words and syllables of the description, give us an image of their peril." He shews, that a poet of less judgment would amuse himself in less important circumstances, and spoil the whole effect of the image by minute, ill-chosen, or superfluous particulars. Thus Aratus endeavouring to refine upon that line,

And instant death on ev'ry wave appears!

He turned it thus,

A slender plank preserves them from their fate.

Which, by flourishing upon the thought, has lost the loftiness and terrour of it, and is so far from improving the image, that it lessens and vanishes in his management. By confining the danger to a single line, he has scarce left the shadow of it; and indeed the word *preserves* takes away even that. The same critick produces a fragment of an old poem on the Arimaspians, written in this false taste, whose author, he doubts not, imagined he had said something wonderful in the following affected verses. I have done my best to give them the same turn, and I believe there are those who will not think them bad ones.

Ye pow'rs! what madness! How on ships so frail,  
(Tremendous thought!) can thoughtless mortals sail?  
For stormy seas they quit the pleasing plain,  
Plant woods in waves, and dwell amidst the main.  
Far o'er the deep (a trackless path) they go,  
And wander oceans in pursuit of woe.  
No ease their hearts, no rest their eyes can find,  
On heav'n their looks, and on the waves their mind;  
Sunk are their spirits, while their arms they rear;  
And Gods are weary'd with their fruitless pray'r.

P.

Pale, trembling, tir'd, the failors freeze with  
fears; 756

And instant Death on ev'ry wave appears.

So pale the Greeks the eyes of Hector meet,  
The chief so thunders, and so shakes the fleet.

As when a lion, rushing from his den, 760  
Amidst the plain of some wide-water'd fen,  
(Where num'rous oxen, as at ease they feed,  
At large expatiate o'er the ranker mead;)   
Leaps on the herds before the herdsman's eyes;  
The trembling herdsman far to distance flies: 765

Our poet, following Boileau, has misconceived the latter part of this quotation; in the interpretation of which I agree with Langbœnius.

Ver. 753.] Write, "*Swoll'n* with tempests. —"

Ver. 756.] The original is this:

————— The failors quake with fear,  
Borne by a narrow slip from yawning death.

Ogilby is good and might assist our poet:

In yawning fouds their gaping graves *appear*.

Ver. 757.] Dryden, *Æn.* i. 134:

*And present death* in various forms *appears*.

Ver. 758.] This distich represents the following line of Homer:

Thus in the Græcian breasts their mind is torne.

Ver. 761.] Thus Chapman:

Fed in *the meddowes of a fenne*.

Ver. 763.] In the same manner Ogilby:

*As when a lion stalketh through the meads*  
*Whose ranker grafs a flock of cattell feeds —.*

Some lordly bull (the rest dispers'd and fled)  
 He singles out; arrests, and lays him dead.  
 Thus from the rage of Jove-like Hector flew  
 All Greece in heaps; but one he seiz'd, and slew:  
 Mycenian Periphetes, a mighty name, 770  
 In wisdom great, in arms well known to fame;  
 The minister of stern Eurystheus' ire,  
 Against Alcides, Copeus was his fire:  
 The son redeem'd the honours of the race,  
 A son as gen'rous as the fire was base; 775  
 O'er all his country's youth conspicuous far  
 In ev'ry virtue, or of peace or war:  
 But doom'd to Hector's stronger force to yield!  
 Against the margin of his ample shield

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Ver. 766.] Thus Ogilby :

Encountering one, makes all *the rest disperse*.

Ver. 768.] He should have followed his original and Ogilby  
 with more closeness, and not have varied for the sole purpose, it  
 should seem, of escaping, but in vain, the semblance of imitation :

The army so from Jove and Hector flew,  
 Who only Periphetes, Copeus offspring flew.

Ver. 776.] Thus Ogilby, in prosaic strain :

This in all virtues did his father far  
 Excell which usefull be in *peace or war*.

Hobbes has a pretty line, well representative of his author :  
 His feet were swift, and valiant were his hands.

Ver. 778.] More exactly,

Thus doom'd to Hector *greater fame* to yield.



He struck his hasty foot: his heels up-sprung;  
 Supine he fell; his brazen helmet rung. 781  
 On the fall'n chief th' invading Trojan prest,  
 And plung'd the pointed javelin in his breast.  
 His circling friends, who strove to guard too late  
 Th' unhappy hero; fled, or shar'd his fate. 785  
 Chas'd from the foremost line, the Grecian train  
 Now man the next, receding tow'rd the main:  
 Wedg'd in one body at the tents they stand,  
 Wall'd round with sterns, a gloomy, desp'rate  
 band.

---

Ver. 780.] He should have written *up-sprung* and *rang*: but the whole paragraph is inaccurately rendered. Thus?

*As his broad shoulders screen the spacious shield,  
 It's margin caught his foot: supine, the ground  
 He sped: his helmet rang a dreadful sound!*

Our poet followed Chapman, and should have followed him more closely:

*For his unhappie hasty foot, as he addrest to runne,  
 Stucke in th' extreme ring of his shield:*

for *stuck* is a much better word than *struck*. And I since observe Ogilby to be very accurate, but shall not stay to quote him.

Ver. 784.] This couplet widely deviates from it's original, which may be thus represented to a word:

*Close by his friends he died. His friends no aid,  
 Tho' griev'd, could lend; of Hector's arm afraid.*

But our translator was misled by Chapman:

*And sue about him all his friends, who could not give him aide.*

Ver. 786.] More accurately thus, and with equal fulcres:

*Chas'd from the foremost line, the Græcian train,  
 Whilst Troy pour'd on, receded tow'rd the main.*

Now manly shame forbids th' inglorious flight;  
 Now fear itself confines them to the fight: 791  
 Man courage breathes in man; but Nestor most  
 (The sage preserver of the Grecian host)  
 Exhorts, adjures, to guard these utmost shores;  
 And by their parents, by themselves, implores. 795  
 O friends! be men: your gen'rous breasts  
 inflame  
 With mutual honour, and with mutual shame!

---

Ver. 790.] Thus Ogilby :

— though *Fear* spurr'd on to *fight*,  
 Yet *Shame* commanded them to stand and *fight*.

Ver. 796. *Nestor's speech.*] This popular harangue of Nestor, is justly extolled as the strongest and most persuasive piece of oratory imaginable. It contains in it every motive by which men can be affected; the preservation of their wives and children, the secure possessions of their fortunes, the respect of their living parents, and the due regard for the memory of those that were departed: by these he diverts the Grecians from any thoughts of flight in the article of extreme peril. Eustathius.

This noble exhortation is finely imitated by Tasso, Jerusalem, lib. x:

“ ——— O valoroso, hor via con questa

“ Faccia, a ritor la preda a noi rapita,

“ L' imagine ad alcuno in mente desta,

“ Glie la figura quasi, e glie l' addita

“ De la pregante patria e de la mesta

“ Supplice famiglivola sbigottita.

“ Credi (dicea) che la tua patri spieghi

“ Per la mia lingua in tai parole i preghi.

“ Guarda tà le mie leggi, e i sacri Tempi

“ Fà, ch' io del sangue mio non bagni, e lavi,

“ Assicura le virgini da gli empi,

“ E i sepolchri, e le cinere de gli avi.

Think of your hopes, your fortunes ; all the care  
 Your wives, your infants, and your parents share :  
 Think of each living father's rev'rend head ; 800  
 Think of each ancestor with glory dead ;  
 Absent, by me they speak, by me they sue ;  
 They ask their safety, and their fame, from you :  
 The gods their fates on this one action lay,  
 And all are lost, if you desert the day. 805

He spoke, and round him breath'd heroick  
 fires ;

Minerva seconds what the sage inspires.  
 The mist of darkness Jove around them threw,  
 She clear'd, restoring all the war to view ;  
 A sudden ray shot beaming o'er the plain, 810  
 And shew'd the shores, the navy, and the main :

---

“ A te piangendo i lor passati tempi  
 “ Mostran la bianca chioma i vecchi gravi :  
 “ A tè la moglie, e le mammelle, e'l petto,  
 “ Le cune, e i figli, e'l marital suo letto.”

P.

Ver. 802.] These *four* verses are a very loose representation of  
 Homer's sense, which is fully comprised in the following couplet :

Absent, by me they beg : sustain the fight ;  
 Stand firm ; abhor an ignominious flight.

Ver. 810.] *A ray* is improper here, and physically unequal to  
 this effect ; and *the plain* is subservient only to the rhyme. Thus ?

*The goddess bade a sudden radiance stream,  
 That mark the shores and navy with it's beam.*

Thus Chapman :

———— a mightie light, flew beaming every way.

Hector they saw, and all who fly, or fight,  
 The scene wide-opening to the blaze of light.  
 First of the field great Ajax strikes their eyes,  
 His port majestick, and his ample size: 815  
 A pond'rous mace with studs of iron crown'd,  
 Full twenty cubits long he swings around;  
 Nor fights like others fix'd to certain stands,  
 But looks a moving tow'r above the bands;  
 High on the decks, with vast gigantick stride, 820  
 The god-like hero stalks from side to side.  
 So when a horseman from the wat'ry mead  
 (Skill'd in the manage of the bounding steed)  
 Drives four fair courfers, practis'd to obey,  
 To some great city, thro' the publick way; 825

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Ver. 812.] Ogilby is very exact:

Both where bold Hector or the Trojans led,  
 And where the Græcians fought, and where they fled.

Ver. 814. *First of the field, great Ajax.*] In this book Homer, to raise the valour of Hector, gives him Neptune for an antagonist; and to raise that of Ajax, he first opposed him to Hector, supported by Apollo, and now the same Hector supported and impelled by Jupiter himself. These are strokes of a master-hand. Eustathius. P.

This is all unlike his author, who is faithfully shewn by Ogilby:  
 But Ajax now no longer thought it good  
 To keep his post, and stand where others stood.

Ver. 819.] A line added by our translator, who is very diffuse in this description.

Ver. 821.] Thus Chapman:  
*Stalks here and there.*

Ver. 822.] The words "from the wat'ry mead" are inserted by our poet for an obvious convenience.

Ver. 824. *Drives four fair courfers, &c.*] The comparison

Safe in his art, as side by side they run,  
 He shifts his feat, and vaults from one to one;  
 And now to this, and now to that he flies;  
 Admiring numbers follow with their eyes.

From ship to ship thus Ajax swiftly flew, 830  
 No less the wonder of the warring crew.

---

which Homer here introduces, is a demonstration that the art of mounting and managing horses was brought to so great a perfection in these early times, that one man could manage four at once, and leap from one to the other even when they run full speed. But some object, That the custom of riding was not known in Greece at the time of the Trojan war: besides, they say the comparison is not just, for the horses are said to run full speed, whereas the ships stand firm and unmoved. Had Homer put the comparison in the mouth of one of his heroes, the objection had been just, and he guilty of an inconsistency: but it is he himself who speaks: saddle-horses were in use in his age, and any poet may be allowed to illustrate pieces of antiquity by images familiar to his times. This is sufficient for the first objection; nor is the second more reasonable; for it is not absolutely necessary, that comparisons should correspond in every particular; it suffices if there be a general resemblance. This is only introduced to shew the agility of Ajax, who passes swiftly from one vessel to another, and is therefore entirely just. Eustathius. P.

Chapman is close to the original, and was consulted by our poet:

\_\_\_\_\_ when, (of a number more)

He chuseth foure, and brings them forth, to runne them  
 all before

*Swarms of admiring citizens*, amidst their townes high-way;

And (in their full carier) *he leapes from one to one*:

but in the last clause he justly preferred Ogilby's term:

\_\_\_\_\_ and *vaults* from steed to steed.

Ver. 830.] Thus, with fidelity:

From ship to ship thus lofty Ajax flies,

And fills heav'n's vault with animating cries:

As furious, Hector thunder'd threats aloud,  
 And rush'd enrag'd before the Trojan croud :  
 Then swift invades the ships, whose beaky prores  
 Lay rank'd contiguous on the bending shores. 835  
 So the strong eagle from his airy height,  
 Whomarks the swans' or cranes' embody'd flight,  
 Stoops down impetuous, while they light for  
                   food,  
 And stooping, darkens with his wings the flood.  
 Jove leads him on with his almighty hand, 840  
 And breathes fierce spirits in his following band.  
 The warring nations meet, the battle roars,  
 Thick beats the combat on the sounding prores.  
 Thou would'st have thought, so furious was  
                   their fire, 844  
 No force could tame them, and no toil could tire ;  
 As if new vigour from new fights they won,  
 And the long battle was but then begun,

---

His voice incessant, as he stalks along,  
 In dreadful accents bellows through the throng:  
 Nor Hector kept his ranks, but rush'd before  
 Straight on the ship, and seiz'd it's ruddy prore.

Ver. 839.] An adventitious thought, engrafted on his author  
 from Chapman:

*Darkens the river with her wings, and swoopes amongst them all.*

Ver. 840.] Rather, "Jove *urg'd* him on."

Ver. 846.] This couplet is a fine addition of the translator, in  
 full agreement with the spirit of the passage, and a happy comment  
 on it. The original is literally this :

Greece yet unconquer'd, kept alive the war,  
 Secure of death, confiding in despair;  
 Troy in proud hopes already view'd the main 850  
 Bright with the blaze, and red with heroes slain:  
 Like strength is felt from hope, and from despair,  
 And each contends, as his were all the war.  
 'Twas thou, bold Hector! whose resistless hand  
 First seiz'd a ship on that contested strand; 855  
 The same which dead Protefilaüs bore,  
 The first that touch'd th' unhappy Trojan shore:  
 For this in arms the warring nations stood,  
 And bath'd their gen'rous breasts with mutual  
 blood. 859

---

Thou wouldst have call'd them an unwearied host,  
 Untameable; so ardently they fought.

Ver. 852.] An inelegant and languid couplet, to represent this verse of his author:

They with these views the conflict fierce maintain'd:

which a translator might excusably have passed over as comprehended in the preceding paragraph: but our poet evidently trod in the steps of his predecessor Chapman:

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and thus, *unlike affects*  
 Bred like *strenuitie* in both.

Ver. 856. *The same which dead Protefilaüs bore.*] Homer feigns that Hector laid hold on the ship of the dead Protefilaüs, rather than on that of any other, that he might not disgrace any of his Grecian generals. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 857.] Our poet omits, like Chapman, an important and pathetic clause, which may be introduced thus:

The same which *once* Protefilaüs bore,  
 Who landed first, but home return'd no more.

Ver. 859.] Rather, perhaps,  
 And bath'd their *murderous arms* in mutual blood:

No room to poize the lance or bend the bow;  
 But hand to hand, and man to man they grow:  
 Wounded, they wound; and seek each other's  
                   hearts

With falchions, axes, swords, and shorten'd darts.  
 The falchions ring, shields rattle, axes found,  
 Swords flash in air, or glitter on the ground; 865  
 With streaming blood the flipp'ry shores are dy'd,  
 And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.

---

Ver. 861.] This application of the word *grow* on the present occasion will scarcely approve itself, I think, to readers of taste. Thus?

No room for lances, or the feather'd flight;  
 But hand to hand, and man to man, they fight:  
 which, I now perceive, is in the manner of Ogilby:  
 No spears they throw, nor use the *barbed flight*,  
 But with broad swords and battell axes fight.

Or thus:

Nor spears they launch, nor point their arrow's flight.

Ver. 864.] The *three* verses of Homer, which these *four* of the translator represent, are much more faithfully given by Ogilby in strains above contempt:

Swords with bright hilts lie tumbled in the dust,  
 Dropt from the hands or shoulders where they stood;  
 In hot contest: the earth was dy'd with blood:

and Chapman, as a good interpreter of a circumstance in his author not free from obscurity, will justify quotation:

---

  as many downright hew'd  
 From off their shoulders as they fought, their bawdricks cut in  
                   twaine:  
 And thus the blacke blood flow'd on earth, from souldiers prest  
                   and flaine.



Still raging Hector with his ample hand  
Grasps the high stern, and gives this loud com-  
mand. 869

Haste, bring the flames! the toil of ten long years  
Is finish'd; and the day desir'd appears!  
This happy day with acclamations greet,  
Bright with destruction of yon hostile fleet.  
The coward-counsels of a tim'rous throng  
Of rev'rend dotards, check'd our glory long: 875

Ver. 866.] Our poet improves on his master's version at *Æneid* xi. 960:

*The sands with streaming blood are sanguine dy'd,  
And death with honour fought on either side.*

Ver. 868.] Thus Chapman:

When Hector once had feisd the ship, he clapt *his faire brode band*  
Fast on the sterne, and held it there, and there *gave this command.*

Ver. 872.] More exactly,

*This day of Jove with acclamations greet.*

Ver. 873.] This elegant thought our poet struck out from Chapman:

*By whose blest light, we take those ships.*

Ver. 874. *The coward counsels of a tim'rous throng  
Of rev'rend dotards ———]*

Homer adds this with a great deal of art and prudence, to answer beforehand all the objections which he well foresaw might be made, because Hector never till now attacks the Grecians in their camp, or endeavours to burn their navy. He was retained by the elders of Troy, who frozen with fear at the sight of Achilles, never suffered him to march from the ramparts. Our author forgets nothing that has the resemblance of truth; but he had yet a farther reason for inserting this, as it exalts the glory of his principal hero: these elders of Troy thought it less difficult to defeat the Greeks, though defended with strong entrenchments while Achilles was

Too long Jove lull'd us with lethargick charms,  
But now in peals of thunder calls to arms:  
In this great day he crowns our full desires,  
Wakes all our force, and seconds all our fires.

He spoke—the warriours, at his fierce command,

880

Pour a new deluge on the Grecian band.  
Ev'n Ajax paus'd (so thick the javelins fly)  
Step'd back, and doubted or to live, or die.  
Yet where the oars are plac'd, he stands to wait  
What chief approaching dares attempt his fate:  
Ev'n to the last, his naval charge defends,  
Now shakes his spear, now lifts, and now protends;

---

not with them, than to overcome them without entrenchments when he assisted them. And this is the reason that they prohibited Hector before, and permit him now, to fall upon the enemy. Dacier. P.

Ver. 875.] An omission by our translator thus appears in Ogilby :

Through our grave council's fears, who never yet  
Would us once suffer to attack the fleet.

Ver. 877. *But now Jove calls to arms, &c.*] Hector seems to be sensible of an extraordinary impulse from heaven, signified by these words, *the most mighty hand of Jove pushing him on*. It is no more than any other person would be ready to imagine, who should rise from a state of distress or indolence, into one of good fortune, vigour and activity. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 878.] This couplet is adventitious, thrown off by the heated imagination of the translator, which might be agitated by Dacier : "Aujourd'hui il nous donne et la prudence pour entreprendre, et la force pour exécuter."

Ver. 886.] These *four* verses are excellent in themselves and

Ev'n yet, the Greeks with piercing shouts inspires,  
Amidst attacks, and deaths, and darts, and fires.

O friends! O heroes! names for ever dear, 896  
Once sons of Mars, and thunderbolts of war!

spirited, but of little resemblance to their model. The passage may be literally given thus :

——— but always with his spear kept off  
Whatever Trojan brought destructive fire ;  
And urg'd his Greeks with loud and dreadful voice.

Ver. 890. *The speech of Ajax.*] There is great strength, closeness, and spirit in this speech, and one might (like many critics) employ a whole page in extolling and admiring it in general terms. But sure the perpetual rapture of such commentators, who are always giving us exclamations instead of criticisms, may be a mark of great admiration, but of little judgment. Of what use is this either to a reader who has a taste, or to one who has not? To admire a fine passage, is what the former will do without us, and what the latter cannot be taught to do by us. However we ought gratefully to acknowledge the good nature of most people, who are not only pleased with this superficial applause given to fine passages, but are likewise inclined to transfer to the critick, who only points at these beauties, part of the admiration justly due to the poet. This is a cheap and easy way to fame, which many writers ancient and modern have pursued with great success. Formerly indeed this sort of authors had modesty, and were humbly content to call their performances only *florilegia* or *posies* : but some of late have passed such collections on the world for criticisms of great depth and learning, and seem to expect the same flowers should please us better, in these paltry nosegays of their own making up, than in the native gardens where they grew. As this practice of extolling without giving reasons is very convenient for most writers, so it excellently suits the ignorance or laziness of most readers, who will come into any sentiment rather than take the trouble of refuting it. Thus the compliment is mutual ; for as such criticks do not tax their readers with any thought to understand them, so their readers in return, advance nothing in opposition to such criticks. They may go roundly on, admiring and exclaiming in this manner ; *What an exquisite spirit*

Ah! yet be mindful of your old renown,  
 Your great forefathers' virtues and your own.  
 What aids expect you in this utmost strait?  
 What bulwarks rising between you and fate?  
 No aids, no bulwarks your retreat attend, 896  
 No friends to help, no city to defend.  
 This spot is all you have, to lose or keep;  
 There stand the Trojans, and here rolls the deep.  
 'Tis hostile ground you tread; your native lands 900  
 Far, far from hence: your fates are in your hands.

Raging he spoke; nor farther wastes his breath,  
 But turns his javelin to the work of death.  
 Whate'er bold Trojan arm'd his daring hands,  
 Against the sable ships, with flaming brands, 905

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*of poetry—How beautiful a circumstance—What delicacy of sentiments—With what art has the poet—In how sublime and just a manner—How finely imagined—How wonderfully beautiful and poetical—And so proceed, without one reason to interrupt the course of their eloquence, most comfortably and ignorantly apostrophizing to the end of the chapter.* P.

Ver. 898.] With a view to greater accuracy, I would thus correct:

This spot is all ye have, to lose or keep;  
 There *threat* the Trojans, and here rolls the deep.  
 'Tis hostile ground; far, far your native *coast*:  
 Your arms be vigorous, or your lives are *lost*!

Ver. 900.] Thus Dryden, *Æn.* x. 392:

Your fires, your sons, your houses, and your lands,  
 And dearest wives, are all *within* your hands.

Ver. 904.] This couplet would admit an infusion of additional spirit. Thus?

So well the chief his naval weapon sped,  
The luckless warrior at his stern lay dead:  
Full twelve, the boldest, in a moment fell,  
Sent by great Ajax to the shades of hell.

---

Whate'er bold Trojan with *presumptuous hand*  
*Hurl'd on the concave ships his flaming brand.*

Ver. 907.] Rather,

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at his *feet* lay dead.

*THE*  
SIXTEENTH BOOK  
*OF THE*  
I L I A D.

## THE ARGUMENT.

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### THE SIXTH BATTLE: THE ACTS AND DEATH OF PATROCLUS.

**P**ATROCLUS (*in pursuance of the request of Nestor in the eleventh book*) entreats Achilles to suffer him to go to the assistance of the Greeks with Achilles's troops and armour. He agrees to it, but at the same time charges him to content himself with rescuing the fleet, without farther pursuit of the enemy. The armour, horses, soldiers, and officers of Achilles are described. Achilles offers a libation for the success of his friend, after which Patroclus leads the Myrmidons to battle. The Trojans at the sight of Patroclus in Achilles's armour, taking him for that hero, are cast into the utmost consternation: he beats them off from the vessels, Hector himself flies, Sarpedon is killed, though Jupiter was averse to his fate. Several other particulars of the battle are described; in the heat of which, Patroclus, neglecting the orders of Achilles, pursues the foe to the walls of Troy; where Apollo repulses and disarms him, Euphorbus wounds him, and Hector kills him: which concludes the book. P.

## NOTE PRELIMINARY.

**W**E have at the entrance of this book one of the most beautiful parts of the Iliad. The two different characters are admirably sustained in the dialogue of the two heroes, wherein there is not a period but strongly marks not only their natural temper but that particular disposition of mind in either, which arises from the present state of affairs. We see Patroclus touched with the deepest compassion for the misfortune of the Greeks, (whom the Trojans had forced to retreat to their ships, and which ships were on the point of burning) prostrating himself before the vessel of Achilles, and pouring out his tears at his feet. Achilles, struck with the grief of his friend, demands the cause of it. Patroclus, pointing to the ships, where the flames already began to rise, tells him he is harder than the rocks or sea which lay in prospect before them, if he is not touched with so moving a spectacle, and can see in cold blood his friends perishing before his eyes. As nothing can be more natural and affecting than the speech of Patroclus, so nothing is more lively and picturesque than the attitude he is here described in.

The *pathetick* of Patroclus's speech is finely contrasted by the *ferid* of that of Achilles. While the former is melting with sorrow for his countrymen, the utmost he can hope from the latter is but to borrow his armour and troops; to obtain his personal assistance he knows is impossible. At the very instant that Achilles is moved to ask the cause of his friend's concern, he seems to say, that nothing could deserve it but the death of their fathers: and in the same breath speaks of the total destruction of the Greeks as of too slight a cause for tears. Patroclus, at the opening of this speech, dares not name Agamemnon even for being wounded; and after he has tried to bend him by all the arguments that could affect an human breast, concludes by supposing that some oracle or supernatural inspiration is the cause that with-holds his arms. What can match the fierceness of his answer? which implies, that not the oracles of heaven itself should be regarded, if they stood in competition with his resentment: that if he yields, it must be through his own mere motive: the only reason he has ever to yield, is that nature itself cannot support anger eternally: and if he yields now, it is only because he had before determined to do so at a certain time, (Il. ix. ver. 767.) That time was not till the flames should approach to his own ships, till the last article of danger, and that not of danger to Greece, but to himself. Thus his very pity has the



NOTE PRELIMINARY.

sternest qualifications in the world. After all, what is it he yields to? only to suffer his friend to go in his stead, just to save them from present ruin, but he expressly forbids him to proceed any farther in their assistance, than barely to put out the fires, and secure his own and his friend's return into their country; and all this concludes with a wish, that (if it were possible) every Greek and every Trojan might perish except themselves. Such is that *wrath* of Achilles, that more than wrath, as the Greek *μῆτις* implies, which Homer has painted in so strong a colouring. P.

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THE  
SIXTEENTH BOOK  
OF THE  
I L I A D.

---

SO warr'd both armies on th'ensanguin'd shore,  
While the black vessels smok'd with human  
gore.

Meantime Patroclus to Achilles flies ;  
The streaming tears fall copious from his eyes ;  
Not faster, trickling to the plains below,      5  
From the tall rock the fable waters flow.  
Divine Pelides, with compassion mov'd,  
Thus spoke, indulgent to his best belov'd.

---

Ver. 1.] Thus, more exactly and fully, in one couplet :

*While for this ship they fight, Patroclus flies  
To tell Achilles, with quick-streaming eyes.*

Ver. 5.] Ogilby is not amiss :

*Tears down his cheeks in trickling drops distill,  
As from a rock descends a crytall rill.*

Ver. 8. *Indulgent to his best belov'd.*] The friendship of Achilles and Patroclus is celebrated by all antiquity : and Homer, notwithstanding the anger of Achilles was his professed subject, has found the secret to discover, through that very anger, the softer parts of

Patroclus, say, what grief thy bosom bears,  
 That flows so fast in these unmanly tears? 10  
 No girl, no infant whom the mother keeps  
 From her lov'd breast, with fonder passion weeps ;

---

his character. In this view we shall find him generous in his temper, despising gain and booty, and as far as his honour is not concerned, fond of his mistresses, and easy to his friend: not proud, but when injured; and not more revengeful when ill used, than grateful and gentle when respectfully treated. "Patroclus (says Philostratus, "who probably grounds his assertion on some ancient tradition) "was not so much elder than Achilles as to pretend to direct him, "but of a tender, modest, and unassuming nature; constant and "diligent in his attendance, and seeming to have no affections but "those of his friend." The same author has a very pretty passage, where Ajax is introduced enquiring of Achilles, "Which of all "his warlike actions were the most difficult and dangerous to him? "He answers, those which he undertook for the sake of his friends. "And which (continues Ajax) were the most pleasing and easy? "The very same, replies Achilles. He then asks him, Which of "all the wounds he ever bore in battle was the most painful to him? "Achilles answers, That which he received from Hector. But "Hector, says Ajax, never gave you a wound. Yes, replies "Achilles, a mortal one, when he slew my friend Patroclus."

It is said in the life of Alexander the Great, that when that prince visited the monuments of the heroes at Troy, and placed a crown upon the tomb of Achilles; his friend Hephæstion placed another on that of Patroclus, as an intimation of his being to Alexander what the other was to Achilles. On which occasion the saying of Alexander is recorded; *That Achilles was happy indeed, for having had such a friend to love him living, and such a poet to celebrate him dead.* P.

Here, I presume, our poet had an eye on Yalden:

*Divine Achilles, with compassion mov'd,  
 Thus to Patroclus spake, his best belov'd.*

VER. 11. *No girl, no infant, &c.*] I know the obvious translation of this passage makes the comparison consist only in the tears of the

Not more the mother's soul that infant warms,  
 Clung to her knees, and reaching at her arms,  
 Than thou hast mine! Oh tell me, to what end  
 Thy melting sorrows thus pursue thy friend? 16

Griev'st thou for me, or for my martial band?  
 Or come sad tidings from our native land?  
 Our fathers live, (our first, most tender care)  
 Thy good Menœtius breathes the vital air, 20

infant, applied to those of Patroclus. But certainly the idea of the simile will be much finer, if we comprehend also in it the mother's fondness and concern, awakened by this uneasiness of the child, which no less aptly corresponds with the tenderness of Achilles on the sight of his friend's affliction. And there is yet a third branch of the comparison, in that pursuit and constant application the infant makes to the mother, in the same manner as Patroclus follows Achilles with his grief, till he forces him to take notice of it. I think (all these circumstances laid together) nothing can be more affecting or exact in all its views, than this similitude; which, without that regard, has perhaps seemed but low and trivial to an unreflecting reader. P.

There is no likeness to his original here; which may be faithfully seen in the coarse draught of Ogilby:

Why com'st thou like a girl with blubber'd eyes,  
 Who running by her busie mother cries  
 To be ta'en up, and by her garments holds,  
 Till she the fondling in her arms infolds.

It is much to be regretted, that the masterly hand of our poet would not finish with fidelity such a natural and pleasing picture. Yalden too will gratify the reader:

Why like a tender girl dost thou complain,  
 That strives to reach the mother's breast in vain;  
 Mourns by her side, her knees embraces fast,  
 Hangs on her robes, and interrupts her haste;  
 Yet, when with fondness to her arms she's rais'd,  
 Still mourns and weeps, and will not be appeas'd?

And hoary Peleus yet extends his days ;  
 Pleas'd in their age to hear their children's praise.

Or may some meaner cause thy pity claim ?  
 Perhaps yon' reliques of the Grecian name,  
 Doom'd in their ships to sink by fire and sword, 25  
 And pay the forfeit of their haughty lord ?  
 Whate'er the cause, reveal thy secret care,  
 And speak those sorrows which a friend would  
 share.

A sigh, that instant, from his bosom broke,  
 Another follow'd, and Patroclus spoke. 30

Let Greece at length with pity touch thy breast,  
 Thyself a Greek; and, once, of Greeks the best !

Ver. 22.] This is foreign to his author. The following is a plain, but true, exhibition of the sentence :

Our fathers live : *they say*, Menætiüs *there*,  
 Great Actor's son, still breathes the vital air :  
 My Peleus still his Myrmidons contröls :  
 Their deaths with anguish just would pierce our souls.

Ver. 23.] I would propose a closer version of the passage, with some help from Ogilby :

Scarce to the Greeks is thy compassion due ;  
 They the king's pride in slaughter justly rue.  
 The source lay open whence thy sorrows flow,  
 And make thy friend the partner of thy woe.

Ver. 31. *Let Greece at length with pity touch thy breast.*] The commentators labour to prove that the words in the original, which begin this speech, *Μη μωραν, Be not angry*, are not meant to desire Achilles to bear no farther resentment against the Greeks, but only not to be displeased at the tears which Patroclus sheds for their misfortune. Patroclus (they say) was not so imprudent to begin his intercession in that manner, when there was need of something

Lo! ev'ry chief that might her fate prevent,  
 Lies pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in his tent.  
 Eurypylus, Tydides, Atreus' son, 35  
 And wife Ulysses, at the navy groan  
 More for their country's wounds, than for  
 :            their own. }

more insinuating. I take this to be an excess of refinement: the purpose of every period in his speech is to persuade Achilles to lay aside his anger; why then may he not begin by desiring it? The whole question is, whether he may speak openly in favour of the Greeks in the first half of the verse, or in the latter? For in the same line he represents their distress,

—— τῶν γὰρ ἄχος βεβήκει Ἀχαιῶς.

It is plain he treats him without much reserve, calls him implacable, inexorable, and even mischievous (for *αἰνεῖται* implies no less.) I do not see wherein the caution of this speech consists; it is a generous, unartful petition, whereof Achilles's nature would much more approve, than of all the artifice of Ulysses, (to which he expressed his hatred in the ninth book, ver. 412.) P.

More exactly thus :

Of Greece prime hero! thy resentment spare,  
 If Greece oppress'd, undone, awake my care.

Ver. 35. *Eurypylus, Tydides, Atreus' son,  
 And wife Ulysses —*]

Patroclus in mentioning the wounded princes to Achilles, takes care not to put Agamemnon first, lest that odious name striking his ear on a sudden, should shut it against the rest of his discourse: neither does he name him last, for fear Achilles dwelling upon it should fall into passion: but he slides it into the middle, mixing and confounding it with the rest, that it might not be taken too much notice of, and that the names which precede and follow it may diminish the hatred it might excite. Wherefore he does not so much as accompany it with an epithet.

I think the foregoing remark of Eustathius is very ingenious, and I have given into it so far, as to chuse rather to make Patroclus

Their pain, soft arts of pharmacy can ease,  
Thy breast alone no lenitives appease.

May never rage like thine my soul enslave, 40  
O great in vain! unprofitably brave!  
Thy country slighted in her last distress,  
What friend, what man, from thee shall hope  
redress?

call him Atreus' son than Agamemnon, which yet farther softens it, since thus it might as well be imagined he spoke of Menelaus, as of Agamemnon. P.

Ver. 37.] I would suppress this superfluous line, and thus alter the preceding:

Ulysses, *wounded*, at the navy groan.

Ver. 38.] A fine couplet: and a correction of Ogilby will furnish another, not much inferior in merit:

Their pain *physicians* soothe with healing balms;  
The fever of thy breast no *med'cine* calms:

or thus, more exactly:

Soft medicinal balms their pain assuage;  
What healing arts can calm Achilles' rage?

Ver. 40.] Thus, with more closeness to the language of his author:

In me may no such dire resentments rest,  
Thou sternly virtuous! as engross thy breast!

Ver. 41.] Thus Chapman:

*Unprofitably* virtuous:

and Ogilby:

Thou who so rich in *useless* virtues art:

and, lastly, Yalden:

Thy virtues are as *useless* as they're great.

No—men unborn, and ages yet behind,  
Shall curse that fierce, that unforgiving mind. 45

O man un pitying! if of man thy race;  
But sure thou spring'st not from a soft embrace,  
Nor ever am'rous hero caus'd thy birth,  
Nor ever tender Goddess brought thee forth.  
Some rugged rock's hard entrails gave thee form,  
And raging seas produc'd thee in a storm, 51  
A foul well-fuited that tempestuous kind,  
So rough thy manners, so untam'd thy mind.

---

Ver. 44.] This explanatory amplification is extremely happy and well timed. The sense of the original may be plainly represented thus :

Whom wilt thou profit to thy latest hour,  
If from the Greeks thou ward not ruin now?

Ver. 46.] These *four* lines are unfaithful and unhappy, in my opinion; not to mention the faulty rhymes of the latter couplet. The following attempt comprehends the full intention of the author in equal compass :

Thy sire no Peleus, prince of gentlest worth;  
No tender Thetis gave thy fierceness birth.

Ver. 51.] Thus Yalden :

Thee *raging seas*, thee boisterous waves brought forth,  
One verse in Godolphin's version of the parallel place in Virgil, is excellent :

———— from some savage stock,  
Hewn from the marble of some mountain rock.

Ver. 52.] *Tempestuous kind* is, I think, an intolerable phrase; and this couplet has but a small resemblance to the model. Thus would I presume to concentrate the *four* lines of the version into *two* :



If some dire oracle thy breast alarm,  
 If aught from Jove, or Thetis, stop thy arm, 55  
 Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may shine,  
 If I but lead the Myrmidonian line:  
 Clad in thy dreadful arms if I appear,  
 Proud Troy shall tremble, and desert the war:

---

Some rock's hard entrails *bare thy savage form*;  
*Some foaming sea* produc'd thee in a storm.

And in this passage our translator has obligations to Dryden, *Æn.*  
 iv. 524:

But hewn from *bården'd entrails* of a rock.

See my note on ver. 89, of our poet's *third* pastoral. But I shall  
 quote, corrected, Ogilby's version also, because, in my judgement,  
 it suggests the true acceptation of the original, and is very ingenious:

Thee some hard rock *and foaming* billow bare;  
 The rougher issue of a rugged pair.

Pope seems to have followed the steps of Yalden:

Thy stubborn nature still retains their *kind*;  
*So hard thy heart, so savage is thy mind.*

Ver. 57.] I suppose he had Yalden before him:

Whilst me thy valiant Myrmidons obey,  
 We yet may turn the fortune of *the day*.  
 Let me in thy distinguish'd arms *appear*,  
 With all thy *dreadful* equipage of war.

Ver. 58.] For greater accuracy, and the riddance of a rhyme,  
 which is no rhyme, I would venture on the following alterations:

Grant me thine arms: their splendours, blazing far,  
 May gain the Greeks some respite from the war:  
 Troy may resign the glories of the day,  
 And thy mere image chase her sons away,  
 Fresh force with ease shall drive her wearied train  
 Back from the navy to their walls again.

Without thy person Greece shall win the day,  
 And thy mere image chase her foes away. 61  
 Press'd by fresh forces, her o'erlabour'd train  
 Shall quit the ships, and Greece respire again.

Thus, blind to fate! with supplicating breath,  
 Thou beg'st his arms, and in his arms thy death.  
 Unfortunately good! a boding sigh 66  
 Thy friend return'd; and with it, this reply.

Patroclus! thy Achilles knows no fears;  
 Nor words from Jove, nor oracles he hears;

Ver. 61. *And thy mere image chase her foes away.*] It is hard to conceive a greater compliment, or one that could more touch the warlike ambition of Achilles, than this which Homer puts into the mouth of Patroclus. It was also an encomium which he could not suspect of flattery; since the person who made it, desires to hazard his life upon the security that the enemy could not support the sight of the very armour of Achilles: and indeed Achilles himself seems to entertain no less a thought, in the answer to this speech, where he ascribes the flight of Troy to the blazing of his helmet: a circumstance wonderfully fine, and nobly exalting the idea of this hero's terrible character. Besides all this, Homer had it in view to prepare hereby the wonderful incident that is to ensue in the eighteenth book, where the very sight of Achilles from his ship turns the fortune of the war. P.

Ver. 64.] I should prefer,

*Fond, heedless man!* with supplicating breath——.

Ver. 66.] By making this couplet from one verse of his author, a fine stroke of pathos is neglected. Thus?

Then heav'd a boding sigh the hero's breast:

Ah! my Patroclus, why this sad request?

No fears, my friend! thy lov'd Achilles move;

No heavenly warnings, no commands from Jove:

which last, I since see, are the rhymes of Ogilby.

Nor aught a mother's caution can suggest; 70  
 The tyrant's pride lies rooted in my breast.  
 My wrongs, my wrongs, my constant thought  
 engage,

Those, my sole oracles, inspire my rage:  
 I made him tyrant: gave him power to wrong  
 Ev'n me: I felt it; and shall feel it long. 75  
 The maid, my black-ey'd maid, he forc'd away,  
 Due to the toils of many a well-fought day;  
 Due to my conquest of her father's reign;  
 Due to the votes of all the Grecian train. 79  
 From me he forc'd her; me, the bold and brave;  
 Disgrac'd, dishonour'd, like the meanest slave.  
 But bear we this—The wrongs I grieve are past;  
 'Tis time our fury should relent at last:  
 I fix'd its date; the day I wish'd appears:  
 Now Hector to my ships his battle bears, 85  
 The flames my eyes, the shouts invade my ears. }  
 Go then, Patroclus! court fair honour's charms  
 In Troy's fam'd fields, and in Achilles' arms:

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Ver. 74.] Thus, more agreeably to his author:

*He, on his power presuming, dared to wrong  
 E'en me.*

Ver. 76.] This *epithet* appears to me very low and degrading here. I would substitute:

The maid, the *favourite* maid —.

Ver. 82.] Thus Chapman:

*But, beare we this, as out of date; tis past.*

Ver. 87.] Our translator might have in view a most magnifi-

Lead forth my martial Myrmidons to fight,  
 Go save the fleets, and conquer in my right. 90  
 See the thin reliques of their baffled band,  
 At the last edge of yon' deserted land !  
 Behold all Ilion on their ships descends ;  
 How the cloud blackens, how the storm impends !  
 It was not thus, when, at my sight amaz'd, 95  
 Troy saw and trembled, as this helmet blaz'd :  
 Had not th' injurious king our friendship lost,  
 Yon' ample trench had bury'd half her host.  
 No camps, no bulwarks now the Trojans fear,  
 Those are not dreadful, no Achilles there: 100

---

cent passage in *Paradise Lost*, vi. 710. which the sublime author modelled, beyond all controversy, from the paragraph before us :

Go then, thou mightiest in the Father's might !  
 Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels  
 That shake heav'n's basis : bring forth all my war,  
 My bow and thunder ; my almighty arms  
 Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh.

Ver. 94.] Our poet profited from Ogilby, who is good with correction :

A cloud of Trojans, thickening more and more,  
 Pens up our Argives on the straighten'd shore.

Ver. 95.] More closely thus :

Not now, as erst, my radiant helm in fight  
 Confounds the Trojans with it's dazzling light.

Ver. 99.] With more fidelity thus :

Now at their tents and ships the foes contend ;  
 Nor e'en those tents and ships can Greece defend.  
 No more repels Tydides' madding spear ;  
 No more Atrides' hateful voice I hear.

No longer flames the lance of 'Tydeus' son;  
 No more your gen'ral calls his heroes on;  
 Hector, alone, I hear; his dreadful breath  
 Commands your slaughter, or proclaims your  
 death.

---

Ver. 101. *No longer flames the lance of Tydeus' son.*] By what Achilles here says, joining Diomed to Agamemnon in this taunting reflection, one may justly suspect there was some particular disagreement and emulation between these two heroes. This we may suppose to be the more natural, because Diomed was of all the Greeks confessedly the nearest in fame and courage to Achilles, and therefore most likely to move his envy, as being the most likely to supply his place. The same sentiments are to be observed in Diomed with regard to Achilles; he is always confident in his own valour, and therefore in their greatest extremities he no where acknowledges the necessity of appeasing Achilles, but always in council appears most forward and resolute to carry on the war without him. For this reason he was not thought a fit ambassador to Achilles; and upon return from the embassy, he breaks into a severe reflection, not only upon Achilles, but even upon Agamemnon who had sent this embassy to him. *I wish thou hadst not sent these supplications and gifts to Achilles; his insolence was extreme before, but now his arrogance will be intolerable; let us not mind whether he goes or stays, but do our duty and prepare for the battle.* Eustathius observes, that Achilles uses this particular expression concerning Diomed,

Οὐ γὰρ Τυδείδῳ Διομήδης ἐν πάλλεμψι  
 Μαινέται ἰγχείῃ

because it was the same boasting expression Diomed had applied to himself, Il. viii. v. 111. of the original. But this having been said only to Nestor in the heat of fight, how can we suppose Achilles had notice of it? this observation shews the great diligence, if not the judgement, of the good archbishop. P.

Ver. 103.] Our poet's inability, I apprehend, to relish the beauties of Homer's language in this place, deprived his readers of some noble verses here, which the following correction of Ogilby will but ill compensate :

Yet now, Patroclus, issue to the plain; 105 }  
 Now save the ships, the rising fires restrain, }  
 And give the Greeks to visit Greece again. }  
 But heed my words, and mark a friend's command  
 Who trusts his fame and honours in thy hand,  
 And from thy deeds expects, th' Achaian host 110  
 Shall render back the beauteous maid he lost:  
 Rage uncontroll'd thro' all the hostile crew,  
 But touch not Hector, Hector is my due.

---

But Hector's voice, who *through their strong* redoubts  
 Has *forc'd the camp, that rings with Trojan shouts,*  
*In chase of vanquished Greece, where'er she flies,*  
*Breaks round mine ear, and strikes the starry skies.*

The terms employed in the last verse are literally rendered from the Greek, and are equally happy and proper in both languages. For how can the effect of confused sounds, arising from the pulses of air reverberated from objects in all directions upon the ear, be more naturally and obviously represented? The classical reader may see an application of the same term to the *pulses* of another fluid in *Apollonius Rhodius*, ii. 793.

Chapman is not amiss:

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now Hector's onely voyce  
 Breakes all the aire, about both hosts.

Ver. 110.] More accurately thus:

*That thy brave deeds will gain from Græcia's host*  
*With numerous gifts the beauteous maid he lost.*

Ver. 111. *Shall render back the beauteous maid.*] But this is what the Greeks had already offered to do, and which he has refused; this then is an inequality in Achilles's manners. Not at all: Achilles is still ambitious; when he refused these presents, the Greeks were not low enough, he would not receive them till they were reduced to the last extremity, and till he was sufficiently revenged by their losses. Dacier. P.

Ver. 113. *But touch not Hector.*] This injunction of Achilles is

Tho' Jove in thunder should command the war;  
 Be just, consult my glory, and forbear. 115  
 The fleet once sav'd, desist from farther chace,  
 Nor lead to Ilion's walls the Grecian race;  
 Some adverse god, thy rashness may destroy;  
 Some god, like Phœbus, ever kind to Troy. 119

highly correspondent to his ambitious character : he is by no means willing that the conquest of Hector should be atchieved by any hand but his own : in that point of glory he is jealous even of his dearest friend. This also wonderfully strengthens the idea we have of his implacability and resentment ; since at the same time that nothing can move him to assist the Greeks in the battle, we see it is the utmost force upon his nature to abstain from it, by the fear he manifests lest any other should subdue this hero.

The verse I am speaking of,

Τὸς ἄλλους ἐνέριξ ἀπὸ δ' Ἑκτορος ἴσχω χεῖρας,

is cited by Diogenes Laertius as Homer's, but not found to be in the editions before that of Barnes's. It is certainly one of the instructions of Achilles to Patroclus, and therefore properly placed in this speech ; but I believe better after

— ποτὶ δ', ἀγλαὰ δῶρα πόρωσι,

than where he has inserted it four lines above ; for Achilles's instructions not beginning till ver. 83.

Πείθεο δ', ὥς τοι ἐγὼ μύθευ τέλος ἐν φρεσὶ θεῖω,

it is not so proper to divide this material one from the rest. Whereas (according to the method I propose) the whole context will lie in this order. *Obey my injunctions, as you consult my interest and honour. Make as great a slaughter of the Trojans as you will, but abstain from Hector. And as soon as you have repulsed them from the ships, be satisfied and return : for it may be fatal to pursue the victory to the walls of Troy.* P.

Ver. 115. *Consult my glory, and forbear.*] Achilles tells Patroclus, that if he pursues the foe too far, whether he shall be victor or vanquished, it must prove either way prejudicial to his glory. For by the former, the Greeks having no more need of Achilles's

Let Greece, redeem'd from this destructive strait,  
Do her own work; and leave the rest to Fate.  
Oh! would to all th' immortal pow'rs above,  
Apollo, Pallas, and almighty Jove!

aid, will not restore him his captive, nor try any more to appease him by presents: by the latter, his arms would be left in the enemy's hands, and he himself upbraided with the death of Patroclus. Dacier. P.

Ver. 120.] Thus more closely to the author:

The fleet once sav'd, return; and Greece again  
Be left to fight her battles in the plain:

and the expression of our poet in the next verse favours of colloquial vulgarity.

Ver. 122. *Oh! would to all, &c.*] Achilles from his overflowing gall, vents this execration: the Trojans he hates as professed enemies, and he detests the Grecians as people who had with calmness overlooked his wrongs. Some of the ancient critics not entering into the manners of Achilles, would have expunged this imprecation, as uttering an universal malevolence to mankind. This violence agrees perfectly with his implacable character. But one may observe at the same time the mighty force of friendship, if for the sake of his dear Patroclus he will protect and secure those Greeks, whose destruction he wishes. What a little qualifies this bloody wish, is, that we may suppose it spoken with great unreservedness, as in secret, and between friends.

Monf. de la Motte has a lively remark upon the absurdity of this wish. Upon the supposition that Jupiter had granted it, if all the Trojans and Greeks were destroyed, and only Achilles and Patroclus left to conquer Troy, he asks what would be the victory without any enemies, and the triumph without any spectators? But the answer is very obvious; Homer intends to paint a man in passion; the wishes and schemes of such an one are seldom conformable to reason; and the manners are preserved the better, the less they are represented to be so.

This brings into my mind that curse in Shakespear, where that



That not one Trojan might be left alive,  
 And not a Greek of all the race survive; 125  
 Might only we the vast destruction shun,  
 And only we destroy th' accursed town!

Such conference held the chiefs; while on the  
 strand,

Great Jove with conquest crown'd the Trojan band.  
 Ajax no more the sounding storm sustain'd, 130  
 So thick, the darts an iron tempest rain'd:

---

admirable master of nature makes Northumberland, in the rage of his passion, wish for an universal destruction;

————— Now let not nature's hand  
 Keep the wild flood confin'd! Let order die,  
 And let the world no longer be a stage  
 To feed contention in a ling'ring act;  
 But let one spirit of the first-born Cain  
 Reign in all bosoms, that each heart being set  
 On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,  
 And darkness be the burial of the dead! P.

Ver. 126.] Better, perhaps, "Might we alone;" and so in the following line. But the rhyme is inadmissible. Perhaps thus, with Chapman's rhyme:

Might we alone, escap'd from death, bring down  
 To dust the towers of Ilion's haughty town.

Ver. 130. *Ajax no more, &c.*] This description of Ajax wearied out with battle, is a passage of exquisite life and beauty: yet what I think nobler than the description itself, is what he says at the end of it, that his hero even in this excess of fatigue and languor, could scarce be moved from his post by the efforts of a whole army. Virgil has copied the description very exactly, *Æn.* ix:

"Ergo nec clypeo juvenis subsistere tantum,  
 "Nec dextra valet: injectis sic undique telis  
 "Obruitur. Strepit assiduo cava tempora circum  
 "Tinnitu galea, & saxis solida æra fatiscunt:

On his tir'd arm the weighty buckler hung;  
 His hollow helm with falling javelins rung,  
 His breath, in quick, short pantings, comes and  
 goes;

134

And painful sweat from all his members flows.  
 Spent and o'erpower'd, he barely breathes at  
 most;

Yet scarce an army stirs him from his post:  
 Dangers on dangers all around him grow,  
 And toil to toil, and wo succeeds to wo. 139

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*" Discussæque jubæ capiti, nec sufficit umbo*

*" Ibis: ingeminant hastis & Troës, & ipse*

*" Fulmineus Mnestheus; tum toto corpore fudor*

*" Liquitur, & piceum, nec respirare potestas,*

*" Flumen agit; fessos quatit æger anhelitus artus.*

The circumstances which I have marked in a different character are improvements upon Homer, and the last verse excellently expresses, in the short catching up of the numbers, the quick short panting, represented in the image. The reader may add to the comparison an imitation of the same place in Tasso, Cant. ix. St. 97 :

*" Fatto intanto hà il foldan cio, ch'e concesso*

*" Fare a terrena forza, hor piu non puote :*

*" Tutto e sangue e sudore; un grave, e spesso*

*" Anhelar gli ange il petto, e i fianche scote.*

*" Langue sotto lo scudo il braccio oppresso,*

*" Gira la destra il ferro in pigre rote;*

*" Spessa, e non taglia, e divenendo ottuso*

*" Perduto il brando omai di brandò hà l'uso."*

P.

Ver. 133.] Thus Dryden, at the parallel passage, Æn. ix. 1091 :

The weapons round *his hollow temples ring.*

And thus Ogilby :

His plumed cask with *showrs of javelins rung,*

His shield now heavy on his shoulder *hung.*

Say, Muses, thron'd above the starry frame,  
How first the navy blaz'd with Trojan flame?

Stern Hector wav'd his sword: and standing  
near

Where furious Ajax ply'd his athen spear,  
Full on the lance a stroke so justly sped, 144  
That the broad falchion lopp'd its brazen head:  
His pointless spear the warrior shakes in vain;  
The brazen head falls founding on the plain.  
Great Ajax saw, and own'd the hand divine.  
Confessing Jove, and trembling at the sign;

---

Ver. 142.] Thus Ogilby:

With his keen sword bold Hector, drawing *near*,  
*Lopp'd off the head* from Ajax knotty *spear*:

but our poet found Chapman preferable in part:

First Hector with his huge *brode sword*, cut off, at setting on,  
The head of Ajax *asben lance*.

Vet. 148. *Great Ajax saw, and own'd the hand divine,*  
*Confessing Jove, and trembling at the sign.*]

In the Greek there is added an explication of this sign, which has no other allusion to the action, but a very odd one in a single phrase or metaphor.

—— ὃ γὰρ πάγχυ μάχης ἐπὶ μῆδεα κείρει  
Ζεὺς ὑψιβρυμέτης, Τρώεσσι δὲ βέλειο νικῆν.

Which may be translated,

So seem their hopes cut off by heav'n's high Lord,  
So doom'd to fall before the Trojan sword.

Chapman endeavours to account for the meanness of this conceit, by the gross wit of Ajax; who seeing the head of his lance cut off, took it into his fancy, that Jupiter would in the same manner cut off the counsels and schemes of the Greeks. For to understand this far fetched apprehension gravely, as the commentators have done,

Warm'd, he retreats. Then swift from all sides  
pour 150  
The hissing brands; thick streams the fiery show'r;  
O'er the high stern the curling volumes rise,  
And sheets of rolling smoke involve the skies.

is indeed (to use the words of Chapman) most *dull* and *Ajantical*. I believe no man will blame me for leaving these lines out of the text.

The remarks, which follow on this place, were written by me previous to the perusal of our poet's note under the preceding verse. As his criticism is undoubtedly wrong, I thought proper to make no alteration in the terms of my own, but to trust it unmodified to the judgement of the reader.

Our poet has neglected a beauty of his author, which will be but dimly seen in my feeble representation of it:

Their schemes of battle sever'd thus he view'd,  
 And falling Greece by Jove and Troy subdued.

The writers of antiquity delighted in these allusive metaphorical correspondences, and employ them in every place: see my *Silva Critica*, sect. 1. xxxiii. Chapman is the only translator who caught this propriety, but has given a most rude and quaint exhibition of it:

His warie spirits told him straight, the hand of heaven was there.

And trembl'd under his conceit; which was, that twas Jove's  
deed:

Who as he *pold off his darts head*; so, sure he had decreed,  
That all *the counsels* of their warre, he would *polle off* like it,  
And give the Trojans victorie.

Ver. 152.] A fine couplet, woven from these words of his author :

Thus fire involv'd the stern  
but he was put forwards by Ogilby :

Whose growing flames in *curled* smoke aspire.

And much in the same manner, Croxall at Ovid's metamorphoses, book xiii :

*And sheets of smok roll'd upward to the sky.*

Divine Achilles view'd the rising flames, 154  
And smote his thigh, and thus aloud exclaims.  
Arm, arm, Patroclus! Lo, the blaze aspires!  
The glowing ocean reddens with the fires.  
Arm, e'er our vessels catch the spreading flame;  
Arm, e'er the Grecians be no more a name;  
I haste to bring the troops.—The hero said; 160  
The friend with ardour and with joy obey'd.

He cas'd his limbs in brafs; and first around  
His manly legs, with filver buckles bound

Ver. 154. *Achilles view'd the rising flames.*] This event is prepared with a great deal of art and probability. That effect which a multitude of speeches was not able to accomplish, one lamentable spectacle, the sight of the flames, at length, brings to pass, and moves Achilles to compassion. This it was (say the ancients) that moved the tragedians to make visible representations of misery; for the spectators beholding people in unhappy circumstances, find their souls more deeply touched, than by all the strains of rhetoric Eustathius. P.

Ver. 156.] This is a fine couplet, but the following attempt is more expressive of the literal sense of Homer :

**Patroclus, rise! this hour thy help requires :  
See, from the ships ascend the hostile fires.**

**Chapman assisted our poet :**

*Arme, arme,* left all our fleet it fire.

**Ver. 158.] Thus, more exactly :**

**Arm quickly, lest the foe triumphant reign,  
Destroy the fleet, and all retreat be vain.**

Ver. 160.] Thus Ogilby :

————— This said,  
Patroclus, arming, his dear friend obey'd.

Ver. 162. *He cas'd his limbs in brass, &c.*] Homer does not

The clasping greaves; then to his breast applies  
 The flamy cuirass, of a thousand dyes; 165  
 Emblaz'd with studs of gold his falchion shone  
 In the rich belt, as in a starry zone:  
 Achilles' shield his ample shoulders spread,  
 Achilles' helmet nodded o'er his head:  
 Adorn'd in all his terrible array, 170  
 He flash'd around intolerable day.

---

amuse himself here to describe these arms of Achilles at length, for besides that the time permits it not, he reserves this description for the new armour which Thetis shall bring that hero; a description which will be placed in a more quiet moment, and which will give him all the leisure of making it, without requiring any force to introduce it. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 167.] Our translator transfers the epithet *starry* from the *breast-plate* to the *sword*, in imitation of Virgil, *Æn.* iv. 261 :

\_\_\_\_\_ illi *stellatus* iaspide *fulvâ*

*Ensis* erat :

His *sword* with *stars* of glittering jasper shone :  
 or as, I see, Ogilby more happily renders :

His sword all starr'd with sparkling jasper shone ;  
 which is incomparably better than Dryden's line :  
 A sword with glittering gems diversify'd.

Ver. 170.] This couplet is substituted by the invention of our translator for the following verse :

Then took two javelins, fitted to his hands.  
 And he seems to have had in his eye Broome's paraphrase on the *third* chapter of Habakuk :

When in a glorious *terrible array*  
 From lofty Paran th' Almighty took his way  
 Born on a cherub's wings he rode;  
*Intolerable day* proclaim'd the God.

Alone, untouch'd, Pelides' javelin stands,  
 Not to be pois'd but by Pelides' hands;  
 From Pelion's shady brow the plant entire  
 Old Chiron rent, and shap'd it for his fire; 175  
 Whose son's great arm alone the weapon wields,  
 The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.  
 \* Then brave Automedon (an honour'd name,  
 The second to his lord in love and fame,  
 In peace his friend, and partner of the war) 180  
 The winged courfers harness'd to the car;  
 Xanthus and Balius, of immortal breed,  
 Sprung from the wind, and like the wind in speed;

---

Ver. 172. *Alone, untouch'd, Pelides' javelin stands.*] This passage affords another instance of the stupidity of the commentators, who are here most absurdly inquisitive after the reasons why Patroclus does not take the spear, as well as the other arms of Achilles? He thought himself a very happy man, who first found out, that Homer had certainly given this spear to Patroclus, if he had not foreseen that when it should be lost in his future unfortunate engagement, Vulcan could not furnish Achilles with another; being no joiner, but only a smith. Virgil, it seems, was not so precisely acquainted with Vulcan's disability to profess the two trades: since he has, without any scruple, employed him in making a spear, as well as the other arms for Æneas. Nothing is more obvious than this thought of Homer, who intended to raise the idea of his hero, by giving him such a spear as no other could wield: the description of it in this place is wonderfully pompous. P.

Ver. 177.] The inanimate figure, *fields*, is ill connected with *heroes*, in the same sentence; otherwise, an elegant and unexceptionable *metonymy*. Thus?

*His son alone the ponderous beam can wield,  
 The death of heroes in th' ensanguin'd field.*

Ver. 183. *Sprung from the wind.*] It is a beautiful invention

Whom the wing'd Harpy, swift Podarge, bore,  
 By Zephyr pregnant on the breezy shore: 185  
 Swift Pedasus was added to their side,  
 (Once great Aëtion's, now Achilles' pride)

of the poet, to represent the wonderful swiftness of the horses of Achilles, by saying they were begotten by the western wind. This fiction is truly poetical, and very proper in the way of natural allegory. However, it is not altogether improbable our author might have designed it even in the literal sense: nor ought the notion to be thought very extravagant in a poet, since grave naturalists have seriously vouched the truth of this kind of generation. Some of them relate as an undoubted piece of natural history, that there was anciently a breed of this kind of horses in Portugal, whose dams were impregnated by a western wind: Varro, Columella, and Pliny, are all of this opinion. I shall only mention the words of Pliny. Nat. Hist. lib. viii. cap. 42. *Constat in Lusitania circa Olyssiponem oppidum, & Tagum amnem, equas Favonio flante obverfas animalem concipere spiritum, idque partum fieri & gigni perniciosissimum.* See also the same author, l. iv. c. 12. l. xvi. c. 25. Possibly Homer had this opinion in view, which we see has authority more than sufficient to give it place in poetry. Virgil has given us a description of this manner of conception, Georgick iii:

“ Continuoque avidis ubi subdita flamma medullis,  
 “ Vere magis (quia vere calor redit ossibus) illæ  
 “ Ore omnes versæ in zephyrum, stant rupibus altis,  
 “ Exceptantque leves auras: & sæpe sine ullis  
 “ Conjugiis vento gravidæ (mirabile dictu)  
 “ Saxa per & scopulos & depressas convalles  
 “ Diffugiunt.”——

P.

Ver. 184.] Thus Ogilby:

Xanthus and Balius, whom Harpyia bore  
 To Zephyr feeding on the ocean's shore.

Ver. 186. *Swift Pedasus was added to their side.*] Here was a necessity for a spare horse (as in another place Nestor had occasion for the same) that if by any misfortune one of the other horses should fall, there might be a fresh one ready at hand to supply his place. This is good management in the poet, to deprive Achilles



Who, like in strength, in swiftneſs, and in grace,  
A mortal courſer, match'd th' immortal race. 189

Achilles ſpeeds from tent to tent, and warms  
His hardy Myrmidons to blood and arms.

All breathing death, around the chief they ſtand,  
A grim, terrific, formidable band:

Grim as voracious wolves that ſeek the ſprings 194  
When ſcalding thirſt their burning bowels wrings.

---

not only of his charioteer and his arms, but of one of his inſe-  
mable horſes. Euſtathius. P.

Ver. 188.] A good couplet, and ſomewhat more exact, may be  
put together with a verſe from Hobbes:

*With equal pace the courſer urg'd his way,*  
Though he were mortal, and immortal they.

Ver. 194. *Grim as voracious wolves, &c.*] There is ſcarce any  
picture in Homer ſo mach in the ſavage and terrible way, as this  
compariſon of the Myrmidons to wolves: it puts one in mind of  
the pieces of Spagnolett, or Salvator Roſa: each circumſtance is  
made up of images very ſtrongly coloured and horridly lively. The  
principal deſign is to repreſent the ſtern looks and fierce appearance  
of the Myrmidons, a gaunt and ghastly train of raw-bon'd  
bloody-minded fellows. But beſide this, the poet ſeems to have  
ſome farther view in ſo many different particulars of the compariſon:  
their eager deſire of fight is hinted at by the wolves thirſting after  
water: their ſtrength and vigour for the battle is intimated by their  
being filled with food: and as theſe beaſts are ſaid to have their  
thirſt ſharper after they are gorged with prey; ſo the Myrmidons  
are ſtrong and vigorous with eaſe and reſreſhment, and therefore  
more ardently deſirous of the combat. This image of their *ſtrength*  
is inculcated by ſeveral expreſſions both in the ſimile and the applica-  
tion, and ſeems deſigned in the contraſt to the other Greeks, who  
are all waſted and ſpent with toil.

We have a picture much of this kind given us by Milton, lib. x.  
where Death is let looſe into the new creation, to glut his appetite,  
and diſcharge his rage upon all nature.

When some tall stag, fresh-slaughter'd in the wood,  
Has drench'd their wide insatiate throats with  
blood,

To the black fount they rush, a hideous throng,  
With paunch distended, and with lolling tongue,  
Fire fills their eye, their black jaws belch the gore,  
And gorg'd with slaughter, still they thirst for  
more.

201

Like furious rush'd the Myrmidonian crew,  
Such their dread strength, and such their death-  
ful view.

---

As when a flock  
Of ravenous fowls, tho' many a league remote,  
Against the day of battle, to a field  
Where armies lie encamp'd, come flying, lur'd  
With scent of living carcases, design'd  
For death the following day, in bloody fight.  
So scented the grim feature, and upturn'd  
His nostril wide into the murky air,  
Sagacious of his quarry from afar.

And by Tasso, Canto x. St. 2. of the furious Soldan covered with  
blood, and thirsting for fresh slaughter.

“ Come dal chiuso ovil cacciato viene  
“ Lupo tal' hor, che fugge, e si nasconde;  
“ Che se ben del gran ventre omai ripiene  
“ Ha l'ingorde voragini profonde.  
“ Avido pur di sangue anco fuor tiene  
“ La lingua, e'l fugge da le labbra immonde;  
“ Tal' ei sen già dopo il sanguigno fratio  
“ De la sua cupa fame anco non fatio.

P.

Ver. 201.] This is a redundant line from the translator.

High in the midst the great Achilles stands,  
 Directs their order, and the war commands. 205  
 He, lov'd of Jove, had lanch'd for Ilion's shores  
 Full fifty vessels, mann'd with fifty oars:  
 Five chosen leaders the fierce bands obey,  
 Himself supreme in valour, as in sway. 209

First march'd Menestheus, of celestial birth,  
 Deriv'd from thee, whose waters wash the earth,  
 Divine Sperchius! Jove-descended flood!  
 A mortal mother mixing with a God.  
 Such was Menestheus, but miscall'd by fame  
 The son of Borus, that espous'd the dame.

---

Ver. 211. *Derived from thee, whose waters, &c.*] Homer seems resolved that every thing about Achilles shall be miraculous. We have seen his very horses are of celestial origin; and now his commanders, though vulgarly reputed the sons of men, are represented as the real offspring of some deity. The poet thus enhances the admiration of his chief hero by every circumstance with which his imagination could furnish him. P.

This verse appears to me a miserable botch. Thus, more faithfully to the words of his original:

Menesthius first, *whose cuirass spread a gleam*  
*Of varied radiance; offspring of thy stream,*  
 Divine Sperchius!

Ver. 213.] Thus Chapman:

A woman, *mixing with a god.* Yet Borus bore the name  
 Of father to Menesthius: he marrying the dame.

And Ogilby:

To filver Sperchius, Jove's beloved flood;  
 A woman so conceiving by a god.

Eudorus next; whom Polymele the gay 216  
 Fam'd in the graceful dance, produc'd to day.  
 Her, fly Cyllenius lov'd; on her would gaze,  
 As with swift step she form'd the running maze:  
 To her high chamber from Diana's quire, 220  
 The god pursu'd her, urg'd, and crown'd his fire.  
 The son confess'd his father's heav'nly race,  
 And heir'd his mother's swiftnefs in the chace.  
 Strong Echeclæus, blest in all those charms,  
 That pleas'd a God, succeeded to her arms; 225

---

Ver. 218.] Our poet degrades his author. Rather thus:  
*Her gentle Hermes lov'd.*

Ver. 220. *To her high chamber.*] It was the custom of those times to assign the uppermost rooms to the women, that they might be the farther removed from commerce: wherefore Penelope in the *Odyssey* mounts up into a garret, and there sits to her business. So Priam, in the sixth book, ver. 248, of the original, had chambers for the ladies of his court, under the roof of his palace.

The Lacedæmonians called these high apartments *ægga*, and as the word also signifies *eggs*, it is probable it was this that gave occasion to the fable of Helen's birth, who is said to be born from an *egg*.  
 Eustathius. P.

More exactly,

*Where dance and song engag'd Diana's quire:  
 The God invades her bed, and crowns his fire.  
 This youth she bare; adorn'd with every grace;  
 Bold in the field, and matchless in the race.*

But Ogilby is more observant of the language of his author:

But when Lucina had her office done,  
 And that her issue saw the glorious sun—

Ver. 224.] Beautiful amplification! His original says merely,  
 Her Echeclæus, son of Actor, led  
 To his own mansion.

Not conscious of those loves, long hid from fame,  
 With gifts of price he fought and won the dame;  
 Her secret offspring to her fire she bare;  
 Her fire carefs'd him with a parent's care.

Pisander follow'd; matchless in his art 230  
 To wing the spear, or aim the distant dart;  
 No hand so sure of all th' Emathian line,  
 Or if a surer, great Patroclus! thine.

The fourth by Phœnix' grave command was  
 grac'd;

Laërtes' valiant offspring led the last. 235

Soon as Achilles with superiour care  
 Had call'd the chiefs, and order'd all the war,  
 This stern remembrance to his troops he gave:  
 Ye far-fam'd Myrmidons, ye fierce and brave!  
 Think with what threats you dar'd the Trojan  
 throng, 240

Think what reproach these ears endur'd so long.  
 " Stern son of Peleus," (thus ye us'd to say,  
 While restless, raging in your ships, you lay)

Ver. 230.] As an agreeable demonstration of the dexterity of  
 our translator, I will give a literal version of this paragraph :

Warlike Pisander, son of Maimalus,  
 Rul'd the third rank, and with the lance in fight  
 Outstript his fellows, save Achilles' friend.

Ver. 238.] From Chapman :

*This stern remembrance he gave all.*

“ Oh nurs'd with gall, unknowing how to yield;  
 “ Whose rage defrauds us of so fam'd a field. 245  
 “ If that dire fury must for ever burn,  
 “ What make we here? Return, ye chiefs, return!”  
 Such were your words—Now warriors grieve  
 no more :

Lo there the Trojans ! bathe your swords in gore !  
 This day shall give you all your soul demands; 250  
 Glut all your hearts ! and weary all your hands !  
 Thus while he rous'd the fire in ev'ry breast,  
 Close, and more close, the list'ning cohorts prest;  
 Ranks wedg'd in ranks ; of arms a steely ring  
 Still grows, and spreads, and thickens round  
 the king. 255

As when a circling wall the builder forms,  
 Of strength defensive against wind and storms,  
 Compacted stones the thick'ning work compose,  
 And round him wide the rising structure grows:

---

Ver. 248.] More faithfully with the following alterations :

Such *was* your *language*, as in troops ye flood.

Lo there the Trojans ! bathe your swords in *blood*.

And he took a hint from Chapman :

— now then, your spleens may *batb*

In sweate of those great works, ye wisht :

as well as from Ogilby :

Go, *take your fill* of what you so desire.

Ver. 254.] A couplet interpolated by the translator.

So helm to helm, and crest to crest they throng,  
 Shield urg'd on shield, and man drove man  
 along; 261

Thick, undistinguish'd plumes, together join'd,  
 Float in one sea, and wave before the wind.

Far o'er the rest in glitt'ring pomp appear  
 There bold Automedon, Patroclus here; 265  
 Brothers in arms, with equal fury fir'd;  
 Two friends, two bodies with one soul inspir'd.

But mindful of the Gods Achilles went  
 To the rich coffer in his shady tent:

Ver. 263.] The rhymes are vicious; and the metaphor of the *sea* may be thought too daring for the occasion. I like it better in the Dunciad, ii. 409, where it is intended to ridicule Blackmore:

So from the mid-moist the nutation spreads  
 Round and more round, o'er all *the sea of beads*.

Ogilby might suggest the thought in the present instance:

Their glittering crests, stuck thick with bushy tails,  
*Wave* inter-clashing with inconstant gales.

Would the couplet stand thus with less exception?

The plumes of radiant helmets, floating, sail  
 In thick array, and wave with every gale.

The language is in part from Paradise Lost, viii. 431.

———— the air  
*Flotes*, as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes.

Ver. 267.] Chapman: *Two bodies, with one mind* inform'd:  
 whom Ogilby follows:

As if *one soul* both bodies had informed;  
 for Homer says only, ————— with one mind endued.

Ver. 268.] I should prefer, as more pertinent, and even more elegant than that expletive *body*, the following amendment:

There lay on heaps his various garments roll'd, 270  
 And costly furs, and carpets stiff with gold.  
 (The presents of the silver-footed dame)  
 From thence he took a bowl, of antique frame,  
 Which never man had stain'd with ruddy wine,  
 Nor rais'd in off'rings to the pow'rs divine, 275  
 But Peleus' son; and Peleus' son to none  
 Had rais'd in off'rings, but to Jove alone.  
 This ting'd with sulphur, sacred first to flame,  
 He purg'd; and wash'd it in the running stream.

---

To his rich, *well-wrought* coffer in the tent.

Ver. 271.] Homer says,

Wind-screening vests, and carpets thick with furr :  
 so that Chapman supplied our poet with his embellishment :  
 And tapistries, all *golden fring'd* :

or Virgil, *Æn.* i. 648. *auro regentem : stiff with golden wires* Dryden.

Ver. 276.] This exquisitely graceful turn of his author might  
 be derived from Chapman :

He took a most unvalued bowl, in which none drank but he;  
 Nor he, *but* to the deities; nor any deity  
*But* Jove himself was serv'd with that.

The original stands thus :

There lay a curious cup, whence none but he  
 Drank sparkling wine; whence he libations pour'd  
 Of all the gods to parent Jove alone.

Ver. 278.] The latter clause is fanciful invention, and the  
 rhyme bad. Thus?

To this the sulphur first a polish gave;  
 Then cleans'd the sweetness of the running wave.



Then cleans'd his hands; and fixing for a space  
 His eyes on heav'n, his feet upon the place 281  
 Of sacrifice, the purple draught he pour'd  
 Forth in the midst; and thus the God implor'd.

Oh thou Supreme! high-thron'd all height  
 above!

Oh great Pelasgick, Dodonæan Jove! 285

---

Ver. 280.] These *four* verses appear much inferior to the general merit of our poet; and the vicious rhymes of the *second* couplet are borrowed from Chapman. This is faithful:

The sparkling wine he draws with hallow'd hands;  
 Then in the midst of his pavilion stands;  
 Prays with eyes fix'd on heaven; pours out the wine,  
 Nor 'scapes the notice of the king divine.

Ver. 283. *And thus the God implor'd.*] Though the character of Achilles every where shews a mind sway'd with unbounded passions, and entirely regardless of all human authority and law; yet he preserves a constant respect to the Gods, and appears as zealous in the sentiments and actions of piety as any hero of the Iliad; who indeed are all remarkable this way. The present passage is an exact description and perfect ritual of the ceremonies on these occasions. Achilles', though an urgent affair called for his friend's assistance, yet would not suffer him to enter the fight, till in a most solemn manner he had recommended him to the protection of Jupiter: and this I think a stronger proof of his tenderness and affection for Patroclus, than either the grief he expressed at his death, or the fury he shewed to revenge it. P.

Ver. 284.] More fully thus, without the second couplet:

Sovereign, Pelasgic, Dodonæan Jove!  
 Great God of far Dodone's wintry grove!  
 Whose woods, the Selli —

Paradise Lost, iii. 58:

*High-thron'd above all height!*

Ver. 285. *Dodonæan Jove.*] The frequent mention of *oracles* in Homer and the ancient authors, may make it not improper to

Who 'midst furrounding frosts, and vapours chill,  
Presid'ft on bleak Dodona's vocal hill:

---

give the reader a general account of so considerable a part of the Grecian superstition; which I cannot do better than in the words of my friend Mr. Stanyan, in his excellent and judicious abstract of the Grecian history.

“ The *oracles* were ranked among the noblest and most religious  
 “ kinds of divination; the design of them being to settle such an  
 “ immediate way of converse with their Gods, as to be able by  
 “ them not only to explain things intricate and obscure, but also  
 “ to anticipate the knowledge of future events; and that with far  
 “ greater certainty than they could hope for from men, who out of  
 “ ignorance and prejudice must sometimes either conceal or betray  
 “ the truth. So that this became the only safe way of deliberating  
 “ upon affairs of any consequence, either publick or private.  
 “ Whether to proclaim war, or conclude a peace; to institute a new  
 “ form of government, or enact new laws; all was to be done with  
 “ the advice and approbation of the Oracle, whose determinations  
 “ were always held sacred and inviolable. As to the causes of  
 “ Oracles, Jupiter was looked upon as the first cause of this, and  
 “ all other sorts of divination; he had the book of fate before him,  
 “ and out of that revealed either more or less, as he pleased, to  
 “ inferiour dæmons. But to argue more rationally, this way of  
 “ access to the Gods has been branded as one of the earliest and  
 “ grossest pieces of priestcraft, that obtained in the world. For  
 “ the priests, whose dependance was on the Oracles, when they  
 “ found the cheat had got sufficient footing, allowed no man to  
 “ consult the Gods without costly sacrifices and rich presents to  
 “ themselves: and as few could bear this expence, it served to raise  
 “ their credit among the common people by keeping them at an  
 “ awful distance. And to heighten their esteem with the better and  
 “ wealthier sort, even they were only admitted upon a few stated  
 “ days; by which the thing appeared still more mysterious, and for  
 “ want of this good management, must quickly have been seen  
 “ through, and fallen to the ground. But whatever juggling there  
 “ was as to the religious part, Oracles had certainly a good effect as  
 “ to the publick; being admirably suited to the genius of a people,  
 “ who would join in the most desperate expedition, and admit of  
 “ any change in government, when they understood by the Oracle

(Whose groves, the Selli, race austere! surround,  
 Their feet unwash'd, their slumbers on the ground;

---

“ it was the irresistible will of the Gods. This was the method  
 “ Minos, Lycurgus, and all the famous law-givers took; and indeed  
 “ they found the people so entirely devoted to this part of religion,  
 “ that it was generally the easiest, and sometimes the only way of  
 “ winning them into a compliance. And then they took care to  
 “ have them delivered in such ambiguous terms, as to admit of  
 “ different constructions according to the exigency of the times:  
 “ so that they were generally interpreted to the advantage of the  
 “ state, unless sometimes there happened to be bribery or flattery  
 “ in the case; as when Demosthenes complained that the Pythia  
 “ spoke as Philip would have her. The most numerous, and of the  
 “ greatest repute, were the Oracles of Apollo, who in subordination  
 “ to Jupiter, was appointed to preside over, and inspire all sorts  
 “ of prophets and diviners. And amongst these, the Delphian  
 “ challenged the first place, not so much in respect of its antiquity,  
 “ as its perspicuity and certainty; inasmuch that the answers of the  
 “ Tripos came to be used proverbially for clear and infallible truths.  
 “ Here we must not omit the first Pythia or priestess of this famous  
 “ Oracle, who uttered her responses in heroic verse. They found  
 “ a secret charm in numbers, which made every thing look pompous  
 “ and weighty. And hence it became the general practice of  
 “ legislators and philosophers, to deliver their laws and maxims in  
 “ that dress: and scarce any thing in those ages was writ of excel-  
 “ lence or moment but in verse. This was the dawn of poetry,  
 “ which soon grew into repute; and so long as it served to such  
 “ noble purposes as religion and government, poets were highly  
 “ honoured, and admitted into a share of the administration. But  
 “ by that time it arrived to any perfection, they pursued more mean  
 “ and servile ends; and as they prostituted their muse, and debased  
 “ the subject, they sunk proportionably in their esteem and dignity.  
 “ As to the history of Oracles, we find them mentioned in the very  
 “ infancy of Greece, and it is as uncertain when they were finally  
 “ extinct, as when they began. For they often lost their prophetick  
 “ faculty for some time and recovered it again. I know it is a  
 “ common opinion, that they were universally silenced upon  
 “ our Saviour's appearance in the world: and if the devil had  
 “ been permitted for so many ages to delude mankind, it might

Who hear, from rustling oaks, thy dark decrees;  
And catch the fates, low-whisper'd in the  
breeze.)

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“probably have been so. But we are assured from history, that  
“several of them continued till the reign of Julian the apostate,  
“and were consulted by him: and therefore I look upon the  
“whole business as of human contrivance; an egregious imposture  
“founded upon superstition, and carried on by policy and interest,  
“till the brighter oracles of the holy scriptures dispelled these mists  
“of error and enthusiasm.” P.

Ver. 285. *Pelagick, Dodonæan Jove.*] Achilles invokes Jupiter with these particular appellations, and represents to him the services performed by these priests and prophets; making these honours, paid in his own country, his claim for the protection of this Deity. Jupiter was looked upon as the first cause of all divination and oracles, from whence he had the appellation of *πανομφαίος*, Il. viii. ver. 250, of the original. The first oracle of Dodona was founded by the Pelasgi, the most ancient of all the inhabitants of Greece, which is confirmed by this verse of Hesiod, preserved by the Scholiast on Sophocles's Trachin :

Δωδώνη, φηγόν τε Πελασγῶν ἔδρανον ἦεν.

The oaks of this place were said to be endowed with voice, and prophetick spirit; the priests who gave answers concealing themselves in these trees; a practice which the pious frauds of succeeding ages have rendered not improbable. P.

Ver. 288. *Whose groves, the Selli, race austere! &c.*] Homer seems to me to say clearly enough, that these priests lay on the ground and forbore the bath, to honour by these austerities the God they served: for he says, σοὶ ναῖσις ἀνιπλόποδις, and this σοὶ can in my opinion only signify for *you*, that is to say, *to please you*, and for *your honour*. This example is remarkable, but I do not think it singular; and the earliest antiquity may furnish us with the like of pagans, who by an austere life tried to please their Gods. Nevertheless I am obliged to say, that Strabo, who speaks at large of these Selli in his seventh book, has not taken this austerity of life for an effect of their devotion, but for a remain of the grossness of their ancestors; who being Barbarians, and straying from country to

Hear, as of old! Thou gav'st, at Thetis pray'r,  
Glory to me, and to the Greeks despair.

---

country, had no bed but the earth, and never used a bath. But it is no way unlikely that what was in the first Pelasgians (who founded this oracle) only custom and use, might be continued by these priests through devotion. How many things do we at this day see, which were in their original only ancient manners, and which are continued through zeal and a spirit of religion? It is very probable that these priests by this hard living had a mind to attract the admiration and confidence of a people who loved luxury and delicacy so much. I was willing to search into antiquity for the original of these Selli, priests of Jupiter, but found nothing so ancient as Homer; Herodotus writes in his second book, that the oracle of Dodona was the ancientest in Greece, and that it was a long time the only one; but what he adds, that it was founded by an Egyptian woman, who was the priestess of it, is contradicted by this passage of Homer, who shews that in the time of the Trojan war this temple was served by men called Selli, and not by women. Strabo informs us of a curious ancient tradition, importing, that this temple was at first built in Thessaly; that from thence it was carried into Dodona; that several women who had placed their devotion there, followed it; and that in process of time the priestesses used to be chosen from among the descendants of those women. To return to these Selli, Sophocles, who of all the Greek poets is he who has most imitated Homer, speaks in like manner of these priests in one of his plays, where Hercules says to his son Hillus; "I will declare to thee a new oracle, which perfectly agrees with this ancient one; I myself having entered into the sacred wood inhabited by the austere Selli, who lie on the ground, writ this answer of the oak, which is consecrated to my father Jupiter, and which renders his oracles in all languages." Dacier. P.

Ver. 288.] Homer in this verse uses a word which I think singular and remarkable, *ὑποφῆται*. I cannot believe that it was put simply for *προφῆται*, but am persuaded that this term includes some particular sense, and shews some custom but little known, which I would willingly discover. In the Scholia of Didymus there is this remark: "They called those who served in the temple, and who explained the oracles rendered by the priests, *hypophets*, or *under-prophets*." It is certain that there were in the temples servitors,

Lo, to the dangers of the fighting field  
The best, the dearest of my friends; I yield:

---

or subaltern ministers, who for the sake of gain undertook to explain the oracles which were obscure. This custom seems very well established in the Ion of Euripides; where that young child (after having said that the priestess is seated on the tripod, and renders the oracles which Apollo dictates to her) addresses himself to those who serve in the temple, and bids them go and wash in the Castalian fountain, to come again into the temple, and explain the oracles to those who should demand the explication of them. Homer therefore means to shew, that these Selli were, in the temple of Dodona, those subaltern ministers that interpreted the oracles. But this, after all, does not appear to agree with the present passage; for, besides that the custom was not established in Homer's time, and that there is no footstep of it founded in that early age; these Selli (of whom Homer speaks) are not here ministers subordinate to others, they are plainly the chief priests. The explication of this word therefore must be elsewhere sought, and I shall offer my conjecture, which I ground upon the nature of this Oracle of Dodona, which was very different from all the other oracles. In all other temples the priests delivered the oracles which they had received from their Gods, immediately: but in the temple of Dodona, Jupiter did not utter his Oracles to his priests, but to his Selli; he rendered them to the oaks, and the wonderful oaks rendered them to the priests, who declared them to those who consulted them: so these priests were not properly *προφῆται*, prophets, since they did not receive those answers from the mouth of their God immediately: but they were but *ὑποφῆται*, under-prophets, because they received them from the mouth of the oaks, if I may say so. The oaks, properly speaking, were the prophets, the first interpreters of Jupiter's Oracles; and the Selli were *ὑποφῆται*, under-prophets, because they pronounced what the oaks had said. Thus Homer, in one single word, includes a very curious piece of antiquity.  
P.

Thus Chapman :

Th' *austere* prophétique Selli dwell.

And the following fine couplet is an overflow of our translator's exuberant imagination.

Tho' still determin'd, to my ships confin'd; 296  
 Patroclus gone, I stay but half behind.  
 Oh! be his guard thy providential care,  
 Confirm his heart, and string his arm to war:  
 Prefs'd by his single force, let Hector see 300  
 His fame in arms not owing all to me.  
 But when the fleets are fav'd from foes and fire,  
 Let him with conquest and renown retire;  
 Preserve his arms, preserve his social train,  
 And safe return him to these eyes again! 305  
 Great Jove consents to half the chief's request,  
 But heav'n's eternal doom denies the rest;

---

Ver. 292.] His original prescribes,

Thou gav'st, *indulgent lately to my pray'r,*  
 Glory to me, and to the Greeks despair;  
*So now performance of my wish prepare.*

}

Ver. 297.] A line added by our poet.

Ver. 300.] Our translator makes short work with this passage, because he could not understand it, nor gain proper information from his predecessors, who are equally mistaken. It may be rendered thus:

Prefs'd by his single arm, let Hector see,  
 If my Patroclus owe his fame to me;  
 Or then alone with conquering arms engage,  
 When I, attendant, bid the battle rage:

which I since observe to be the rhymes of Ogilby.

Ver. 306. *Great Jove consents to half.*] Virgil has finely imitated this in his eleventh Æneid:

"Audiit, & voti Phœbus succedere partem  
 "Mente dedit; partem volucres disperfit in auras.  
 "Sterneret ut subitâ turbatam morte Camillam

To free the fleet was granted to his pray'r;  
 His safe return, the winds dispers'd in air.  
 Back to his tent the stern Achilles flies, 310  
 And waits the combat with impatient eyes.

Meanwhile the troops beneath Patroclus care,  
 Invade the Trojans, and commence the war.  
 As wasps, provok'd by children in their play,  
 Pour from their mansions by the broad high-way,

"Annuit oranti; reducem ut patria alta videret

"Non dedit, inque notos vocem vertere procellæ." P.

See the Rape of the Lock, ii. 45. where, as in this place, he follows Virgil's lines, pointed out in his own remark.

Ver. 310.] Our translator strangely abbreviates his original in this place. My own efforts will make but small amendment to the reader:

Back to his tent, libations made and prayer,  
 Return'd the chief, and stor'd the cup with care:  
 Still to the door reverts; with longing eyes  
 Pursues his friend, and for the combat sighs.

Ver. 314. *As wasps provok'd, &c.*] One may observe, that though Homer sometimes takes his similitudes from the meanest and smallest things in nature, yet he orders it so as by their appearance to signalize and give lustre to his greatest heroes. Here he likens a body of Myrmidons to a nest of wasps, not on account of their strength and bravery, but of their heat and resentment. Virgil has imitated these humble comparisons, as when he compares the builders of Carthage to bees. Homer has carried it a little farther in another place, where he compares the soldiers to flies, for their busy industry and perseverance about a dead body; not diminishing his heroes by the size of these small animals, but raising his comparisons from certain properties inherent in them, which deserve our observation. Eustathius.

This brings into my mind a pretty rural simile in Spenser, which is very much in the simplicity of the old father of poetry:



In swarms the guiltless traveller engage, 316  
 Whet all their stings, and call forth all their rage:  
 All rise in arms, and with a gen'ral cry  
 Assert their waxen domes, and buzzing progeny.  
 Thus from the tents the fervent legion swarms, 320  
 So loud their clamours, and so keen their arms.  
 Their rising rage Patroclus' breath inspires,  
 Who thus inflames them with heroick fires.

Oh warriors, part'ners of Achilles' praise!  
 Be mindful of your deeds in ancient days: 325

---

As gentle shepherd in sweet eventide,  
 When ruddy Phœbus 'gins to welke in west,  
 High on a hill, his flock to viewen wide,  
 Marks which do bite their hasty supper best;  
 A cloud of cumb'rous gnats do him molest,  
 All striving to infix their feeble stings,  
 That from their noyance he no whit can rest,  
 But with his clownish hand their tender wings  
 He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings. P.

Ver. 315.] Thus Chapman:

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as fell waspes, that make  
*Their dwellings in the broad high way:*

and Ogilby:

*As buzzing swarms of angry wasps engage,  
 Whom near the road unhappy boys enrage.*

Ver. 320.] In the same terms Chapman:

So far'd it with the *fervent* mind, of every Myrmidon,  
 Who *pour'd* themselves out of their fleete, upon their wanton  
 foes.

Ver. 322.] Somewhat more exactly, thus:

*With loud and bearing voice the chief inspires  
 His arm'd compeers, and fans their rising fires.*

Your god-like master let your acts proclaim,  
 And add new glories to his mighty name.  
 Think, your Achilles sees you fight: be brave,  
 And humble the proud monarch whom you save.

Joyful they heard, and kindling as he spoke,  
 Flew to the fleet, involv'd in fire and smoke. 331  
 From shore to shore the doubling shouts resound,  
 The hollow ships return a deeper sound.  
 The war stood still, and all around them gaz'd,  
 When great Achilles' shining armour blaz'd: 335  
 Troy saw, and thought the dread Achilles nigh,  
 At once they see, they tremble, and they fly.

---

Ver. 326.] None of the translators have perceived the full force of this passage, which I shall venture to render thus:

That we, his servant-train, in arms may grace,  
 E'en we, the noblest of the Græcian race:  
 And king Atreides may confess with shame  
 His insults shewn to this unrivall'd name.

Ver. 330.] Our translator seems to grow more negligent of his author, and more licentious, as he proceeds. The couplet proposed is exact:

His words the vigorous soul of each excite;  
 They rush in ferried phalanx to the fight.  
 The Greeks, observant, with terrific sound  
 All shout: the noise their ships rebellow round:

for the rhymes of our poet's *second* couplet are none. I thus proceed:

The Trojan squadrons saw with dire alarms  
 The chiefs conspicuous in their glittering arms:  
 Commotion, terrour, seiz'd the wondering train;  
 They thought Achilles rous'd to war again,  
 His wrath appeas'd. Each casts around his eye,  
 To 'scape the conflict, and with safety fly.

Then first thy spear, divine Patroclus! flew,  
 Where the war rag'd, and where the tumult grew.  
 Close to the stern of that fam'd ship, which bore  
 Unblest Protefilaus to Ilion's shore, 341  
 The great Pæonian, bold Pyrechmes, stood;  
 (Who led his bands from Axius' winding flood)  
 His shoulder-blade receives the fatal wound; 344  
 The groaning warrior pants upon the ground.  
 His troops, that see their country's glory slain,  
 Fly diverse, scatter'd o'er the distant plain.  
 Patroclus' arm forbids the spreading fires,  
 And from the half-burn'd ship proud Troy retires:  
 Clear'd from the smoke the joyful navy lies; 350  
 In heaps on heaps the foe tumultuous lies:  
 Triumphant Greece her rescu'd decks ascends,  
 And loud acclaim the starry region rends.

---

Ver. 343.] His author dictates,  
 Who led his bands from Axius' *ample* flood.

Ver. 345.] More exactly,  
*Supine*, the groaning warrior *press* the ground.

Ver. 346.] Better, perhaps,  
 His troops, their *chief*, *his* country's glory slain,  
*Dismay'd*, fly diverse o'er the distant plain.

Ver. 350.] These are fine verses; but his author may be fully  
 exhibited in a single couplet:

Greece, while her foe in dire confusion lies,  
 Pours through the fleet. Loud tumult rends the skies.

Ver. 352.] He had his eye on Chapman:

Then spread the Greeks about their ships: *triumphant* tumult  
 flow'd.

So when thick clouds inwrap the mountain's head,  
O'er heav'n's expanse like one black cieling  
spread;

355

Ver. 354. *So when thick clouds, &c.*] All the commentators take this comparison in a sense different from that in which it is here translated. They suppose Jupiter is here described cleaving the air with a flash of lightening, and spreading a gleam of light over a high mountain, which a black cloud held buried in darkness. The application is made to Patroclus falling on the Trojans, and giving respite to the Greeks, who were plunged in obscurity. Eustathius gives this interpretation, but at the same time acknowledges it improper in this comparison to represent the extinction of the flames by the darting of lightening. This explanation is solely founded on the expression *εραπηνίστρα Ζεύς*, *fulgurator Jupiter*, which epithet is often applied when no such action is supposed. The most obvious signification of the words in this passage, gives a more natural and agreeable image, and admits of a juster application. The simile seems to be of Jupiter dispersing a black cloud which had covered a high mountain, whereby a beautiful prospect, which was before hid in darkness, suddenly appears. This is applicable to the present state of the Greeks, after Patroclus had extinguished the flames, which began to spread clouds of smoke over the fleet. It is Homer's design in his comparisons to apply them to the most obvious and sensible image of the thing to be illustrated; which his commentators too frequently endeavour to hide by moral and allegorical refinements; and thus injure the poet more, by attributing to him what does not belong to him, than by refusing him what is really his own.

It is much the same image with that of Milton in his second book, though applied in a very different way:

As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds  
Ascending, while the north wind sleeps, o'erspread  
Heav'n's chearful face; the low'ring element  
Scowls o'er the darken'd landscape snow or show'r;  
If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet  
Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,  
The birds their notes renew, the bleating herds  
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.

P.

Sudden, the Thund'rer with a flashing ray,  
 Bursts thro' the darknefs, and lets down the day:  
 The hills shine out, the rocks in prospect rise,  
 And streams, and vales, and forests strike the eyes;  
 The smiling scene wide opens to the fight, 360  
 And all th' unmeasur'd Æther flames with light.

But Troy repuls'd, and scatter'd o'er the plains,  
 Forc'd from the navy, yet the fight maintains.  
 Now ev'ry Greek some hostile hero slew,  
 But still the foremost, bold Patroclus flew; 365

---

It is obvious, I think, that Homer intends to describe the greatness of the deliverance (though incomplete with respect to the extremity of danger) as forming an equal contrast to that between an impending storm, and a clear sky, when the storm is over: and our poet's translation, though diffuse, is very masterly.

Ver. 357.] Perhaps, an improvement would be made by writing,  
 Bursts through the darknefs, and *spreads round* the day.

Ver. 361.] Might we not emulate the bold sublimity of the original expression?

And all th' unmeasur'd æther *breaks to light*,

by the *rupture* of the intercepting clouds. I will venture a literal blank version of the *simile*, commensurate to the Greek:

As, a thick cloud from some huge mountain's top  
 Driven by the flash of thunder-darting Jove,  
 Start forth to view towers, promontories, woods;  
 O'er boundless æther breaks the blaze of heaven,

\* Ver. 362.] Homer is not distinctly seen in this version. Thus?

Just so the Greeks, reliev'd from hostile fire,  
 The war unfinish'd, from their toils respire:  
 Tho' Troy, repuls'd —.

As Areilycus had turn'd him round,  
 Sharp in his thigh he felt the piercing wound,  
 The brazen-pointed spear, with vigour thrown,  
 The thigh transfix'd, and broke the brittle bone:  
 Headlong he fell. Next Thoas was thy chance,  
 Thy breast, unarm'd, receiv'd the Spartan lance.  
 Phylides' dart (as Amphiclus drew nigh) 372  
 His blow prevented, and transpierc'd his thigh,  
 Tore all the brawn, and rent the nerves away;  
 In darkness, and in death, the warrior lay.

In equal arms two sons of Nestor stand, 376  
 And two bold brothers of the Lycian band:  
 By great Antilochus, Atymnius dies,  
 Pierc'd in the flank, lamented youth! he lies.

---

Ver. 368.] Ogilby, I presume, suggested his rhymes:

The piercing steel in splinters *broke the bone*;  
 Down on his back he trembles *overthrown*.

Ver. 370.] This is not elegant; nor can the original be comprised in less than a couplet. Thus?

Next Thoas' breast, unguarded by his shield  
 Pierc'd Sparta's prince. Unnerv'd, he prest the field.

*Chance* served for convenience only, like Chapman below:

————— The second, Thestor's *chance*.

Ver. 372.] Our poet follows Chapman in misrepresenting his author. The passage may be rectified in this manner:

Amphiclus' heel, as *fiercely* he drew near,  
 His blow *foreseen*, transfixt Phylides' *spear*.  
 In dust, that strongest sinew cut, he lies;  
 And night eternal steals his dying eyes.

Kind Maris, bleeding in his brother's wound, 380  
 Defends the breathless carcase on the ground;  
 Furious he flies, his murd'rer to engage:  
 But god-like Thrasimed prevents his rage,  
 Between his arm and shoulder aims a blow;  
 His arm falls spouting on the dust below: 385  
 He sinks, with endless darkness cover'd o'er;  
 And vents his foul, effus'd with gushing gore.  
 Slain by two brothers, thus two brothers bleed,  
 Sarpedon's friends, Amifodarus' seed;  
 Amifodarus, who, by Furies led, 390  
 The bane of men, abhorr'd Chimæra bred;

Ver. 380.] This is beautifully pathetic, and a great improvement on his author, whose literal sense may be seen in Ogilby:

But Maris, at his brother's death *enrag'd*,  
 Close by the corps Nestor's bold son *engag'd*.

Ver. 386.] This couplet is neither elegant in itself, nor true to it's original. Thus?

With sever'd nerves and shatter'd bone it lies:  
 Sounding he fell, and darkness veil'd his eyes.

Ver. 388.] Thus Chapman, whom our poet exactly follows:

And so by two kind brothers hands, did two kind brothers bleed;  
 Both being divine *Sarpedon's friends*, and were the darting seed  
 Of Amifodarus, that kept, *the bane of many men*  
 Abhorr'd *Chimæra*; and such bane, now caught his children:

for Homer, simply rendered, runs thus:

Thus Amifodarus' two sons, spear-fam'd,  
 Sarpedon's comrades bold, to darkness went,  
 Slain by two brothers. Nurtur'd by their fire  
 Chimæra grew, the bane of multitudes,

Ver. 390. *Amifodarus, who, &c.*] Amifodarus was king of

Skill'd in the dart in vain, his sons expire,  
And pay the forfeit of their guilty fire.

Stopp'd in the tumult Cleobulus lies,  
Beneath Oïleus' arm, a living prize; 395  
A living prize not long the Trojan stood;  
The thirsty falchion drank his reeking blood:  
Plung'd in his throat the smoking weapon lies;  
Black Death, and Fate unpitying, seal his eyes.

Amid the ranks, with mutual thirst of fame,  
Lycon the brave, and fierce Peneleus came; 401  
In vain their javelins at each other flew,  
Now, met in arms, their eager swords they drew.  
On the plum'd crest of his Bœotian foe,  
The daring Lycon aim'd a noble blow; 405  
The sword broke short; but his, Peneleus sped  
Full on the juncture of the neck and head:  
The head, divided by a stroke so just,  
Hung by the skin: the body sunk to dust.

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Caria; Bellerophon married his daughter. The ancients guessed from this passage that the Chimæra was not a fiction, since Homer marks the time wherein she lived, and the prince with whom she lived; they thought it was some beast of that prince's herds, who being grown furious and mad, had done a great deal of mischief, like the Calydonian boar. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 403.] Better, perhaps, and more distinctly,

Now, *hand to hand*, their eager swords they drew.

Ver. 408.] Thus, more accurately:



O'ertaken Neamas by Merion bleeds, 410  
 Pierc'd thro' the shoulder as he mounts his steeds;  
 Back from the car he tumbles to the ground:  
 His swimming eyes eternal shades surround.

Next Erymas was doom'd his fate to feel,  
 His open'd mouth receiv'd the Cretan steel: 415  
 Beneath the brain the point a passage tore,  
 Crash'd the thin bones, and drown'd the teeth in  
 gore;

His mouth, his eyes, his nostrils pour a flood;  
 He sob's his soul out in the gush of blood.

As when the flocks neglected by the swain 420  
 (Or kids, or lambs) lie scatter'd o'er the plain,

---

Hung by the skin his head; so deep the blade  
 Sank in! his limbs relax'd on earth are laid.

Ver. 414.] The whole of this paragraph is carelessly executed  
 by our translator. I pretend to little beyond fidelity, for the better  
 conveyance to the unlearned reader of the true character of Homer's  
 diction:

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me quoque vatem  
 Dicunt pastores; sed non ego credulus illis.

Then perisht Erymas; the Cretan lord  
 His mouth with brass inexorable gor'd:  
 Beneath his brain the spear transmitted shone,  
 Wrencht the white teeth, and brake the farthest bone,  
 Each starting eye with red suffusion glows;  
 Through the wide mouth and opening nostrils flows,  
 The purple stream: Death spreads his curtain round,  
 Thus laid each chief his victim on the ground,

Ver. 420.] Thus Ogilby:

*Wander neglected by the careless swain,*

A troop of wolves th' unguarded charge survey,  
 And rend the trembling, unresisting prey :  
 Thus on the foe the Greeks impetuous came ;  
 Troy fled, unmindful of her former fame. 425  
 But still at Hector god-like Ajax aim'd,  
 Still, pointed at his breast, his javelin flam'd :  
 The Trojan chief, experienc'd in the field,  
 O'er his broad shoulders spread the massy shield ;  
 Observ'd the storm of darts the Grecians pour, 430  
 And on his buckler caught the ringing show'r.

Ver. 422.] The word *survey*, which seems to imply a deliberate and intelligent inspection, is improperly used, I think, on this occasion: and the addition of *unguarded* is made superfluous by the preceding couplet. Thus, more exactly :

A troop of *murderous* wolves *observe them stray*,  
 And rend *at will* their unresisting prey.

Ver. 427.] This specification is not from Homer, but Chapman :

————— by all means would have bene  
 Within *his bosom* with a dart :

and Ogilby might help our poet to his rhymes :

Ajax, who strove to be for ever flam'd,  
 Sought Hector *still*, at Hector onely aim'd.

And on this occasion we are furnished with an instance, how poetry, which is so frequently *injured* by rhyme, receives sometimes great *benefit* from it's oppressor. That true poetical embellishment, " his " javelin *flam'd*," would never have appeared in this place, had not a dissatisfaction with one of Ogilby's rhymes sent our poet on his excursions for another to suit it's fellow: and his search was rewarded with success.

Ver. 431.] This is a fine addition by the translator. Homer says only,

Observ'd the finging shaft and whizzing spear.

He sees for Greece the scale of conquest rise,  
Yet stops, and turns, and saves his lov'd allies.

As when the hand of Jove a tempest forms,  
And rolls the cloud to blacken heav'n with storms,  
Dark o'er the fields th' ascending vapour flies, 436  
And shades the sun, and blots the golden skies:  
So from the ships, along the dusky plain,  
Dire Flight and Terrour drove the Trojan train.  
Ev'n Hector fled; thro' heaps of disarray 440  
The fiery courfers forc'd their Lord away:

---

Ver. 433. *Yet stops, and turns, and saves his lov'd allies.*] Homer represents Hector, as he retires, making a stand from time to time, to save his troops: and he expresses it by this single word *ἀνίσταμαι*, for *ἀναμίσταμαι* does not only signify to *stay*, but likewise in retiring to stop from time to time; for this is the power of the preposition *ἀνά*, as in the word *ἀναμάχισθαι*, which signifies to *fight by fits and starts*; *ἀναπαλαίειν*, to *wrestle several times*, and in many others. Eustathius. P.

The term *allies*, as comprehending the Trojans also, is inaccurate, and only subservient to the rhyme. Ogilby's rhymes may be thus adjusted to our purpose:

He sees precarious Conquest changing sides;  
But turns, and for his people's weal provides.

Ver. 436.] I should prefer, as more consonant to his original,  
Dark o'er th' *æthereal* field the vapour flies:  
and our author had his eye on Ogilby, who is in some points more exact:

As a dark storm from steep Olympus flies,  
When Jove, condensing vapours, dims the skies.

Ver. 437.] Thus Cowley, David. iii. 285:  
He sung how earth *blots* the moon's gilded wane.

Ver. 440.] More exactly thus:

While far behind his Trojans fall confus'd;  
 Wedg'd in the trench, in one vast carnage bruis'd:  
 Chariots on chariots roll; the clashing spokes  
 Shock; while the madding steeds break short  
 their yokes: 445

In vain they labour up the steepy mound;  
 Their charioteers lie foaming on the ground.  
 Fierce on the rear, with shouts, Patroclus flies;  
 Tumultuous clamour fills the fields and skies;  
 Thick drifts of dust involve their rapid flight, 450  
 Clouds rise on clouds, and heav'n is snatch'd  
 from fight.

Th'affrighted steeds, their dying lords cast down,  
 Scour o'er the fields, and stretch to reach the town.

*His fiery courfers Hector force away;  
 Wedg'd in the trench his troops reluctant stay:*

and then the next couplet may be abandoned, as a superfluous interpolation of the translator.

Ver. 444.] These *four* verses correspond to half the number of his original, which may be represented as fully in a single couplet:

*There, in the straights, the struggling steeds confin'd,  
 Break short the poles, and leave the cars behind.*

Ver. 449.] Thus, more faithfully: for our translator is hurried by his enthusiasm into immoderate redundancies:

*Through the wide plain loud shrieks of terror rise:  
 Heav'n's broad expanse o'erspreads a dusty cloud:  
 Back from the fleet the steeds impetuous croud:  
 Loud o'er the rout is heard the victor's cry,  
 Where reigns Confusion, where the thickest fly.*

Loud o'er the rout was heard the victor's cry, <sup>454</sup>  
 Where the war bleeds, and where the thickest die:  
 Where horse and arms, and chariots lie o'er-  
 thrown,

And bleeding heroes under axles groan.

No stop, no check the steeds of Peleus knew;  
 From bank to bank th' immortal coursers flew,  
 High-bounding o'er the fosse: the whirling car <sup>460</sup>  
 Smokes thr' the ranks, o'ertakes the flying war,  
 And thunders after Hector; Hector flies,  
 Patroclus shakes his lance; but fate denies.  
 Not with less noise, with less impetuous force,  
 The tide of Trojans urge their desp'rate course, <sup>465</sup>  
 Than when in autumn Jove his fury pours, <sup>470</sup>  
 And earth is loaden with incessant show'rs,

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Ver. 459. *From bank to bank th' immortal coursers flew, &c.*] Homer had made of Hector's horses all that poetry could make of common and mortal horses; they stand on the bank of the ditch, foaming and neighing for madness that they cannot leap it. But the immortal horses of Achilles find no obstacle; they leap the ditch, and fly into the plain. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 462.] This is not conformable to his author. The following substitution is exact:

Hector he aim'd to strike, with vain essay;  
 His rapid coursers bore the chief away.

Ver. 466. *Than when in autumn Jove his fury pours—*  
 — *When guilty mortals, &c.*]

The poet in this image of an inundation, takes occasion to mention a sentiment of great piety, that such calamities were the effects of divine justice punishing the sins of mankind. This might probably refer to the tradition of an universal deluge, which was very com-

(When guilty mortals break th' eternal laws,  
 Or judges brib'd, betray the righteous cause)  
 From their deep beds he bids the rivers rise, 470  
 And opens all the flood-gates of the skies:  
 Th' impetuous torrents from their hills obey,  
 Whole fields are drown'd, and mountains swept  
 away;

mon among the ancient heathen writers; most of them ascribing the cause of this deluge to the wrath of heaven provoked by the wickedness of men. Diodorus Siculus, lib. xv. cap. 5. speaking of an earthquake and inundation, which destroyed a great part of Greece, in the hundred and first Olympiad, has these words. *There was a great dispute concerning the cause of this calamity: the natural philosophers generally ascribed such events to necessary causes, not to any divine hand: but they who had more devout sentiments, gave a more probable account hereof; asserting, that it was the divine vengeance alone that brought this destruction upon men who had offended the Gods with their impiety.* And then proceeds to give an account of those crimes which drew down this punishment upon them.

This is one, among a thousand instances, of Homer's indirect and oblique manner of introducing moral sentences and instructions. These agreeably break in upon his reader even in descriptions and poetical parts, where one naturally expects only painting and amusement. We have virtue put upon us by surprise, and are pleased to find a thing where we should never have looked to meet with it. I must do a noble English poet the justice to observe, that it is this particular art that is the very distinguishing excellence of Cooper's-Hill; throughout which, the descriptions of places, and images raised by the poet, are still tending to some hint, or leading into some reflection, upon moral life or political institution: much in the same manner as the real sight of such scenes and prospects is apt to give the mind a composed turn, and incline it to thoughts and contemplations that have a relation to the object. P.

Ver. 468.] Thus Ogilby:

Angry with those who wrest well-meaning laws,  
 Or gain by bribes or perjury their cause.

Ver. 472.] It may seem presumptuous to censure, and much

Loud roars the deluge 'till it meets the main;  
 And trembling man fees all his labours vain! 475  
 And now the chief (the foremost troops repell'd)  
 Back to the ships his destin'd progress held,  
 Bore down half Troy in his resistless way,  
 And forc'd the routed ranks to stand the day.  
 Between the space where silver Simois flows, 480  
 Where lay the fleets, and where the rampires rose,

---

more to correct, such a sublime and spirited translation of this *simile*; but I have so often explained my motives to the reader for these bold attempts, that I shall submit the following substitution, without more apology:

Th' impetuous torrents *burst with sweepy sway*,  
 Whole fields are drown'd, and mountains *torne* away:  
 Loud roars the deluge *to the purple main*,  
 And trembling man fees all his labours vain.

Ver. 476.] Our poet, I think, misinterprets his author in this passage; of which I shall therefore give a literal translation:

Patroclus then back to the navy drives  
 The Trojans fever'd from their van, nor left  
 A passage to the town, but slaughtering press,  
 Pent by the ships, the river, and the wall;  
 And sooths with vengeance numerous Argives slain.  
 First Pronous —.

Ver. 480. *Between the space where silver Simois flows,  
 Where lay the fleets, and where the rampires rose.*]

It looks at first sight as if Patroclus was very punctual in obeying the orders of Achilles, when he hinders the Trojans from ascending to their town, and holds an engagement with them between the ships, the river and the wall. But he seems afterwards through very haste to have slipped his commands, for his orders were that he should drive them from the ships, and then presently return; but he proceeds farther, and his death is the consequence. Eustathius.

P.

All grim in dust and blood, Patroclus stands,  
 And turns the slaughter on the conqu'ring bands.  
 First Pronous dy'd beneath his fiery dart,  
 Which pierc'd below the shield his valiant heart.  
 Thestor was next; who saw the chief appear, 486  
 And fell the victim of his coward fear;  
 Shrunk up he sat, with wild and haggard eye,  
 Nor stood to combat, nor had force to fly:  
 Patroclus mark'd him as he shunn'd the war, 490  
 And with unmanly tremblings shook the car,  
 And dropp'd the flowing reins. Him 'twixt  
                   the jaws  
 The javelin sticks, and from the chariot draws.  
 As on a rock that overhangs the main,  
 An angler, studious of the line and cane, 495

---

Ver. 484.] *Dart* is improper, for a *spear*. I shall quote Chapman, as our poet has borrowed an *epithet* from his version:

Then Pronous was first that fell, *beneath his fierce lance,*  
 Which strooke his bare breast, neare his shield.

Ver. 486.] We are supplied in this passage with an instance of, perhaps, the most licentious amplification, that has yet occurred: a plain version of the paragraph may amuse the reader:

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Then Thestor, Enop's son,  
 At the next onset: in his polish'd car  
 Crouching, he shrank confounded: from his hands  
 Down dropt the reins. The spear, close-smiting, gor'd  
 His cheek, and past the teeth. Thus o'er the feat  
 The hero rais'd him sticking.

Ver. 494.] Our poet had his eye on Chapman, who is more exact:



Some mighty fish draws panting to the shore;  
 Not with less ease the barbed javelin bore  
 The gaping dastard: as the spear was shook,  
 He fell, and life his heartless breast forsook.

Next on Eryalus he flies; a stone 500  
 Large as a rock, was by his fury thrown:  
 Full on his crown the pond'rous fragment flew,  
 And burst the helm, and cleft the head in two:  
 Prone to the ground the breathless warrior fell,  
 And death involv'd him with the shades of hell.  
 Then low in dust Epaltes, Echius lie; 506  
 Ipheas, Evippus, Polymelus, die;  
 Amphoterus, and Erymas succeed;  
 And last, Tlepolemus and Pyres bleed.

---

it shew'd, as when you view  
 An angler from some prominent rocke, draw with his line and  
 hooke

A *mighty fish* out of the sea.

The original says, a *sacred fish*: among the various reasons for this appellation, that is not the least remarkable, which my schoolmaster, an excellent, ingenious, and amiable man, but no *theologian*, was accustomed to mention, as derived from the initial letters of the word  $\iota\chi\theta\upsilon\varsigma$ :  $\iota\alpha\pi\upsilon\varsigma$ ,  $\chi\epsilon\iota\omega\tau\omicron\varsigma$ ,  $\theta\epsilon\iota\alpha\ \nu\iota\omega\varsigma$ ,  $\sigma\alpha\kappa\tau\eta$ !

Ver. 498.] *Shaken* is the proper *participle* of the word. More accurately, with these corrections:

The gaping dastard thus the javelin bore.  
*Prone*, as the *glitt'ring lance* the warrior shook,  
 He fell —.

Ver. 504.] Or thus:

*Flat* on the *field* the breathless wretch was laid;  
 And Death *pour'd* round his all-involving shade.

Where'er he moves, the growing slaughters spread  
In heaps on heaps; a monument of dead. 511

When now Sarpedon his brave friends beheld  
Gro'ling in dust, and gasping on the field,

Ver. 511.] More closely thus :

*And earth is piled with monuments of dead.*

Ver. 512. *When now Sarpedon, &c.*] The poet preparing to recount the death of Sarpedon, it will not be improper to give a sketch of some particulars which constitute a character the most faultless and amiable in the whole Iliad. This hero is by birth superiour to all the chiefs of either side, being the only son of Jupiter engaged in this war. His qualities are no way unworthy his descent, since he every where appears equal in valour, prudence, and eloquence, to the most admired heroes: nor are these excellencies blemished with any of those defects with which the most distinguishing characters of the poem are stained. So that the nicest critics cannot find any thing to offend their delicacy, but must be obliged to own the manners of this hero perfect. His valour is neither rash nor boisterous; his prudence neither timorous nor tricking; and his eloquence neither talkative nor boasting. He never reproaches the living, or insults the dead; but appears uniform through his conduct in the war, acted with the same generous sentiments that engaged him in it, having no interest in the quarrel but to succour his allies in distress. This noble life is ended with a death as glorious; for in his last moments he has no other concern, but for the honour of his friends, and the event of the day.

Homer justly represents such a character to be attended with universal esteem: as he was greatly honoured when living, he is as much lamented when dead, as the chief prop of Troy. The poet by his death, even before that of Hector, prepares us to expect the destruction of that town, when its two great defenders are no more: and in order to make it the more signal and remarkable, it is the only death of the Iliad attended with prodigies: even his funeral is performed by divine assistance, he being the only hero whose body is carried back to be interred in his native country, and honoured with monuments erected to his fame. These peculiar and distinguishing

With this reproach his flying host he warms,  
 Oh stain to honour! oh disgrace to arms! 515  
 Forsake, inglorious, the contended plain;  
 This hand, unaided, shall the war sustain:  
 The task be mine, this hero's strength to try,  
 Whomows whole troops, and makes an army fly.  
 He spake; and speaking, leaps from off the car;  
 Patroclus lights, and sternly waits the war. 521  
 As when two vultures on the mountain's height  
 Stoop with resounding pinions to the fight;

---

ing honours seem appropriated by our author to him alone, as the reward of a merit superiour to all his other less perfect heroes. P.

Thus with more exactness, and an unexceptionable rhyme:

Sarpedon, *viewing his uncinctur'd train*  
*Fall by Patroclus on th' ensanguin'd plain,*  
 With keen reproach *their noble spirit* warms:  
 Oh stain to honour! oh disgrace to arms!  
*Thus speed my Lycians in ignoble flight?*  
 This hand, unaided, shall sustain the fight.

Our translator gave the first verse of this passage originally, as follows:

When now *the chief* his *valiant* friends beheld.

Ver. 515.] It stood thus at first, with agreeable variation, not judiciously supplanted:

————— oh disgrace of arms!

Ver. 519.] Originally, “the hero's strength;” and

————— makes *whole armies* fly.

He said, and leap'd from off *his lofty* car.

Ver. 522. *As when two vultures.*] Homer compares Patroclus and Sarpedon to two vultures, because they appeared to be of equal strength and abilities, when they had dismounted from their chariots. For this reason he has chosen to compare them to birds of

They cuff, they tear, they raise a screaming cry ;  
 The desert echoes, and the rocks reply : 525  
 The warriors thus oppos'd in arms, engage  
 With equal clamours, and with equal rage.

Jove view'd the combat ; whose event foreseen,  
 He thus bespoke his sister and his queen.  
 The hour draws on ; the destinies ordain, 530  
 My god-like son shall press the Phrygian plain :  
 Already on the verge of death he stands,  
 His life is ow'd to fierce Patroclus' hands.  
 What passions in a parent's breast debate !  
 Say, shall I snatch him from impending fate, 535

---

the same kind ; as on another occasion, to image the like equality of strength, he resembles both Hector and Patroclus to lions ; but a little after this place, diminishing the force of Sarpedon, he compares him to a bull, and Patroclus to a lion. He has placed these vultures upon a high rock, because it is their nature to perch there, rather than on the boughs of trees. Their crooked talons make them unfit to walk on the ground, they could not fight steadily in the air, and therefore their fittest place is the rock. Eustathius. P.

Ogilby's literal execution of this *simile* will serve very well to point out the graceful decorations of our poet's fancy :

As on a rock two cruel vulturs light,  
 And screeching with their bills and talons fight.

Ver. 523.] Thus, at first :  
 Stoop with *their sounding* pinions to the fight.

Ver. 530.] Thus ? conformably to the pathos of his author :  
*Ah me !* the hour draws on ; the *Fates* ordain —.

Ver. 535. *Say, shall I snatch him from impending fate.*] It

And send him safe to Lycia, distant far  
From all the dangers and the toils of war;

appears by this passage, that Homer was of opinion, that the power of God could over-rule fate or destiny. It has puzzled many to distinguish exactly the notion of the heathens as to this point. Mr. Dryden contends that Jupiter was limited by the Destinies, or (to use his expression) was no better than book-keeper to them. He grounds it upon a passage in the tenth book of Virgil, where Jupiter mentions this instance of Sarpedon as a proof of his yielding to the Fates. But both that, and his citation from Ovid, amounts to no more than that Jupiter gave way to Destiny; not that he could not prevent it; the contrary to which is plain from his doubt and deliberation in this place. And indeed whatever may be inferred of other poets, Homer's opinion at least, as to the dispensations of God to man, has ever seemed to me very clear, and distinctly agreeable to truth. We shall find, if we examine his whole works with an eye to this doctrine, that he assigns three causes of all the good and evil that happens in this world, which he takes a particular care to distinguish. First the *will of God*, superiour to all :

—— Διὸς δ' ἔτελεύετο βολή. Il. i.

—— Θεὸς δ' αὖτε πάντα τελευτᾷ. Il. xix. ver. 90.

Ζεὺς ἀγαθὸν τι κακὸν τε δίδωι,—&c.

Secondly *Destiny* or *Fate*, meaning the laws and order of nature affecting the constitutions of men, and disposing them to good or evil, prosperity or misfortune; which the Supreme Being, if it be his pleasure, may over-rule (as he is inclined to do in this place) but which he generally suffers to take effect. Thirdly, our own *free will*, which either by prudence overcomes those natural influences and passions, or by folly suffers us to fall under them. Odyss. i. ver. 32 :

Ὁ πόποι, ὅσον δὴ νῦν Θεὸς βροτῶν αἰτιώσεται.  
Ἐξ ἡμῶν γὰρ φασὶ καὶ ἡμῶναι· οἱ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ  
Σφῆσιν ἀτασθαλίῃσιν ὑπὲρ μῦθον ἄλγος ἔχουσιν.

Why charge mankind on heav'n their own offences,  
And call their woes the crime of providence?  
Blind! who themselves their miseries create,  
And perish by their folly, not their fate.

P.

Or to his doom my bravest offspring yield,  
And fatten, with celestial blood, the field? 539

Then thus the goddess with the radiant eyes:  
What words are these? O sov'reign of the skies!  
Short is the date prescrib'd to mortal man;  
Shall Jove, for one, extend the narrow span, }  
Whose bounds were fix'd before his race began? }  
How many sons of Gods, foredoom'd to death,  
Before proud Ilion, must resign their breath! 546

Ver. 539.] As this verse, not the most pleasing in itself, bears no resemblance to the original, we may, perhaps, substitute not unreasonably the following:

Slain by Patroclus in this distant field:  
and accommodate with advantage verse 536 to this alteration:

And send him safe to *wealthy* Lycia, far —.

Ver. 541.] Thus Chapman:

————— *What unjust words are these?*

Ver. 542.] I should prefer the expulsion of one of these lines, thus:

*Wouldst thou from fate redeem a mortal man,  
Whose bounds were fix'd, e'er yet his race began?*

Dryden, *Æn.* x. 657:

*Short bounds of life are set to mortal man;  
'Tis virtue's work alone to stretch the narrow span.*

Ver. 544.] He here omits *two* lines of his author, to the following purport:

Do: but the rest of heaven will praise thee not.  
Besides, I tell thee, and thou mark my words. —

Ver. 545.] There is no attention to his original in this passage. Thus?

Were thine exempt, debate would rise above,  
 And murm'ring pow'rs condemn their partial  
     Jove.

Give the bold chief a glorious fate in fight;  
 And when th' ascending soul has wing'd her  
     flight,

550

Let Sleep and Death convey, by thy command,  
 The breathless body to his native land.

---

Sarpedon rescued from this hostile plain,  
 And hence to Lycia brought alive again,  
 The same compassion other Gods might move  
 To save their sons, as mov'd too partial Jove;  
 Or deep resentments from refusal rise  
 For numerous chiefs descended from the skies,  
 That war round Troy. But, if this favourite son  
 Such strange indulgence from his fire have won,  
 Give the bold chief —.

Ver. 549.] Our poet had his eye on Chapman :

---

*Give him then, an honest period,  
 In brave fight.*

Ver. 551. *Let Sleep and Death convey, by thy command,  
 The breathless body to his native land.*]

The history or fable received in Homer's time, imported, that Sarpedon was interred in Lycia, but it said nothing of his death. This gave the poet the liberty of making him die at Troy, provided that after his death he was carried into Lycia, to preserve the fable. The expedient proposed by Juno solves all; Sarpedon dies at Troy, and is interred at Lycia; and what renders this probable is, that in those times, as at this day, princes and persons of quality who died in foreign parts were carried into their own country to be laid in the tomb with their fathers. The antiquity of this custom cannot be doubted, since it was practised in the patriarch's times: Jacob dying in Ægypt, orders his children to carry him into the land of Canaan, where he desired to be buried, Gen. xlix. 29. Dacier. P.

His friends and people, to his future praise,  
 A marble tomb and pyramid shall raise,  
 And lasting honours to his ashes give; 555  
 His fame ('tis all the dead can have) shall live.

She said; the Cloud-compeller overcome,  
 Assents to fate, and ratifies the doom.  
 Then, touch'd with grief, the weeping heav'n's  
 distill'd  
 A show'r of blood o'er all the fatal field. 560

---

Ver. 556.] Thus Dryden, *Æn.* vii. 6:

Here rest thy bones in rich Hesperia's plains,  
*Thy name ('tis all a ghost can have) remains:*

since Homer says only, "These are the honours of the dead."

Ver. 557.] These *seven* verses are wrought from *four* of his author. Some of the rhymes want accuracy, and the verses themselves fall short, in my opinion, of that elegance, which our admirable poet commonly diffused over passages of this pathetic and delicate description. It were unpardonable vanity in me to emulate him in any thing beyond fidelity:

She said: to her assents th' almighty power.  
 His heavens, relenting, bloody dew-drops shower  
 To grace his son; whom brave Patroclus' hand  
 Prepar'd to slaughter in a foreign land.

Ver. 560. *A show'r of blood.*] As to showers of a bloody colour, many both ancient and modern naturalists agree in asserting the reality of such appearances, though they account for them differently. You may see a very odd solution of them in Eustathius, note on ver. 53, corresponding to ver. 70, in the translation of the eleventh Iliad. What seems the most probable, is that of Fromondus in his Meteorology, who observed, that a shower of this kind, which gave great cause of wonder, was nothing but a quantity of very small red insects, beat down to the earth by a heavy



The God, his eyes averting from the plain,  
 Laments his son, predestin'd to be slain,  
 Far from the Lycian shores, his happy native }  
 reign.

Now met in arms the combatants appear,  
 Each heav'd the shield, and pois'd the lifted  
 spear: 565

From strong Patroclus' hand the jav'lin fled,  
 And pass'd the groin of valiant Thrasymed;  
 The nerves unbrac'd, no more his bulk sustain,  
 He falls, and falling bites the bloody plain.  
 Two founding darts the Lycian leader threw; 570  
 The first aloof with erring fury flew,

shower, whereby the ground was spotted in several places, as with drops of blood. P.

Ver. 564.] This is very diffuse and licentious. Thus?

*Then flew Patroclus, as the chiefs drew near,  
 Fam'd Thrasymelus with his forceful spear,  
 Sent thro' the groin; no more his bulk sustain  
 The nerves unbrac'd: he falls, and bites the plain,*

Ver. 570.] Our poet was misled by Chapman, whom I shall not stay to quote, into a misinterpretation of his author, where Ogilby, as usual, is exact. We may thus rectify the translation before us:

*His javelin next th' impetuous Lycian threw;  
 With erring speed the whizzing weapon flew,  
 But pierc'd the shoulder of Achilles' steed,  
 The generous Pedasus, of mortal breed:  
 The tortur'd horse, loud neighing, on the ground  
 Fell flat: his panting life rush'd through the wound.*

The next transpierc'd Achilles' mortal steed,  
 The gen'rous Pedafus of Theban breed,  
 Fix'd in the shoulder's joint; he reel'd around,  
 Roll'd in the bloody dust, and paw'd the flipp'ry  
 ground. 575

His sudden fall th' entangled harness broke;  
 Each axle crackled, and the chariot shook:  
 When bold Automedon to disengage  
 The starting courfers, and restrain their rage,  
 Divides the traces with his sword, and freed 580  
 Th' incumber'd chariot from the dying steed:

---

Ver. 572. — *Achilles' mortal steed,*  
*The gen'rous Pedafus —.*]

For the other two horses of Achilles, Xanthus and Balius, were immortal, as we have already seen in this book. It is a merry conceit of Eustathius, that Pedafus is only said to be mortal, because of three horses he only was a gelding. It is pity poor Pedafus had not a better fate to have recompensed the loss of his immortality. P.

The verse ran thus originally :

The next *more fatal pierc'd* Achilles' steed.

Ver. 577.] Thus, more exactly and with a truer rhyme :

Groan'd the strong axle; creakt the straining yoke.

He gave the verse thus at first :

Each axle *groan'd*; the *bounding* chariot shook.

Ver. 580.] A fine couplet for ease of numbers and simplicity of diction; but it must pay a debt to Ogilby :

Drew his bright faulchion, and the foremost *freed*  
 (The edge well guiding) from the hindmost *freed*

The rest move on, obedient to the rein;  
The car rolls slowly o'er the dusty plain.

The tow'ring chiefs to fiercer fight advance,  
And first Sarpedon whirl'd his weighty lance,<sup>585</sup>  
Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took its course,  
And spent in empty air its dying force.  
Not so Patroclus' never-erring dart;  
Aim'd at his breast, it pierc'd the mortal part,  
Where the strong fibres bind the solid heart. <sup>590</sup>  
Then, as the mountain oak, or poplar tall,  
Or pine (fit mast for some great admiral)

---

Ver. 582.] Thus, more accurately:

The two mov'd on, and stretcht the guiding rein :  
The warriors now in combat met again.  
Sarpedon then his second javelin cast :  
The guiltless point Patroclus' shoulder past.

Our poet probably was guided by Chapman :

———— when both *the rest, obey'd*, and went foreright.

Ver. 585.] Ogilby, I see, is above contempt :

Another javelin then Sarpedon flung,  
Which o'er Patroclus shoulder flying sung.

And for *whirl'd* our poet originally gave *soff*.

Ver. 590.] This our poet borrowed from Chapman :

———— where lifes *strings* close, about *the solid part*.

Ver. 591.] This *simile* has already occurred in book xiii. verse 493, with some variation in our poet's version. Ogilby, with trivial correction, will amuse the reader :

Just as a poplar, pine, or oak, *that grow*  
*Conspicuous* on some *lofty* mountain's *brow*,  
Cut down by shipwrights with remorseless steel  
To make a mast, or fashion out a wheel.

Nods to the ax, till with a groaning sound  
 It sinks, and spreads its honours on the ground;  
 Thus fell the king; and laid on earth supine, 595  
 Before his chariot stretch'd his form divine:  
 He grasp'd the dust distain'd with streaming gore;  
 And pale in death, lay groaning on the shore.  
 So lies a bull beneath the lion's paws, 599  
 While the grim savage grinds with foamy jaws  
 The trembling limbs, and sucks the smoking  
                   blood;  
 Deep groans, and hollow roars, rebellow thro'  
                   the wood.

---

Our translator gave the passage at first with the following diversities:

Then as the *stately* pine, or poplar tall,  
*Hewn for the mast of some great admiral,*  
 Nods, groans, and reels, 'till with a *crackling* sound —.

Ver. 595.] These *four* verses display not the customary skill of their great artist. The following translation is perfectly exact:

Thus he, stretch'd out before his steeds and car,  
 Deep-groaning lay, and graspt the bloody dust:

but a hint from Chapman drove our translator to prolixity:

————— he *stretcht his forme divine*  
 Before his horse and chariot.

Ver. 599.] This translation is admirable, but not close, as a literal representation will evince:

As midst his comrades, a bold brindled bull,  
 Clutch'd by a lion rushing on the herd,  
 Dies, groaning loud, beneath the monster's jaws:  
 Thus, by Patroclus slain, the Lycian king  
 Deep fobbing dies, and calls his friend by name.

Thus Dryden, *Æn.* x. 1022:

He grins, and opens wide his greedy jaws;  
 The prey lies panting underneath his paws.

Then to the leader of the Lycian band  
 The dying chief address'd his last command.  
 Glaucus, be bold; thy task be first to dare 605  
 The glorious dangers of destructive war,  
 To lead my troops, to combat at their head,  
 Incite the living, and supply the dead.  
 Tell 'em, I charg'd them with my latest breath  
 Not unreveng'd to bear Sarpedon's death. 610  
 What grief, what shame must Glaucus undergo,  
 If these spoil'd arms adorn a Grecian foe?

---

Ver. 605. *Glaucus, be bold, &c.*] This dying speech of Sarpedon deserves particular notice, being made up of noble sentiments, and fully answering the character of this brave and generous prince, which he preserves in his last moments. Being sensible of approaching death, without any transports of rage, or desire of revenge, he calls to his friend to take care to preserve his body and arms from becoming a prey to the enemy: and this he says without any regard to himself, but out of the most tender concern for his friend's reputation, who must for ever become infamous, if he fails in this point of honour and duty. If we conceive this said by the expiring hero, his dying looks fixed on his wounded disconsolate friend, the spear remaining in his body, and the victor standing by in a kind of extasy surveying his conquest; these circumstances will form a very moving picture. Patroclus all this time, either out of humanity or surprise, omits to pull out the spear, which however he does not long forbear, but with it drawing forth his vitals, puts a period to this gallant life. P.

Ver. 608.] This line is interpolated by the translator; and the next couplet is not accurate. This is the true sense:

Go round; the generals of our Lycian train  
 Exhort to shield with arms their leader slain.

Then as a friend, and as a warrior, fight;  
 Defend my body, conquer in my right;  
 That taught by great examples, all may try  
 Like thee to vanquish, or like me to die.

He ceas'd; the Fates suppress'd his lab'ring  
 breath,

And his eyes darken'd with the shades of death.

Th' insulting victor with disdain bestrode

The prostrate prince, and on his bosom trod; 619

Then drew the weapon from his panting heart,

The reeking fibres clinging to the dart;

From the wide wound gush'd out a stream of  
 blood,

And the foul issu'd in the purple flood.

Ver. 613.] These *four* verses are spun from one of his author,  
 to this purport:

Acquit thee bravely, and urge on thy host.

Indeed the whole speech is loosely and negligently executed.

Ver. 621.] Chapman has,

And with it drew the filme and *strings*, of his yet-panting heart.

But our poet is very diffuse in these *four* verses, and took one hint  
 from Ogilby:

His *soul* in *purple issuing* on the point.

The original cannot be seen to more advantage, than in the neat  
 and faithful version of Mr. Cowper:

Patroclus drew

The spear enfolded with his vitals forth,

Weapon and life at once.

His flying steeds the Myrmidons detain, 625  
 Unguided now, their mighty master slain.  
 All-impotent of aid, transfix'd with grief,  
 Unhappy Glaucus heard the dying chief.  
 His painful arm, yet uselefs with the smart  
 Inflicted late by Teucer's deadly dart, 630  
 Supported on his better hand he stay'd;  
 To Phœbus then ('twas all he could) he pray'd.

All-seeing Monarch! whether Lycia's coast,  
 Or sacred Ilion, thy bright presence boast,  
 Pow'rful alike to ease the wretch's smart; 635  
 Oh hear me! God of ev'ry healing art!  
 Lo! stiff with clotted blood, and pierc'd with pain,  
 That thrills my arm, and shoots thro' ev'ry vein,

---

Ver. 625.] Thus, perhaps, more consonant to the spirit of the passage :

*His snorting steeds the Myrmidons detain,  
 For flight all eager, their lov'd master slain.*

Ver. 627.] Ogilby corrected is simple and good :

*Deep woe, confusion, Glaucus' breast invade,  
 To hear Sarpedon, whom he could not aid.*

Ver. 630.] A line of Homer is here suppressed, relative to Teucer :

*On the high wall from Greece averting ill.*

Ver. 637. ————— *Pierc'd with pain,  
 That thrills my arm, and shoots thro' ev'ry vein.*]

There seems to be an oversight in this place. Glaucus in the twelfth book had been wounded with an arrow by Teucer at the attack of the wall ; and here so long after, we find him still on the field, *in the sharpest anguish of his wound, the blood not being yet stanch'd, &c.*

I stand unable to sustain the spear,  
 And sigh, at distance from the glorious war. 640  
 Low in the dust is great Sarpedon laid,  
 Nor Jove vouchsaf'd his hapless offspring aid.  
 But thou, O God of Health! thy succour lend,  
 To guard the reliques of my slaughter'd friend.  
 Forthou, tho' distant, canst restore my might, 645  
 To head my Lycians, and support the fight.

Apollo heard; and suppliant as he stood,  
 His heav'nly hand restrain'd the flux of blood:

---

In the speech that next follows to Hector, there is also something liable to censure, when he imputes to the negligence of the Trojans the death of Sarpedon, of which they knew nothing till that very speech informed them. I beg leave to pass over these things without exposing or defending them; though such as these may be sufficient grounds for a most inveterate war among the critics. P.

The following attempt is literal:

A cruel wound I bear: sharp anguish thrills  
 Thro' my spent arm, and ceaseless blood distills:  
 O My feeble shoulder can no more sustain  
 The lance, and keeps me from th' embattled plain:  
 for our poet's rhymes in the second couplet are inadmissible.

Ver. 641.] More accurately thus:

Sarpedon, *best of men*, in dust is laid.

Ver. 643.] This is all wide of his pattern. Thus?

But, heal this wound, O! king; assuage my pain;  
 Return me to my strength and troops again:  
 Fresh force to them my cheering voice will bring,  
 To save from hostile rage their lifeless king.

Ver. 647.] Or thus, with the help of Ogilby:

Thus Glaucus pray'd: Apollo hears complain  
 The suppliant chief, and mitigates his pain.



He drew the dolours from the wounded part,  
 And breath'd a spirit in his rising heart. 650  
 Renew'd by art divine, the hero stands,  
 And owns th' assistance of immortal hands.  
 First to the fight his native troops he warms,  
 Then loudly calls on Troy's vindictive arms;  
 With ample strides he stalks from place to place;  
 Now fires Agenor, now Polydamas; 656  
 Æneas next, and Hector he accosts;  
 Inflaming thus the rage of all their hosts.

What thoughts, regardless chief! thy breast  
 employ?

Oh too forgetful of the friends of Troy! 660  
 Those gen'rous friends, who, from their country  
 far,  
 Breathe their brave souls out in another's war.

---

His oozing wound the hand celestial dried,  
 And with new powers his rising soul supplied.

Ver. 653.] More exactly thus:

His native troops to shield their leader slain  
 He first urg'd on; then fought the Trojan train.

Ver. 655.] This rhyme, which is not to be admired, he caught  
 from Chapman:

———— and from them, he stretcht his speedle pace,  
 T' Agenor, Hector, Venus sonne, and wife Polydamas.

Perhaps, a variation of this kind, more successfully executed, might  
 be preferable:

*As through the ranks he stalks with ample strides,  
 Agenor and Polydamas be chides.*

Ver. 662.] This is an improvement from Chapman:

See! where in dust the great Sarpedon lies,  
 In action valiant, and in council wise, 664  
 Who guarded right, and kept his people free;  
 To all his Lycians lost, and lost to thee!  
 Stretch'd by Patroclus' arm on yonder plains,  
 Oh save from hostile rage his lov'd remains:  
 Ah let not Greece his conquer'd trophies boast,  
 Nor on his corse revenge her heroes lost. 670

He spoke; each leader in his grief partook,  
 Troy, at the loss, thro' all her legions shook.  
 Transfix'd with deep regret, they view o'erthrown  
 At once his country's pillar, and their own;  
 A chief, who led to Troy's beleaguer'd wall 675  
 A host of heroes, and out-shin'd them all.  
 Fir'd, they rush on; first Hector seeks the foes,  
 And with superiour vengeance greatly glows.

---

Your poore auxiliarie friends, that in your toiles have *swet*  
*Their friendlesse soules out*, farre from home.

Ver. 663.] These *four* fine verses are most ingeniously wrought  
 from *two* of his author, thus plainly represented:

Sarpedon, prince of buckler'd Lycians, lies;  
 By power and justice Lycia's great defence.

Ver. 668.] More conformably to the language of his author,  
 thus:

*With noble rage* oh! save his lov'd remains!

Ver. 671.] This paragraph is finished with the superiour abilities  
 of our translator.

Ver. 677.] The Greek word *αελημυνοι* means *eager*, or *with*  
 V OL. IV. Z

But o'er the dead the fierce Patroclus stands,  
 And rousing Ajax, rous'd the list'ning bands. 680  
 Heroes, be men! be what you were before;  
 Or weigh the great occasion, and be more.  
 The chief who taught our lofty walls to yield,  
 Lies pale in death, extended on the field.  
 To guard his body Troy in numbers flies; 685  
 'Tis half the glory to maintain our prize.  
 Haste, strip his arms, the slaughter round him  
 spread,  
 And fend the living Lycians to the dead.

*speed*: so that our poet either followed the common Latin translation, which renders *ardentes*, or, as I rather conclude, Chapman's version;

————— This made them runne, *in flames* upon the foe.

Ver. 679.] How obscure and unlike his author! The following substitution is close, but incommoded with that ambiguity, occasioned by the want of *inflections*, which can only be cleared by the context in our language, and which poets by profession should attempt with all their skill and diligence to prevent:

Then rous'd the Greeks Patroclus' manly mind;  
 And first each Ajax, of themselves inclin'd.

Ver. 682.] Our translator found this happy turn in Ogilby:

Bold princes, now assist; ah now restore  
 Our honour lost: *be what you were, or more.*

Ver. 685.] No traces of his author in the former of these distichs. Ogilby, with moderate chastisement, is of more laudable fidelity:

Sarpedon lies, the first who scal'd our wall:  
 Come, let our fury on his relics fall.  
 Spoil we his armour: let his followers feel,  
 Who dare protect their chief, our vengeful steel.

The heroes kindle at his fierce command;  
 The martial squadrons close on either hand: 690  
 Here Troy and Lycia charge with loud alarms,  
 Theffalia there, and Greece oppose their arms.  
 With horrid shouts they circle round the slain;  
 The clafh of armour rings o'er all the plain.  
 Great Jove, to fwell the horrors of the fight, 695  
 O'er the fierce armies pours pernicious Night,  
 And round his fon confounds the warring hofts,  
 His fate ennobling with a croud of ghofts.

Ver. 689.] More accurately, thus :

The willing heroes kindle for the fight :  
 Close and more close th' approaching files unite,  
 Round the dead chieftain Troy and Lycia here,  
 The Greeks and Myrmidons concentre there :

because the *loud alarms* of our poet unfeafonably anticipates the *horrid fhouts*, which occupy their proper ftation.

Ver. 695. *Great Jove*—*O'er the fierce armies pours pernicious Night.*] Homer calls here by the name of Night, the whirlwinds of thick duft which rife from beneath the feet of the combatants, and which hinder them from knowing one another. Thus poetry knows how to convert the moft natural things into miracles; thefe two armies are buried in duft round Sarpedon's body; it is Jupiter who pours upon them an obfcure night, to make the battle bloodier, and to honour the funeral of his fon by a greater number of victims. Eufathius. P.

*Two* verfes of Homer are the groundwork of thefe *four* graceful lines in the tranflation. This representation is verbally exact :

O'er the fierce fight Jove fatal darknefs ftretch,  
 Round his lov'd fon, the bale of toilsome war.

Ver. 696.] So Chapman :

And Jove about th' impetuous broile, *pernicious Night pour'd out.*

Now Greece gives way, and great Epigeus falls;  
 Agacleus' son, from Budium's lofty walls: 700  
 Who chas'd for murder thence, a suppliant came  
 To Peleus, and the silver-footed dame;  
 Now sent to 'Troy, Achilles' arms to aid,  
 He pays due vengeance to his kinsman's shade.  
 Soon as his luckless hand had touch'd the dead, 705  
 A rock's large fragment thunder'd on his head;  
 Hurl'd by Hectorean force, it cleft in twain  
 His shatter'd helm, and stretch'd him o'er the slain.

Fierce to the van of fight Patroclus came;  
 And, like an eagle darting at his game, 710

---

Ver. 699.] Our poet is very dextrous and happy, but Ogilby, as more circumstantial, may not be, corrected, unacceptable to the reader:

A Myrmidon of nobler *worth was* slain,  
 Agacleus' son, Epigeus: *he his* reign  
*Held* in Budeum; there his nephew slew,  
 And thence to Peleus and fair Thetis flew.

Ver. 704.] A comment of our translator, suggested, as I suspect, by an obscure hint in Chapman:

---

His *slaughter* being the *meane*,  
 He came to Troy, *and so to this*.

Ver. 707.] Thus, more closely:

By Hector hurl'd, it cleft *his head* in twain  
 In *the bruise'd* helm.

And our poet took his rhymes from Chapman:

(Sent out of able Hector's hand) it cut his skull *in twaine*,  
 And strooke him dead. Patroclus (griev'd, to see his friend so  
*slaine*)

Before the foremost thrust himselfe.

Ver. 710.] Our translator thought minuteness would interfere

Sprung on the Trojan and the Lycian band;  
 What grief thy heart, what fury urg'd thy hand,  
 Oh gen'rous Greek! when with full vigour thrown  
 At Stenelaüs flew the weighty stone, 714  
 Which sunk him to the dead: when Troy, too near  
 That arm, drew back; and Hector learn'd to fear.  
 Far as an able hand a lance can throw,  
 Or at the lists, or at the fighting foe;  
 So far the Trojans from their lines retir'd;  
 'Till Glaucus turning, all the rest inspir'd. 720  
 Then Bathyclæus fell beneath his rage,  
 The only hope of Chalcon's trembling age:  
 Wide o'er the land was stretch'd his large domain,  
 With stately feats, and riches, blest in vain:  
 Him, bold with youth, and eager to pursue 725  
 The flying Lycians, Glaucus met, and slew;

---

with dignity. Ogilby is particular, and faithful:

As a swift falcon stoups at *crows* and *pies*.

Ver. 715.] His original dictates,

Which *burst the neck's strong nerves*: when Troy —.

Ver. 717.] This elegant conciseness may be indebted to Ogilby:

As far as any can a javelin *throw*,

To gain the prize, or charge the daring *foe*.

The following version is literal and commensurate:

Far as a long spear's cast, or in the games

Thrown by a man for trial of his strength,

Or in the fight of life-destroying foes;

Retir'd the Trojans, and the Greeks push'd on.

Ver. 725.] This interpolation is the *audax juvenis* of Virgil:

Pierc'd thro' the bosom with a sudden wound,  
 He fell, and falling, made the fields resound,  
 Th' Achaians' sorrow for their hero slain;  
 With conqu'ring shouts the Trojans shake the  
 plain, 730

And croud to spoil the dead: the Greeks oppose;  
 An iron circle round the carcase grows.

Then brave Laogonus resign'd his breath,  
 Dispatch'd by Merion to the shades of death:  
 On Ida's holy hill he made abode, 735  
 The priest of Jove, and honour'd like his God,  
 Between the jaw and ear the javelin went;  
 The soul, exhaling, issu'd at the vent.

---

*And bold through youth,*

as Dryden renders it. Ogilby is very accurate:

He, turning quick on him as he pursu'd,  
 His well-couch'd javelin in his breast imbu'd,

Ver. 729.] Our translator indulges his fancy. Take an accurate representation of the passage;

Deep sorrow seiz'd the Greeks, but equal joy,  
 So prime a warrior fall'n! the sons of Troy;  
 Around the corse they throng; the Greeks oppose  
 With rushing ardour, and their squadrons close.

Ver. 735.] Our author transplanted this imperfect rhyme from Ogilby:

Oreter's son, Jove's priest, who his *abode*  
 Had on mount Ida, *honour'd like a god*.

Thus, perhaps:

The warrior dwelt in Ida's mountain-grove,  
 Not less than god rever'd; the priest of Jove.

Ver. 737.] The following couplet is literally faithful:

His spear Æneas at the victor threw, 739  
 Who stooping forward from the death withdrew;  
 The lance his'd harmless o'er his cov'ring shield,  
 And trembling struck, and rooted in the field;  
 There yet scarce spent, it quivers on the plain,  
 Sent by the great Æneas' arm in vain.  
 Swift as thou art (the raging hero cries) 745  
 And skill'd in dancing to dispute the prize,  
 My spear, the destin'd passage had it found,  
 Had fix'd thy active vigour to the ground.

Oh valiant leader of the Dardan host!  
 (Insulted Merion thus retorts the boast) 750  
 Strong as you are, 'tis mortal force you trust,  
 An arm as strong may stretch thee in the dust.

---

Beneath his ear and jaw the weapon flies:  
 Life quits his limbs, and darkness seals his eyes.

Ver. 742.] Thus Chapman:

So low, that over him it flew, and *trembling* took the ground.

Ver. 746. *And skill'd in dancing.*] This stroke of raillery upon Meriones is founded on the custom of his country. For the Cretans were peculiarly addicted to this exercise, and in particular are said to have invented the Pyrrhic dance, which was performed in complete armour. See note on ver. 797, in the thirteenth book. P.

Ver. 752.] An ingenious line, but not exact. Rather, in this view,

*Nor all thy foes expect to lay in dust.*

Ogilby, slightly chastised, is tolerable:

*Though great thy prowess and thy strength, not all,  
 Encounter'd by thy hand, are doom'd to fall.*



And if to this my lance thy fate be giv'n,  
 Vain are thy vaunts; success is still from heav'n:  
 This, instant, sends thee down to Pluto's coast;  
 Mine is the glory, his thy parting ghost. 756

O friend (Mencæus' son this answer gave)  
 With words to combat, ill befits the brave;  
 Not empty boasts the sons of Troy repell,  
 Your swords must plunge them to the shades of  
 hell. 760

To speak, befits the council: but to dare  
 In glorious action, is the task of war.

This said, Patroclus to the battle flies;  
 Great Merion follows, and new shouts arise:  
 Shields, helmets rattle, as the warriors close; 765  
 And thick and heavy sounds the storm of blows.

---

Ver. 753.] His author would dictate a couplet to this effect:

If a full blow my well-aim'd weapon gain,  
 Vain were thine arm, thy boasted vigour vain.

Ver. 759.] Thus?

From the fall'n chief, my friend! not railing words  
 Will drive these Trojans, but our slaughtering swords.  
 To speak, befits the council; but the care  
 Of valiant warriors is, in arms to dare:

for correct poetry will not allow the rhymes in the *second* couplet of our translator. A demand from the public of extreme accuracy and finish in our poets, (and no superfluity should otherwise be endured now) would diminish the number and encrease the worth of poetical adventurers;

---

who swarm within our isle,  
 Like half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile.

As thro' the shrilling vale, or mountain ground,  
 The labours of the woodman's ax resound;  
 Blows following blows are heard re-echoing wide,  
 While crackling forests fall on ev'ry side. 770  
 Thus echo'd all the fields with loud alarms,  
 So fell the warriors, and so rung their arms.

Now great Sarpedon on the sandy shore,  
 His heav'nly form defac'd with dust and gore,

Ver. 767.] Thus Chapman :

And then, as in a *sounding* vale — :

and, as our poet has diffused *five* verses of his author into more than *eight*, the reader may wish to see a more faithful and close attempt, which shall be given in a slight correction of Ogilby's translation of this *simile* and it's application :

Like the confused noise of wood cut down  
 When swains make *bare* a mountain's bushy crown;  
 So strokes re-echoing ring through all the fields,  
 Of swords, of lances, helms, and brazen shields.

For *bare* in the *second* line Ogilby has *bald*, which is an ignoble metaphor, and would remind the reader of Sylveſter's renowned effort :

To glaze the lakes, to bridle up the floods,  
 And *periwig* with snow the *bald* *pate* woods.

Ver. 773.] The force and propriety of the original might be thus maintained ; but, perhaps, with not equal elegance, though the phrase *sandy shore* be totally superfluous :

Nor thee, Sarpedon ! thy best friend before,  
 That heavenly form defac'd with dust and gore,  
 And stuck with darts, by chiefs conflicting shed !  
 Had now distinguish'd from the vulgar dead.

Ver. 774.] Thus Ogilby :

From head to heel besmear'd with dust and gore.

And stuck with darts by warring heroes shed, 775  
 Lies undistinguish'd from the vulgar dead.  
 His long-disputed corse the chiefs inclose,  
 On ev'ry side the busy combat grows ;  
 Thick as beneath some shepherd's thatch'd abode,  
 The pails high foaming with a milky flood, 780  
 The buzzing flies, a persevering train,  
 Incessant swarm, and chas'd, return again.

Jove view'd the combat with a stern survey,  
 And eyes that flash'd intolerable day ;  
 Fix'd on the field his sight, his breast debates 785  
 The vengeance due, and meditates the Fates :  
 Whether to urge their prompt effect, and call  
 The force of Hector to Patroclus' fall,  
 This instant see his short-liv'd trophies won,  
 And stretch him breathless on his slaughter'd son ;

---

Ver. 779.] Fidelity and the rhyme may be consulted thus :

Thick, as *in spring, around some swain's* abode,  
 The pails high-foaming with *their* milky load —.

The reader will be gratified by comparing Milton's variation of this *simile*, in Par. Reg. iv. 15 :

Or as a swarm of flies in vintage time,  
 About the vine-press where sweet must is pour'd,  
 Beat off, returns as oft with humming sound.

Ver. 783.] The needless redundancies of the version here may be thus repressed, with the rhymes of Ogilby :

Thus round the corse they throng : nor once remove  
 From the fierce fight the radiant eyes of Jove :  
 He, thus intent, was doubting, if to call —.

Or yet, with many a soul's untimely flight, 791  
 Augment the fame and horror of the fight?  
 To crown Achilles' valiant friend with praise  
 At length he dooms; and that his last of days  
 Shall set in glory; bids him drive the foe; 795  
 Nor unattended, see the shades below.

Then Hector's mind he fills with dire dismay;  
 He mounts his car, and calls his hosts away;  
 Sunk with Troy's heavy fates, he sees decline  
 The scales of Jove, and pants with awe divine.

Then, nor before, the hardy Lycians fled, 801  
 And left their monarch with the common dead:  
 Around, in heaps on heaps, a dreadful wall  
 Of carnage rises, as the heroes fall:  
 (So Jove decreed!) at length the Greeks obtain  
 The prize contested, and despoil the slain. 806  
 The radiant arms are by Patroclus borne,  
 Patroclus' ships the glorious spoils adorn.

Ver. 802.] He should have varied his expression, on account of  
 verse 776, but Chapman was before him:

Among the corse*s* *common* heap.

Ver. 803.] This representation is not just, and leads moreover  
 to a misconception of the original. I would venture this rectifi-  
 cation of the passage:

Then, nor before, the hardy Lycians *fly*:  
 Erst, when they saw their wounded monarch lie,  
 Fear-smitten: him they leave in heaps of dead,  
 By the fierce conflict round his relics spread,  
 At Jove's high will. At length the Greeks obtain  
 The prize, and strip the shoulders of the slain.

Then thus to Phœbus, in the realms above,  
Spoke from his throne the cloud-compelling  
Jove. 810

Descend, my Phœbus! on the Phrygian plain,  
And from the fight convey Sarpedon slain;  
Then bathe his body in the crystal flood  
With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with blood:  
O'er all his limbs ambrosial odours shed, 815  
And with celestial robes adorn the dead.  
Those rites discharg'd, his sacred corse bequeath  
To the soft arms of silent Sleep and Death:  
They to his friends the mournful charge shall  
bear,  
His friends a tomb and pyramid shall rear; 820

---

Ver. 811.] Thus accuracy may be consulted, interpolation banished, and rhymes too frequently recurring:

Go now, dear Phœbus! distant from the fray,  
And clash of weapons, my lov'd son convey.

Ver. 814.] He might have rendered more exactly, I do not affirm more elegantly, in this manner,

*Cleanse with it's stream the sable veil of blood.*

Thus Chapman:

—— but his corse, of all the sable blood  
And javelins purg'd; then carry him, farre hence to some  
*cleare flood.*

Ver. 816.] He gave an Alexandrine originally:  
And with celestial robes adorn the *mighty* dead.

Ver. 817.] Thus, at first:  
Those *honours paid*, his sacred corpse ——.

What honours mortals after death receive,  
Those unavailing honours we may give!

Apollo bows, and from mount Ida's height,  
Swift to the field precipitates his flight; 824  
Thence from the war the breathless hero bore,  
Veil'd in a cloud, to silver Simois' shore;  
There bath'd his honourable wounds, and dress'd  
His manly members in th' immortal vest;  
And with perfumes of sweet ambrosial dews,  
Restores his freshness, and his form renews. 830  
Then Sleep and Death, two twins of winged race,  
Of matchless swiftness, but of silent pace,

Ver. 821.] The couplet stood thus originally :

*These unavailing rites he may receive ;  
These, after death, are all a god can give.*

Ver. 822.] Thus Dryden, *Æn.* vi. 1226 :

*This unavailing gift, at least, I may bestow.*

Ver. 823.] Dryden, *Æn.* iv. 370, and viii. 560 :

*Then, rested thus, he from the towering height  
Plung'd downward, with precipitated flight :  
Through the brown air precipitates his flight.*

and I should prefer in our poet :

*Obedient Phœbus from mount Ida's height —.*

Ver. 825.] The reader should be informed, that this passage, so gracefully varied by our translator, is literally repeated in his original, excepting the couplet at verse 835, of the version. But this couplet, on account of the unauthorised introduction of Simois, I would thus chastise :

*Bore the dead chief from carnage, darts, and blood,  
To the clear current of a distant flood.*

Receiv'd Sarpedon, at the God's command;  
 And in a moment reach'd the Lycian land;  
 The corse amidst his weeping friends they laid, 835  
 Where endless honours wait the sacred shade.

---

Ver. 831. *Then Sleep and Death, &c.*] It is the notion of Eustathius, that by this interment of Sarpedon, where Sleep and Death are concerned, Homer seems to intimate, that there was nothing else but an empty monument of that hero in Lycia; for he delivers him not to any real or solid persons, but to certain unsubstantial phantoms to conduct his body thither. He was forced (continues my author) to make use of these machines, since there were no other deities he could with any likelihood employ about this work; for the ancients (as appears from Euripides's *Hippolytus*) had a superstition that all dead bodies were offensive to the Gods, they being of a nature celestial and uncorruptible. But this last remark is impertinent, since we see in this very place Apollo is employed in adorning and embalming the body of Sarpedon.

What I think better accounts for the passage, is what Philostratus in *Heroicis* affirms, that this alludes to a piece of antiquity. "The Lycians shewed the body of Sarpedon, strewed over with  
 "aromatical spices, in such a graceful composure, that he seemed  
 "to be only asleep: and it was this that gave rise to the  
 "fiction of Homer, that his rites were performed by Sleep and  
 "Death."

But after all these refined observations, it is probable the poet intended only to represent the death of this favourite son of Jupiter, and one of his amiable characters, in a gentle and agreeable view, without any circumstances of dread or horror; intimating by this fiction, that he was delivered out of all the tumults and miseries of life by two imaginary Deities, Sleep and Death, who alone can give mankind ease and exemption from their misfortunes. P.

This specific epithet *winged* for the general term *swift* in his author, might be suggested by Chapman's version:

By Sleepe and Death, those *feather'd* twins:  
 but any equivalent epithet is rendered tautologous and inelegant by the line, that follows,

Meanwhile Patroclus pours along the plains,  
 With foaming courfers, and with loosen'd reins.  
 Fierce on the Trojan and the Lycian crew,  
 Ah blind to fate! thy headlong fury flew: 840  
 Against what Fate and pow'rful Jove ordain,  
 Vain was thy friend's command, thy courage vain.  
 For he, the God, whose counsels uncontroll'd,  
 Dismay the mighty, and confound the bold:  
 The God who gives, resumes, and orders all, 845  
 He urg'd thee on, and urg'd thee on to fall.

Who first, brave hero! by that arm was slain,  
 Who last, beneath thy vengeance press'd the plain,

---

Ver. 840.] More conformably to his author, thus:

Th' infatuate chief with headlong fury flew.  
 Then, were Pelides' strict command obey'd,  
 Death had not wrap'd him in his gloomy shade.  
 But he ———.

Ver. 847. *Who first, brave hero, &c.*] The poet in a very moving and solemn way turns his discourse to Patroclus. He does not accost his muse, as it is usual with him to do, but enquires of the hero himself who was the first, and who the last, who fell by his hand? This address distinguishes and signalizes Patroclus, (to whom Homer uses it more frequently, than I remember on any other occasion) as if he was some genius or divine being, and at the same time it is very pathetic, and apt to move our compassion. The same kind of apostrophe is used by Virgil to Camilla:

“ Quem telo primum, quem postremum, aspera virgo!  
 “ Dejicis? Aut quot humi morientia corpora fundis?” P.

Ogilby, with the substitution of one little word, is both elegant and faithfully commensurate with his author:

Whom first, whom last, *didst* thou *deprive* of breath,  
 When heav'n, Patroclus, had decreed thy death?



When heav'n itself thy fatal fury led,  
 And call'd to fill the number of the dead? 850  
 Adrestus first; Autonus then succeeds;  
 Echeclus follows; next young Megas bleeds;  
 Epistor, Menalippus, bite the ground;  
 The slaughter, Elafus and Mulius crown'd:  
 Then sunk Pylartes to eternal night; 855  
 The rest dispersing, trust their fates to flight.

Now Troy had stoop'd beneath his matchless  
 pow'r,

But flaming Phœbus kept the sacred tow'r.  
 Thrice at the battlements Patroclus strook;  
 His blazing ægis thrice Apollo shook: 860  
 He try'd the fourth; when, bursting from the  
 cloud,

A more than mortal voice was heard aloud.

Patroclus! cease; this heav'n-defended wall  
 Defies thy lance; not fated yet to fall;

---

Ver. 857.] Our poet is unfortunately too concise in his version,  
 nor sufficiently exact. Thus?

Then by Patroclus' hands, compell'd to yield  
 (So rag'd his lance, so scour'd the routed field!)  
 Proud Troy had fall'n; but more than mortal power,  
 Foe to the chief, preserv'd her heav'n-built tower.  
 Thrice on her battlements the hero trod;  
 His dazzling shield thrice shook th' indignant god.  
 The furious warrior, as again he prest;  
 With voice terrific Phœbus thus addrest.

Ver. 862.] Dryden, *Æn.* vi. 77:

And, with an accent *more than mortal*, spoke.

Thy friend, thy greater far, it shall withstand, 86;  
Troy shall not stoop ev'n to Achilles' hand.

So spoke the God, who darts celestial fires;  
The Greek obeys him, and with awe retires:  
While Hector checking at the Scæan gates  
His panting courfers, in his breast debates, 870  
Or in the field his forces to employ,  
Or draw the troops within the walls of Troy.  
Thus while he thought, beside him Phœbus stood,  
In Afus' shape, who reign'd by Sangar's flood;  
Thy brother, Hecuba! from Dymas sprung, 875  
A valiant warrior, haughty, bold, and young.  
Thus he accosts him. What a shameful fight!  
Gods! is it Hector that forbears the fight?  
Were thine my vigour, this successful spear  
Should soon convince thee of so false a fear. 880  
Turn thee, ah turn thee to the field of fame,  
And in Patroclus' blood efface thy shame.

---

Ver. 867.] Thus, more agreeably to the original :

So spake the god : far distant to retire  
Patroclus hastes, and thuns immortal ire.

Ver. 878.] Ogilby has just below,

Then shouldst not thou the bloudie field *forbear*.

Ver. 879.] This is not the sense of his original. The couplet may be adjusted thus :

Were thine my vigour, this *chastising* spear  
Should soon *take vengeance* for so false a fear.

Ver. 881.] The *two* verses of Homer may be comprised in  
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Perhaps Apollo shall thy arms succeed,  
 And heav'n ordains him by thy lance to bleed,  
 So spoketh' inspiring God; then took his flight,  
 And plung'd amidst the tumult of the fight. 886  
 He bids Cebrion drive the rapid car;  
 The last refounds, the courfers rush to war.  
 The God the Grecians sinking souls deprest,  
 And pour'd swift spirits thro' each Trojan breast.  
 Patroclus lights, impatient for the fight; 891  
 A spear his left, a stone employs his right:

---

one couplet, though of inferiour merit :

Drive 'gainst the chief thy courfers; if, by chance,  
 His death, thro' favouring Phœbus, grace thy lance.

Ver. 887.] Correct the vicious accent, which is faultless in  
 Ogilby, inserting the epithet of his author :

He bids *bold Cebrion* drive the rapid car.

Ver. 889.] More accurately thus :

Swift through the ranks the passing god alarms  
 Each Græcian heart, and every Trojan warms.

And after this couplet our poet takes the liberty of omitting *two*  
 verses, which I thus translate :

Hector, all fire, disdain'd th' inferiour war,  
 And on Patroclus only drove his car.

But as these rhymes have but just occurred, the couplet, which con-  
 tains them, must be corrected; especially as it totally misrepresents,  
 I now see, the sense of Homer :

The Trojan prince bids Cebrion on his foe  
 Impel the steeds : the steeds impetuous go.

Ver. 892.] Thus Ogilby :

*A spear his left hand grasp'd, a flint his right.*

With all his nerves he drives it at the foe;  
 Pointed above, and rough and grofs below:  
 The falling ruin crush'd Cebrion's head, 895  
 The lawless offspring of king Priam's bed;  
 His front, brows, eyes, one undistinguish'd  
 wound:

The bursting balls drop fightless to the ground.  
 The charioteer, while yet he held the rein, 899  
 Struck from the car, falls headlong on the plain.  
 To the dark shades the soul unwilling glides,  
 While the proud victor thus his fall derides.

Good heav'ns! what active feats yon' artist  
 shows?

What skilful divers are our Phrygian foes!

Ver. 895.] Thus, more correctly:

The *well-aim'd* ruin crush'd *brave Cebrion's* head,

Ver. 898.] Thus Ogilby, very exactly:

His eyes *drop* out before him on *the ground*.

Ver. 899.] Nothing, I fear, can plead for *rein* in the *singular number*, but the rhyme.

Ver. 903.] This ludicrous insulting speech is ingeniously turned by our translator, but so briefly, that Chapman will not be unacceptable to the English reader; who follows more closely the steps of his director:

O! heavens! for truth, this Trojan was, a passing active man;  
 With what exceeding ease he dives? ah! if at worke he were  
 Within the fishie seas, this man, alone would furnish cheare  
 For twentie men; though twere a storme; to leape out of a saile,  
 And gather oysters for them all; he does it here so well;  
 And there are many such in Troy.

Mark with what ease they sink into the sand! 905  
Pity! that all their practice is by land.

I have taken the liberty of altering one letter and one word, which the tenour of the construction in the original would lead me to suppose errors of the press.

Ver. 904. *What skilful divers, &c.*] The original is literally thus: *It is pity he is not nearer the sea, he would furnish good quantities of excellent oysters, and the storms would not frighten him; see how he exercises and plunges from the top of his chariot into the plain! Who would think that there were such good divers at Troy?* This seems to be a little too long; and if this passage be really Homer's, I could almost swear that he intended to let us know, that a good soldier may be an indifferent jester. But I very much doubt whether this passage be his: it is very likely these five last verses were added by some of the ancient criticks, whose caprices Homer has frequently undergone: or perhaps some of the rhapsodists, who in reciting his verses, made additions of their own to please their auditors. And what persuades me of its being so, is, that it is by no means probable that Patroclus, who had lately blamed Meriones for his little raillery against Æneas, and told him, "that it was not by raillery or invective that they were to repel the Trojans, but by dint of blows; that council required words, but war deeds:" it is by no means probable, I say, that the same Patroclus should forget that excellent precept, and amuse himself with raillery, especially in the sight of Hector. I am therefore of opinion that Patroclus said no more than this verse, *Ω πόρρι, &c. Good God! what an active Trojan it is, and how cleverly he dives;* and that the five following are strangers, though very ancient. Dacier.

I must just take notice, that however mean or ill-placed these railleries may appear, there have not been wanting such fond lovers of Homer as have admired and imitated them. Milton himself is of this number, as may be seen from those very low jests, which he has put into the mouth of Satan and his angels in the sixth book. What Æneas says to Meriones upon his dancing, is nothing so trivial as those lines; where after the disposure of their diabolical enginry, angel rolling on archangel, they are thus derided:

————— When we propounded terms  
Of composition, strait they chang'd their minds,

Then rushing sudden on his prostrate prize,  
 To spoil the carcase fierce Patroclus flies:  
 Swift as a lion, terrible and bold,  
 That sweeps the fields, depopulates the fold; 910  
 Pierc'd thro' the dauntless heart, then tumbles  
 slain;

And from his fatal courage finds his bane.  
 At once bold Hector leaping from his car,  
 Defends the body, and provokes the war.  
 Thus for some slaughter'd hind, with equal rage,  
 Two lordly rulers of the wood engage; 916  
 Stung with fierce hunger, each the prey invades,  
 And echoing roars rebellow thro' the shades.

---

Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,  
 As they would dance; yet for a dance they seem'd  
 Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps  
 For joy of offer'd peace—&c.

———— Terms that amus'd 'em all,  
 And stumbled many; who receives them right  
 Had need from head to foot well understand,  
 Not understood: this gift they have besides,  
 They shew us when our foes walk not upright. P.

Ver. 911.] These are the rhymes of Ogilby:  
 Wounded to th' heart, by's valour gets *his bane*.  
 So thou, Patroclus, flew'st upon the *slain*:

who followed Chapman:

And so his life's blisse proves *his bane*.

Ver. 914.] A verse inserted by the translator.

Ver. 918.] This thought is invented wholly by our poet. The  
 following attempt is conformable to the spirit of the original passage:

Stung with *sharp* hunger each invades the prey;  
 With mutual fierceness glows the bloody fray.

Stern Hector fastens on the warriour's head,  
 And by the foot Patroclus drags the dead. 920  
 While all around, confusion, rage, and fright  
 Mix the contending hosts in mortal fight.  
 So pent by hills, the wild winds roar aloud  
 In the deep bosom of some gloomy wood; 924

---

And after this couplet our poet, from weariness, I presume, and indolence, has passed over *three* verses of his author; which, for, want of a more skilful artist, the reader must bear with patience to see thus inconditely exhibited;

So these bold chieftains, Cebrión's relics round,  
 Conflicted fierce, and aim'd the deadly wound.

Ver. 921.] The fancy and ingenuity of our poet, when a short portion of his original provokes invention, are usually more successful. The following attempt is intended, for variety, and not a presumptuous essay of skill:

Whilst Troy and Greece their crouding squadrons close,  
 And with fresh strength the flame of battle glows,

The original runs thus:

———— whilst the rest,  
 Trojans and Greeks in battle sharp engag'd,

Ver. 923.] A literal version of the *simile* will discover the irregularities of our translator:

As when two winds in mountain-bowers contend  
 A wood deep-rooted from it's base to bend,  
 With loud collision, cornels, beach, and ash  
 Their branches beat, and break with horrid crash —.

But our translator copied Chapman:

———— their *leaves* at random *flie*,  
 Boughs murmure, and their bodies *crack*, and with perpetual  
 din,  
*The Sylvas fault*.

The rhymes of Pope's first couplet are inadmissible.

Leaves, arms, and trees aloft in air are blown,  
 The broad oaks crackle, and the Silvans groan;  
 This way and that, the ratt'ling thicket bends,  
 And the whole forest in one crash descends.  
 Not with less noise, with less tumultuous rage,  
 In dreadful shock the mingled hosts engage. 930  
 Darts show'r'd on darts, now round the carcase  
                   ring;

Now flights of arrows bounding from the string:  
 Stones follow stones; some clatter on the fields,  
 Some hard, and heavy, shake the sounding shields:  
 But where the rising whirlwind clouds the plains, }  
 Sunk in soft dust the mighty chief remains, 936 }  
 And stretch'd in death forgets the guiding reins! }

---

Ver. 929.] A mixture of Ogilby would be more expressive of the Greek:

With dreadful shock thus Greeks and Trojans fight;  
 Stand firm, nor think of ignominious flight.

In which case, the couplet under ver. 921, may stand thus:

Whilst Troy and Greece with closing ranks engage,  
 And with fresh fury bid the battle rage.

Ver. 932.] For this novelty of expression on this subject, our author was indebted to Chapman:

— still new winged shafts, flew dancing from their  
                   strings.

Huge stones sent after, that did shake, the shields about the corse.

Ver. 933.] Thus, more exactly:

Huge rocky stones, that many a warrior wields,  
 Fall, loud, impetuous, on the clattering shields.

Ver. 935.] I would abbreviate this triplet, which represents less than two verses of his author. Thus?



Now flaming from the zenith, Sol had driv'n  
 His fervid orb thro' half the vault of heav'n;  
 While on each host with equal tempest fell 940  
 The show'ring darts, and numbers sunk to hell.  
 But when his ev'ning wheels o'erhung the main,  
 Glad conquest rested on the Grecian train.  
 Then from amidst the tumult and alarms,  
 They draw the conquer'd corse, and radiant arms.  
 Then rash Patroclus with new fury glows, 646  
 And breathing slaughter, pours amid the foes.  
 Thrice on the prefs like Mars himself he flew,  
 And thrice three heroes at each onset flew.  
 There ends thy glory! there the Fates untwine  
 The last, black remnant of so bright a line: 951

*Whilst huge, and hugely spread, the chief remains •  
 'Midst clouds of rolling dust, forgetful of his reins.*

Ver. 940.] Thus?

While, wing'd with equal fates, in iron shower,  
 To thousands baleful, spears and arrows pour.

Ver. 944.] Not worse, perhaps, in this manner:

Then from the *din of darts* and *war's* alarms  
 They *drag'd* the corse, and *spoil'd* the radiant arms.

But Ogilby assisted our poet:

And drew off Cebrion from the fierce alarms  
 Of clamouring foes, then stripped off his arms.

Ver. 948.] His author would dictate,

Thrice on the prefs, like Mars, *loud-shouting*, flew.

Ver. 950.] The following couplet expresses the original more accurately, than our poet's amplification in these four verses:

Apollo dreadful stops thy middle way ;  
 Death calls, and heav'n allows no longer day !  
 For lo ! the God in dusky clouds enshrin'd,  
 Approaching dealt a stagg'ring blow behind. 955  
 The weighty shock his neck and shoulders feel ;  
 His eyes flash sparkles, his stunn'd senses reel  
 In giddy darkness : far to distance flung,  
 His bounding helmet on the champain rung.  
 Achilles' plume is stain'd with dust and gore ; 960  
 That plume, which never stoop'd to earth before,  
 Long us'd, untouch'd, in fighting fields to shine,  
 And shade the temples of the man divine.

---

Again he rusht, with more than mortal fire :  
 Thy glories then, O ! chief, with life expire.

Ver. 952. *Apollo dreadful, &c.*] If Homer is resolved to any thing extraordinary, or arbitrary, which his readers may not very well relish, he takes care however to prepare them by degrees for receiving such innovations. He had before given us a sketch of this trick of the God in the thirteenth book, where Neptune serves Alcathoüs much in the same manner. Apollo here carries it a little farther ; and both these are specimens of what we are to expect from Minerva at the death of Hector in Il. xxii. P.

Ver. 958.] Our poet treads closely in the steps of Ogilby, but with less faithful observance of their original :

*His crested plumes down on the champaign flung,  
 Which trampled under heels of horses rung,  
 Soiling his batter'd helm with dust and gore,  
 Which ne'er had been dishonour'd so before :*

which last are also the rhymes of Chapman.

Ver. 962.] Thus Chapman :

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*but on the head divine,  
 And youthfull temples of their prince, it us'd, untoucht, to shine.*

Jove dooms it now on Hector's helm to nod;  
Not long—for Fate pursues him, and the God.

His spear in shivers falls; his ample shield 966  
Drops from his arm: his baldrick strows the field:  
The corselet his astonish'd breast forsakes:  
Loose is each joint; each nerve with horror shakes.  
Stupid he stares, and all-astute stands: 970  
Such is the force of more than mortal hands!

A Dardan youth there was, well known to fame,  
From Panthus sprung, Euphorbus was his name;  
Fam'd for the manage of the foaming horse, 974  
Skill'd in the dart, and matchless in the course:  
Full twenty knights he tumbled from the car,  
While yet he learn'd his rudiments of war.

Ver. 964.] Thus, more exactly, but without sufficient elegance:

*Great Hector's head Jove dooms it now to hide;  
Not long—for Death approacht with rapid stride.*

Ver. 966.] So Chapman:

————— his huge long weightie speare,  
Well bound with iron, in his hand, was *strew'd*, and *his shield*  
Fell from his shoulders to his feet: *the baldricke strewing*  
*the field.*

Ver. 968.] Thus, more faithfully:

His breastplate Phœbus' hands themselves unbind:  
Loose was each joint; wild horror seiz'd his mind.

Ver. 971.] A line of addition from the translator.

Ver. 976.] Our translator had his eye on Chapman:

————— and one, that *tumbl'd* from their horse,  
One after other, twentie men: and when he did but learne  
The art of warre.

His vent'rous spear first drew the hero's gore;  
 He struck, he wounded, but he durst no more;  
 Nor tho' disarm'd, Patroclus' fury stood: 980  
 But swift withdrew the long-protended wood,  
 And turn'd him short, and herded in the croud. }  
 Thus, by an arm divine, and mortal spear,  
 Wounded at once; Patroclus yields to fear,  
 Retires for succour to his social train, 985  
 And flies the fate, which heav'n decreed, in vain.  
 Stern Hector, as the bleeding chief he views,  
 Breaks thro' the ranks, and his retreat pursues:  
 The lance arrests him with a mortal wound;  
 He falls, earth thunders, and his arms resound. 990

---

Ver. 978.] Ogilby is more accurately circumstantial:

Behind him stole Euphorbus, Panthus son,  
 And 'twixt his shoulders in his javelin run.

Ver. 982.] An intolerable rhyme. Upon the whole, I prefer  
 Ogilby corrected:

Thou didst, Patroclus, *first* his spear imbue:  
 His spear, the wound not mortal, *he withdrew*,  
 Straight mingling with the throng; nor hand to hand  
 Dared the fierce hero, though disarm'd, withstand.

Ver. 983.] These *four* lines of the translation, which correspond to *two* of Homer, may be simply represented thus:

Smit by a hand divine and human spear,  
 From death Patroclus to his friends retir'd.

Ogilby, with trivial alteration, is not contemptible:

By Phœbus struck and by Euphorbu's spear,  
 From death the chief took refuge in the rear.

Ver. 989.] These *four* verses are a diffuse exhibition of the following quantity of his author:

With him all Greece was sunk; that moment all  
Her yet-surviving heroes seem'd to fall.

So scorch'd with heat along the desert shore,  
The roaming lion meets a bristly boar, 994  
Fast by the spring; they both dispute the flood,  
With flaming eyes, and jaws besmear'd with  
blood;

At length the sov'reign savage wins the strife,  
And the torn boar resigns his thirst and life.

Patroclus thus, so many chiefs o'erthrown,  
So many lives effus'd, expires his own. 1000

— smote with his spear in hand  
Deep in the groin, and drove the weapon through.  
Sounding he fell, and pierc'd the Greeks with woe.

Ver. 998.] Thus, more faithfully :

And the torn boar, *deep sobbing, yields* his life :

but our poet found this prettiness in Chapman ; whose version of  
the *simile* I shall quote, as it assisted Pope more than once :

— And as a mightie *strife*  
About a little fount, begins, and riseth to the *life*  
Of some fell bore, resolv'd to drinke; when likewise to the  
*spring*  
A lion comes, alike disposde; the bore thirsts, and his *king*;  
Both proud, and both will first be serv'd; and then, the lion  
*takes*  
Advantage of his *soveraigne* strength; and th' other (fainting)  
*makes*  
*Resigne his thirst up with his bloud.*

Ver. 999.] By the help of Ogilby, the original may be more  
truly exhibited in one couplet, than in these *four* verses of our poet :

Thus in close fight the slaughtering warrior lies,  
By Hector slain; who thus, insulting, cries.

As dying now at Hector's feet he lies,  
He sternly views him, and triumphing cries:

Lie there, Patroclus! and with thee, the joy  
Thy pride once promis'd, of subverting Troy;  
The fancy'd scenes of Ilion wrapt in flames, 1005  
And thy soft pleasures serv'd with captive  
dames!

Unthinking man! I fought, those tow'rs to free,  
And guard that beauteous race from lords like  
thee:

But thou a prey to vultures shall be made!  
Thy own Achilles cannot lend thee aid; 1010

Ver. 1003. *Lie there, Patroclus! &c.*] There is much spirit in this sarcasm of Hector upon Patroclus: nor is Achilles exempt from the severity of the reflection, who (as he imagines) had persuaded his dearest friend to attempt exploits that were impracticable. He touches him also, for staying at home in security himself, and encouraging Patroclus to undertake this perilous adventure, and to seek after spoils which he was never like to enjoy. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 1007.] Ogilby thus expresses *two* thoughts of his author, disguised by our poet;

Them to preserve, foremost my steeds advance,  
And of all Trojans best I use my lance.

Ver. 1010.] In the first edition,

*The great Achilles cannot lend thee aid:*

which I prefer to the open vowel of the present reading. His author says:

Nor did Achilles, brave as he is, protect:

but our translator seems to have been guided by Chapman:

Poore wretch! nor shall thy mightie friend, afford thee any aid.

Tho' much at parting that great chief might say,  
And much enjoin thee, this important day.

“ Return not, my brave friend (perhaps he said) }  
“ Without the bloody arms of Hector dead.” }  
He spoke, Patroclus march'd, and thus he sped. }

Supine, and wildly gazing on the skies, 1016  
With faint, expiring breath, the chief replies.

Vain boaster! cease, and know the pow'rs  
divine;

Jove's and Apollo's is this deed, not thine;  
To heav'n is ow'd whate'er your own you call,  
And heav'n itself disarm'd me e'er my fall. 1021  
Had twenty mortals each thy match in might,  
Oppos'd me fairly, they had sunk in fight:

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Ver. 1013.] Thus Chapman :

And this *perhaps he said*.

But our poet evidently grows negligent towards the conclusion of this long book, wearied with his talk. The following attempt is more faithful to Homer's sense :

“ Patroclus, come not back (perhaps, he said)  
“ E'er thy victorious arm lay Hector dead :  
“ E'er his stain'd corselet from his breast thou rend :”  
And thus persuaded his too easy friend.

Ver. 1016.] This verse is a supplement from the translator.

Ver. 1018.] Thus more faithfully :

Hector, boast loudly ; but a power divine  
This deed achiev'd, nor is the glory thine.  
To Jove and Phœbus own this conquest due,  
These gods disarm'd me, and these gods o'erthrew :  
otherwise the whole speech is admirably translated.

By Fate and Phœbus was I first o'erthrown,  
 Euphorbus next; the third mean part thy own.  
 But thou, imperious! hear my latest breath; 1026  
 The Gods inspire it, and it sounds thy death.  
 Insulting man! thou shalt be soon, as I;  
 Black fate hangs o'er thee, and thy hour draws  
 nigh;

Ev'n now on life's last verge I see thee stand, 1030  
 I see thee fall, and by Achilles' hand.

He faints; the foul unwilling wings her way,  
 (The beauteous body left a load of clay)

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Ver. 1026. — *Hear my latest breath,  
 The Gods inspire it —*]

It is an opinion of great antiquity, that when the soul is on the point of being delivered from the body, and makes a nearer approach to the divine nature; at such a time its views are stronger and clearer, and the mind endowed with a spirit of true prediſtion. So Artemon of Miletum ſays in his book of dreams, that when the ſoul hath collected all its powers from every limb and part of the body; and is juſt ready to be ſevered from it, at that time it becomes prophetic. Socrates alſo in his defence to the Athenians, “I am now arrived at the verge of life, wherein it is familiar with people to foretel what will come to paſs.” Euſtathius.

This opinion ſeems alluded to in thoſe admirable lines of Waller:

Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,  
 Who ſtand upon the threshold of the new. P.

Ver. 1032. *The death of Patroclus.*] I ſometimes think I am in reſpect to Homer much like Sancha Panca with regard to Don Quixote. I believe upon the whole that no mortal ever came near him for wiſdom, learning, and all good qualities. But ſometimes there are certain ſtarts which I cannot tell what to make of, and am forced to own that my maſter is a little out of the way, if not quite beſide himſelf. The preſent paſſage of the death of Patroclus,



Flits to the loan, uncomfortable coast;  
A naked, wand'ring, melancholy ghost ! 1035

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attended with so many odd circumstances to overthrow this hero, (who might, for all I can see, as decently have fallen by the force of Hector) are what I am at a loss to excuse, and must indeed (in my own opinion) give them up to the criticks. I really think almost all those parts of Homer which have been objected against with most clamour and fury, are honestly defensible, and none of them (to confess my private sentiment) seem to me to be faults of any consideration, except this conduct in the death of Patroclus, the length of Nestor's discourse in lib. xi. the speech of Achilles's horse in the nineteenth, the conversation of that hero with Æneas in lib. xx. and the manner of Hector's flight round the walls of Troy, lib. xxii. I hope, after so free a confession, no reasonable modern will think me touched with the *Ὀμπρομηνία* of Madam Dacier and others. I am sensible of the extremes which mankind run into, in extolling and depreciating authors: we are not more violent and unreasonable in attacking those who are not yet established in fame, than in defending those who are, even in every minute trifle. Fame is a debt, which when we have kept from people as long as we can, we pay with a prodigious interest, which amounts to twice the value of the principal. Thus it is with ancient works as with ancient coins, they pass for a vast deal more than they were worth at first; and the very obscurities and deformities which time has thrown upon them, are the sacred rust, which enhances their value with all true lovers of antiquity.

But as I have owned what seem my author's faults, and subscribed to the opinion of Horace, that Homer sometimes nods; I think I ought to add that of Longinus as to such negligences. I can no way so well conclude the notes to this book as with the translation of it.

“ It may not be improper to discuss the question in general, “ which of the two is the more estimable, a faulty sublime, or a “ faultless mediocrity? And consequently, if of two works, one “ has the greater number of beauties, and the other attains directly “ to the sublime, which of these shall in equity carry the prize? I “ am really persuaded that the true sublime is incapable of that “ purity which we find in compositions of a lower strain, and in “ effect that too much accuracy sinks the spirit of an author;

Then Hector pausing, as his eyes he fed  
On the pale carcase, thus address'd the dead.

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“ whereas the case is generally the same with the favourites of  
 “ nature, and those of fortune, who with the best œconomy cannot,  
 “ in the great abundance they are blest with, attend to the minuter  
 “ articles of their expence. Writers of a cool imagination are  
 “ cautious in their management, and venture nothing, merely to  
 “ gain the character of being correct; but the sublime is bold and  
 “ enterprising, notwithstanding that on every advance the danger  
 “ encreaseth. Here probably some will say that men take a  
 “ malicious satisfaction in exposing the blemishes of an author; that  
 “ his errors are never forgot, while the most exquisite beauties leave  
 “ but very imperfect traces on the memory. To obviate this  
 “ objection, I will solemnly declare, that in my criticisms on  
 “ Homer and other authors, who are universally allowed to be  
 “ authentick standards of the sublime, though I have censured  
 “ their failings with as much freedom as any one, yet I have  
 “ not presumed to accuse them of voluntary faults, but have gently  
 “ remarked some little defects and negligences, which the mind  
 “ being intent on nobler ideas, did not condescend to regard. And  
 “ on these principles I will venture to lay it down for a maxim, that  
 “ the sublime (purely on account of its grandeur) is preferable to  
 “ all other kinds of style, however it may fall into some inequalities.  
 “ The Argonauticks of Apollonius are faultless in their kind; and  
 “ Theocritus hath shewn the happiest vein imaginable for pastorals,  
 “ excepting those in which he has deviated from the country: and  
 “ yet if it were put to your choice, would you have your name  
 “ descend to posterity with the reputation of either of those poets,  
 “ rather than with that of Homer? Nothing can be more correct  
 “ than the Erigone of Eratosthenes: but is he therefore a greater  
 “ poet than Archilochus, in whose compositions perspicuity and order  
 “ are often wanting; the divine fury of his genius being too  
 “ impatient for restraint, and superiour to law? Again, do you  
 “ prefer the odes of Bacchilides to Pindar's, or the scenes of Ion  
 “ of Chios to those of Sophocles? Their writings are allowed to  
 “ be correct, polite, and delicate; whereas, on the other hand,  
 “ Pindar and Sophocles sometimes hurry on with the greatest  
 “ impetuosity, and like a devouring flame seize and set on fire

From whence this boding speech, the stern  
 decree  
 Of death denounc'd, or why denounc'd to me?

---

" whatever comes in their way ; but on a sudden the conflagration  
 " is extinguished, and they miserably flag when nobody expects it.  
 " Yet none have so little discernment, as not to prefer the single  
 " Oedipus of Sophocles to all the tragedies that Ion ever brought  
 " on the stage.

" In our decisions therefore on the characters of these great men,  
 " who have illustrated what is useful and necessary with all the  
 " graces and elevation of style; we must impartially confess that,  
 " with all their errors, they have more perfections than the nature  
 " of man can almost be conceived capable of attaining: for it is  
 " merely human to excel in other kinds of writing, but the sublime  
 " ennobleth our nature, and makes near approaches to divinity: he  
 " who commits no faults, is barely read without censure; but a  
 " genius truly great excites admiration. In short, the magnificence  
 " of a single period in one of these admirable authors, is sufficient  
 " to atone for all their defects: nay farther, if any one should collect  
 " from Homer, Demosthenes, Plato, and other celebrated heroes  
 " of antiquity, the little errors that have escaped them, they would  
 " not bear the least proportion to the infinite beauties to be met  
 " with in every page of their writings. It is on this account that  
 " envy, through so many ages, hath never been able to wrest from  
 " them the prize of eloquence which their merits have so justly  
 " acquired: an acquisition which they still are, and will in all  
 " probability continue possessed of,

" As long as streams in silver mazes rove,

" Or spring with annual green renews the grove."

Mr. Fenton. P.

The following attempt is as literal, as the original will easily  
 endure:

Thus as he spake, Death clos'd the scene: his soul,  
 Freed from his limbs, to Hades wing'd her way,  
 And wept her fate to quit so fair a form.  
 Illustrious Hector then address'd the corse.

Why not as well Achilles' fate be giv'n 1040  
To Hector's lance? Who knows the will of  
heav'n?

Penfive he said; then pressing as he lay  
His breathless bosom, tore the lance away;  
And upwards cast the corpse: the reeking spear  
He shakes, and charges the bold charioteer. 1045  
But swift Automedon with loosen'd reins  
Rapt in the chariot o'er the distant plains,

---

This sentiment is thus exhibited by Dryden, *Æn. x. 1162*, with much simplicity and sweetness:

And life at length forfook his heaving heart,  
Loth from so sweet a mansion to depart:

and thus, not amiss, by Stafford in his version of Camilla's story in *Æneid xi*:

The ling'ring soul th' unwelcome doom receives,  
And murm'ring with disdain, the beauteous body leaves.

Ver. 1038.] Rather, perhaps, to banish an impropriety of phrase:

Patroclus, whence this boding stern decree —.

Ver. 1042.] Ogilby is exact; and, corrected, stands thus:

*Then, from the wound, with foot impress'd, he drew  
The javelin forth, and back the body threw.*

Ver. 1044.] So Chapman:

————— *and upwards cast, the body on the ground.*

Ver. 1047.] As Chapman again:

————— *but his so swift, and deathless horse, that fetch  
Their gift to Peleus from the gods, soone rap't him, from his  
reach.*

Far from his rage th' immortal courfers drove;  
Th' immortal courfers were the gift of Jove.

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Ver. 1048.] Ogilby, whom our poet had in view, is accurate,  
and might easily be made unexceptionable :

But *from his rage* on deathless steeds he rode,  
Which gift the gods on Peleus had bestow'd.

END OF VOL. IV.



